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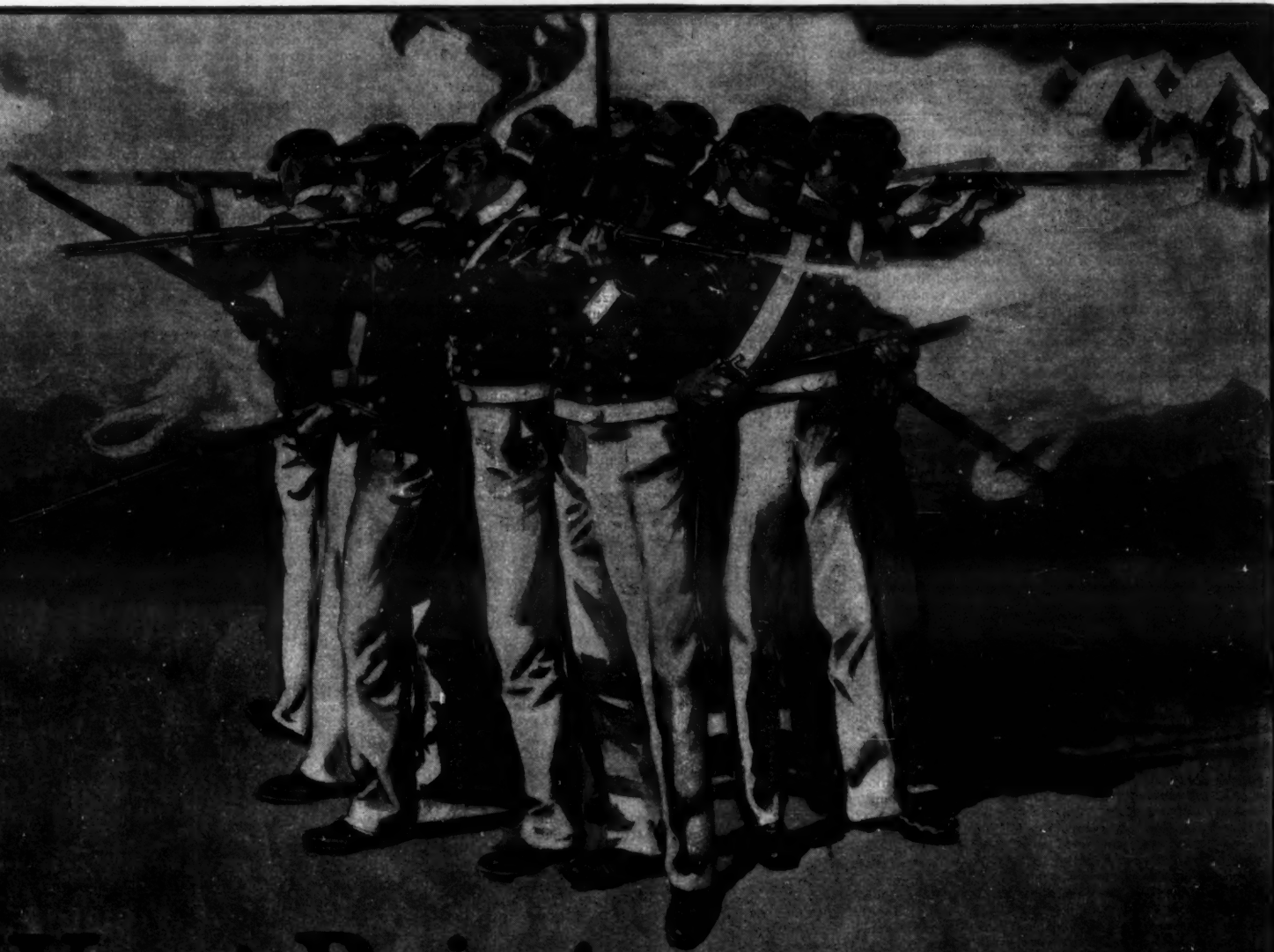
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West Point
as it was and is
By General Charles King

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

West Point as it Was and Is—Plebe Life



By General Charles King

EVERY few years, when nothing else is pressing, West Point comes in for an overhauling at the hands of the papers and the people. It belongs to them, so why not? "Hazing," as it is called to-day; "deviling," as it was more descriptively called in the old days, is the usual text. That in worse form and greater excess the system should prevail in almost every school or college where student lads are herded together seems not to matter much. Boys may be boys everywhere else, so far as press censure or public comment is concerned, but they mustn't be at the Point. Benevolent and Protective Orders may benevolently and protectively blister or even mutilate an occasional candidate; Greek Letter Societies of five score colleges may publicly brand their neophytes with the badge of admitted asininity; the Sons of This, the Thousand and One, the

Patriarchs of the Twisted Tail may duck, electrify, spread eagle and otherwise test the temper and "sand" of their aspirants; one college may pitch her beginners from a precipice; another souze hers in the adjacent lakes, or put through their paces batch after batch of newcomers; Eton, Rugby and Harrow, across the seas, may have fagged and tormented new boys from time immemorial, as Thomas Hughes tells us; and still they live, and so does the system. It is when we hear of certain modifications of these practices at our military school that we rise in unmodified wrath and demand, as did Mr. Bailey, of Texas, the abolition of West Point.

And yet, from the point of view of a fellow who has been all through the mill, it can be confidently asserted that the practice is on the wane, and that plebe life to-day is nowhere near so "tough" as it was forty years ago, when deviling was in full blast and nobody seemed to care a rap. Of course there were mothers then as now who thought hazing hideous, brutal, inexcusable, so long as their boys were victims. After that, it was harmless fun that did the plebes good.

Sliding the Plebe in His Blanket

It all depends on the point of view. To-day our candidate is received at the close of the June examination of the Corps. He and his five score associates go at once before the surgeons and those not physically sound get their demit within the hour. Then comes the two days' wrestle with the preliminary written and oral tests which sifts out perhaps a dozen more. Then, as accepted, the candidate, now a full-fledged "plebe," is housed in a wing of barracks under watchful eyes while the Corps itself moves into camp. Neat and suitable fatigue uniform is promptly provided. His Spartan soldier furniture is ready. He is secluded from public gaze; drilled and coached in the sanctity of the area of barracks, and not until well taught in the school of the soldier is he marched into camp and assigned to tent and company. Then, in common with every other cadet, he is kept busy with drills and duties from dawn till dinner, from four P. M. till dark, and such fun as the oldsters have at the expense of the new is in the few hours of the early afternoon and evening. Then indeed is the plebe called upon to furnish entertainment for the veterans—to sing his song, tell his story, dance if he can, spar and wrestle, or show a willingness to do so. Then indeed is he invited to take care of more tents than his own—it is an important item in his military education, and "practice makes perfect." Perchance he may be "braced," a system of involuntary gymnastics far more apt to be applied to the lad who has come from a military school and thinks he's got the military carriage than to those who have no pretensions whatever. It may indeed happen that he occasionally finds himself, in the dead hours of the night, sliding smoothly out into the company street—his blanket having been "made down" on the hard, wooden floor of his tent, no tumbling out of bed is a necessary preliminary. There are refinements such as the "Sammy Race," that was unheard of in the old days, but one thing—one remarkable thing—about the whole business is, that it is the lad who hails from the highest plane of social, official or political influence who has to take his deviling in allopathic doses.

Special Hazing for Sons of Famous Men

It was so in '66 when Fred Grant entered, when his honored father was General-in-Chief. The Corps would have worked and worried Fred to the verge of exasperation, but with that everlasting grin on his broad, good-natured face he plodded along, patiently awaiting the day when he, too, should be a yearling and privileged to devil somebody else. Our class in '63 seemed especially to rejoice in exercising Fred Mahan, son of the famous professor of engineering, but nothing ever "feazed" his illimitably philosophic temperament. In '61 the yearlings tormented slim young Totten from June till September

simply because his distinguished sire was General in the Corps of Engineers and Inspector of the Academy itself. Sons of statesmen, soldiers and sailors came to the Point in the days of the great war, and to them beyond all others was the leveling process most diligently applied. So, small wonder is it that to-day Phil Sheridan's gallant boy should be bestriding a broomstick and doing his father's famous ride from Winchester Town. Small wonder is it that Grant, in the third generation, should be a target for no end of fun, and that MacArthur's manly Douglas, who wore the chevrons of a cadet sergeant and far outclassed all competitors at examination before ever he reached the Point, should be especially picked out for "bracing." Defend it? Of course I don't! But not until boys are rebuilt on some plan other than that of the Divine Creator will boys be other than imps of fun, mischief and devilment—that is, if they are healthy.

Funny Drills for Future Generals

I can see it all as though it were only yesterday: the swarm of gray-coated young scamps, just emerged from the meekness of their own year of plebehood, doing their level best, without laying hands on him (that was cadet "taboo"), to tempt the newcomer into some unguarded word or awkward act; pestering him with questions, sending him on ridiculous errands, drilling him in impossible tactics, working him at all manner of improvised tasks; and I protest that none ever had to take such share of it as they whose fathers were rich or famous, or they who, hailing from the volunteers, came from the front often in uniform and sometimes even in the shoulder-straps of a commissioned officer. What sport the yearlings had with lads like Charley Breckinridge, "Bricks" Farragut, "Scrubs" Heintzelman, "Monitor" Jack Worden, George Meade, Schofield, Augur, Tommy Townsend (son of the Adjutant-General), Baird, Rucker, Mitchell, Casey, Reynolds—all sons of men famous in the war days—but never a word of their woes did the papers get!

Then we had two boys, sons of Cabinet Ministers, though they never were graduated, and half a dozen fellows who had been aides-de-camp to big generals, and several dozen who had worn chevrons or shouldered muskets at the front, and not a few who had been through pitched battles and were sent to the Point for gallant conduct. Is it a wonder that they were "cocky" in consequence—or that the Corps should proceed to take it out of them?

Beginning the Climb to Greatness

Opportunity for devilment was practically limitless in the war days. The nation had other need for its officers than to be detailed by dozens to watch over the slumbers of candidates and aspirants at the Point. Such young bears, with all their troubles before them, began to come about the first of June, were assigned to rooms in the southwest wing of barracks, and fenced off from the Corps by an imaginary line drawn from the angle of barracks to the corner of the guard-house. Never waiting for examination to determine their fitness, drills and devilment began from the moment of their coming, and the first thing done to bring him down to the sense of his true level was to load the plebe with blankets, bedding, buckets, broom, wash-bowl and other impedimenta and send him, thus laden like a beast of burden, the long tramp across the hot plain to barracks or camp in full view of the throng of visitors, jeered by all the small boys about the post and "guyed" generally by civil as well as military beholders. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Hancock, Meade and whole hundreds of war heroes thus began their climb to greatness. They took their first drills in the open in front of chapel or library, with pretty girls and jaunty cadets looking on and tittering at their misery. They were arrayed before mock tribunals, courts-martial in full uniform and ferocious false mustaches, and there sentenced to be shot at sunrise. They were physically examined, in the buff, by a self-constituted medical board that started with all official solemnity and wound up in screaming fun. They, or at least we, in the early '60's, were "raided" night after night before even we passed the preliminary examination or got into uniform, and our bedding and clothing distributed all over the Point, to the end that we had to turn out in the gray of dawn and search for hours for the missing links.

Once in uniform and camp, then had the yearlings full swing! Work? Of course we had to work—every mother's son of us! and those who came from the front were worked the hardest because of our presupposed knowledge of the proper care of camp, of arms and equipments. We were worked and drilled from dawn till dark and deviled from dark till dawn. Yanking and ditching and smoking out, with an occasional blanket toss or rail ride, were the orthodox forms of devilment in the '60's, and of these the beneficiaries in greatest measure were the fellows who presumably had the biggest ideas of their own importance. Yanking was a simple matter. Plebes slept four in a tent, or at least three. The floor was a smooth wooden platform about six inches off the ground. You made one blanket

down flat, rolled yourself in another and composed yourself to such sleep as the yearlings would allow. A dozen times a night, on an average, mischievous upperclassmen would deftly seize the lower edge of your blanket and slide you into the company street, then bid you take up your bed and walk back and thank Heaven it was no worse. "Fast plebes," lads who talked back or said opprobrious things, were slid farther, frequently to the deep, grass-grown ditch of Fort Clinton, into which they were shot with the dexterity of long practice. Sometimes they were hauled out over the stony cavalry plain, and one starry night I was treated to a ride clear over to Execution Hollow by two enterprising fellows who have since won high and deserved honor in their country's service, and were in nowise inimical to me at the time. It was all philanthropy—done for my good.

One night, for some solecism not now remembered, the yearlings decided that I should be yanked forty times between taps (ten o'clock) and reveille (five A. M.), and they only missed it by a trifle—three, I think.

Then, that the plebe should be expert in pitching camp, his tent was let fall many a time in the dead hours of the night. If he still preserved too much of jauntiness and self-satisfaction, "smoking out" was occasionally resorted to, and that, I own, made me and one or two others so sick for a few hours that we vowed never to take part in the practice in years to come, and we never did; and when I read of that boy found sick and faint by the ice tank last summer it took me back to the same tank in '62. Blanket tossing requires no explanation. There is no great harm in it provided the crowd doesn't drop it and scatter at some sudden alarm, as happened once when a plebe was well in air. I never saw yearlings more remorseful and considerate than they were for a week after that episode.

Unlimited Fighting but No Complaints

Ducking was never resorted to in those days except when a fight was to come from it. We were often asked then and since by outsiders: "Couldn't you fight and put a stop to it?" Fight? Goodness, yes! You never saw a place where you could get a fight quicker, and, as a rule, fair play. But all the fighting in the world couldn't stop the deviling. Our class fought a dozen times and won their full share, too, but what's the use of fighting when nothing is gained but the battle itself? The easiest way was to try to remember that every one of those fellows had had to go through the whole circus himself; that, if you felt like it, you could take it out of the next class a year later, and that most of it was done out of pure fun and that superabundant mischief that bubbles over from the heart of every lively boy. Only once in a while were there symptoms of ugliness or brutality. Then was the time to fight and to fight for all you were worth.

Looking back upon those days and recalling, as I do vividly, the names and faces of those who were prominent hazers and head devilers, I can say without hesitation that the limited few who were brutal in the practice either failed of graduation entirely or came to grief within a very few years thereafter, and I dare say the like rule obtains now.

As for the victims, those whose fathers had worn the cadet gray and those who earnestly hoped to wear the army blue held the reward to be well worth all it took to win it, deviling included. It was never from these the whimper came! The complaints, nine times out of ten, were lodged by boys who, realizing that they could never pass the mid-winter examination, resigned, and told their tale of woe to the kind and credulous to cloak their own stupidity.

"Jacky's" Health

By C. A. McAllister

United States Revenue Cutter Service

THE physical examination to which all candidates for enlistment in the United States Navy are subjected is of such a thorough nature as to preclude the admission of any but those of the soundest constitution. As a consequence, the men-of-war's-men of to-day are as healthy a body of men as can be found.

The whole tendency of the calling is to keep the sound body with which the young sailor must start out in the best of health. This is due not alone to the open-air exercise which the daily routine of work entails upon him, but also to the stringent rules put in force by the naval authorities. He is compelled to keep regular hours. Retiring and rising at uniform times, he obtains the proper amount of sleep. His meals are served with regularity, and consist of food selected for its nutritive qualities and adaptation to the kind and

Editor's Note—This is the first of three papers, by General King, on cadet life at West Point. A paper which will appear in next week's issue deals with the ethics of the corps.

amount of labor he has to perform. To insure its being of the proper quality and well cooked, the rules require that the ship's cook shall, at fifteen minutes before the meal-hour, submit a sample of every article of food to be served to the officer of the deck, who, upon tasting the same, decides whether or not it meets the requirements as to quality and cooking.

All provisions supplied to the vessel must pass the rigid inspection of a board of officers before being accepted by the Government. If peddlers come alongside in small boats, known as "bumboats," to sell fruits, pies or similar dainties to tickle the seafaring palate, their entire stock in trade must be examined by the medical officer before they are allowed to offer anything for sale. The drinking water is, in nearly all vessels, distilled from the sea-water and ascertained to be absolutely pure before it is used. The danger of typhoid fever and other diseases so frequently caused by drinking impure water is thus averted.

"Jacky's" clothing, also, is looked after with as much care as is his food. The uniform for the day is always prescribed with due consideration of the weather and the kind of work he is to perform. In the tropics he is compelled to wear a white duck suit; in colder climates he must don a flannel uniform, and, if necessary, a good, warm pea-jacket. The underclothing and stockings are also selected with regard to climatic conditions. In the early morning, when washing down decks, he is allowed to go in his bare feet if the weather is warm. In cold, rainy weather, oil-skin suits, "sou'westers" and rubber boots must be worn.

Personal cleanliness is a matter of strict attention, ample time being allowed for bathing, and in most vessels shower-baths are provided for this purpose. Woe betide the individual who fails to perform the necessary ablutions, for on complaint being made to the officer of the deck, the delinquent may be compelled to strip and have a hose played on him by a boatswain's mate, or else be given a vigorous scrubbing with sand and canvas by two or three of his shipmates. One or two experiences of this kind are amply sufficient to instill habits of cleanliness into the most slothful. To insure his clothing being kept clean, it is inspected daily at quarters;

and, at intervals of about a week, all "Jacky's" belongings in the line of clothing must be spread out on deck and subjected to the scrutiny of the division officer. Few ships, if any, other than those of most recent construction, are provided with laundry facilities, so each man must do his own washing, and for this purpose salt water *ad libitum* is supplied from hose and deck buckets. It is no easy matter to wash a white suit in briny water, especially after coaling ship, but with salt-water soap and a vigorous supply of "elbow grease," work rivaling that of a good laundry is often turned out. As there is no linen of any description in a sailor's attire, the process of ironing is not required.

As the men sleep in hammocks which hang so close to one another that they almost touch, the matter of ventilation is of vital importance. To provide the requisite amount of fresh air, men-of-war are fitted with large blowers which are so arranged as to supply fresh air or to expel vitiated air at will from all the living quarters. In hot weather the majority of the men sleep out on deck where they are protected by the awnings from heavy dews and passing showers. On bright, sunny days all clothing not in use, besides hammocks and bedding, must be spread out on deck or hoisted in the rigging to be thoroughly aired.

What is Done When "Jacky" is Taken Sick

With such rigorous hygienic rules and precautions as the sailor of to-day is compelled to observe, it is not strange that the health of our naval seamen is far above that of any other body of men. It is true that there are frequently cases of sickness on ship-board, but they are generally of a mild nature. Occasionally such maladies as typhoid fever, pneumonia or consumption occur, and for these cases a small hospital, or "sick bay," as it is called, is provided on every ship. There the patient receives the very best medical attention, and if the illness is very serious he is transferred to the hospital in the nearest navy yard. The medical corps on each ship consists of from one to three surgeons, according to the size of the crew; an apothecary whose duties are similar to those of this calling on shore; and a sufficient number of "baymen," or hospital

attendants. In fact, the treatment of the sick on board men-of-war could hardly be improved. Every morning before quarters the sick-call is sounded on the bugle, and every man in the ship who has any ailment, or even imagines he has, is privileged to appear before the medical officer. If his indisposition is deemed of sufficient importance to warrant medical attention he is put on the sick list. A white badge on which is worked the Geneva cross is put around his arm, and he is excused from all duties until pronounced well by the surgeon. In all companies of men a few shirks are to be found who, to avoid work, "play off sick." Crews of war vessels are no exception to the rule. However, he who fools the average surgeon in the navy with a pretended pain or ache must be an excellent actor. Many are the attempts made, and the ludicrous attitudes assumed by "Jacky" in this rôle are sometimes very amusing. The doctor, upon suspecting the fraud, usually appears very sympathetic in his inquiries as to the nature and extent of the ailment, but when he announces that the first step in the treatment will be an unusually large dose of castor oil, the rapid recovery of the alleged invalid would do credit to the ministrations of a specialist. When a liberty party returns to a ship from a night on shore there are sometimes a few who have imbibed too freely of the cup that cheers (temporarily). Unlike his fellow-warrior in the army, "Jacky" has no canteen to resort to, as the only spirituous liquors allowed on naval vessels are the small amounts kept by the apothecary for medical purposes solely. As the effects of the liquor wear off, and the craving for a morning stimulant begins, he finds himself in a sore strait to obtain it. To the beginner, nothing seems more likely to bring the coveted brandy or whiskey within reach than a severe attack of the cramps. Unless the appeal for a remedy is made to a very young and unsophisticated surgeon, the chances are almost nine out of ten that he will be treated with castor oil or salts, and in addition thereto have a fiery mustard plaster applied to the affected parts.

Everything considered, we must admit that "Jacky" receives comparatively small pay from a financial point of view, yet he has those inestimably greater remunerations for his services in the navy—a sound body and good health.

"Baker's Biscuits"

By George Hibbard

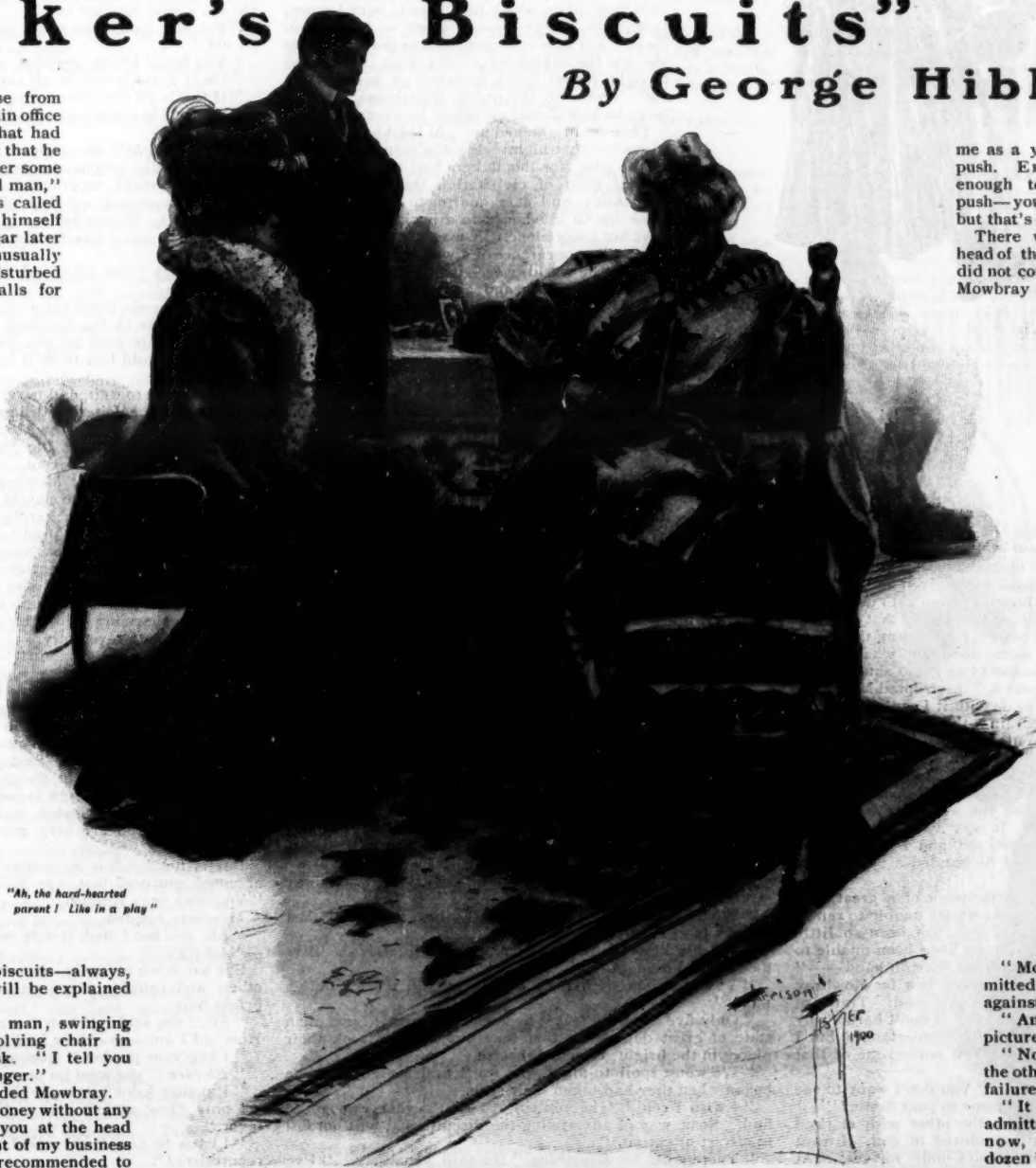
WHEN MOWBRAY arose from his desk to go to the main office in answer to the summons that had just reached him, he thought that he should merely have to answer some formal questions. The "old man," as the head of the firm was called by every one but Mowbray himself—for reasons that will appear later—had for some time been unusually nervous. One result of this disturbed state had been frequent calls for Mowbray to appear in the room in the corner of the great building where the proprietor of "Baker's Biscuits"—himself spent the most of each day and latterly a part of each night. Another accompanying manifestation had been a pronounced irritability whenever the young man finally appeared in his presence. Mowbray was puzzled and troubled—again for reasons, or rather a reason, that will be made evident in time. However, he was not anticipating the worst. Still, it was rather reluctantly that he dragged himself up the dingy, narrow stairs, and knocked doubtfully at the door.

The tone in which he was commanded to enter was certainly not assuring.

"I believe you wanted to see me," he said with the involuntary mildness with which he always addressed the possessor of the biscuits—always, again, for the reason that will be explained in season.

"I did," said the older man, swinging about abruptly in the revolving chair in which he sat before his desk. "I tell you now, this can't go on any longer."

"What, Mr. Baker?" pleaded Mowbray. "This throwing away my money without any result, sir. When I placed you at the head of the advertising department of my business I did it because you were recommended to



"Ah, the hard-hearted parent! Like in a play"

me as a young man of enterprise and push. Enterprise—you have about enough to launch paper boats—and push—you might push an apple cart, but that's all."

There was no mistaking it. The head of the firm—and the other partner did not count—was seriously disturbed. Mowbray flushed a little.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Baker," he said, "that you are not satisfied."

"Not satisfied!" exclaimed the older man, taking his gold eyeglasses from his nose so that he could safely speak with more vigor. "I'm mighty dissatisfied, if you want to know."

He was a common old man, though, generally—again for the reason—Mowbray did his best to close his eyes to the fact. This was one of the occasions when he could not be successful in doing so.

"Here I've been spending thousands without more return than if I'd been and poured it down a rat hole. I don't mind telling you that you've seriously crippled the business. And this has gone on long enough. Thousands, I tell you—and nothing to show."

"Didn't the 'Staff of life' advertisement bring returns?" said Mowbray modestly.

"Moderately—moderately," admitted Baker, "but nothing to count against the outlay."

"And the 'Break bread with me' picture?"

"No, sir—no, sir!" interrupted the other furiously; "that was a dead failure."

"It wasn't all that I expected," admitted Mowbray. "But surely, now, you know—that 'Baker's dozen'—"

"No," said the older man ponderously. "Looking it over, I can only think that what you have done has always lacked in snap and initiative." Then he continued, taking up a popular magazine and running over the pages at the back: "See the kind of thing other people have—some—some originality."

As the pages passed before his gaze Mowbray beheld the wonderful display of art and literature.

"Always something to catch the eye," went on Baker.

"Pretty faces."

"Anybody can do that," said Mowbray contemptuously.

"Or catchy phrases—or big names recommending the things. There," he said, pointing to a copy of a letter to which was appended a very well-known name indeed.

"We've had nothing like this. Now, if there had been something of that sort."

"There's no chance," urged Mowbray, "to get at such

the end of the week I am going out of town. The trade about the country that I've been neglecting must be worked up, for I've lost money—lost a pile of money—and I don't see even yet how the business is going to stand it. Good-day."

Mowbray remained motionless. It seemed that he must say something—that there must be something to say—but he could think of nothing.

"Good-evening," said Baker, still more pointedly.

Mowbray's instinct was to leave the room without a word, but he still paused—once more for the reason.

"I'd like one more chance, Mr. Baker," he said almost humbly.

"Can't be done," snapped the other as he clasped his eye-glasses again on his nose and turned once more to his desk.

"I think I could show you."

"You've had quite time enough. I've lost all confidence, and the sooner you realize that the better—in every way—in every way, sir!"

At the marked accent in the words a sudden pang pierced Mowbray's heart—still, as always, for the reason.

"I'm sure I could show you."

"Well," said Baker impatiently and with biting sarcasm, "of course if you're so sure you've got till the end of the week. That's plenty of time for genius. Good-night."

Mowbray turned on his heel and abruptly left the room. He also left the great, dirty building and plunged into the street. He could always think better when he was walking, and he needed to think. It had all been so sudden.

He walked on for some time swiftly enough; then he moderated his pace as the first excitement gave way to overwhelming depression. Was all lost?—or rather, was she lost?—for she was all! Suzanne! She had really been christened Susan, but she had changed her name herself the year before she left school, which may have been silly, but which indicated imagination. Of course, if her father did not wish to see him again it would make a serious difference about his seeing her, and would work fatal havoc with those plans which had already been formed, though the father himself knew so little about them. For she—Suzanne—was the reason; as she was the reason for all the ways in which he thought, hoped, lived, breathed or had his hair cut. And with the quick apprehension of the lover he feared that all might be over.

Then he brightened up. At least he was going to see her that night. He was going to take her to the play, for the Bakers had not yet arrived at that form of civilization that demanded a chaperon. And at a quarter to eight he would draw up to the house in a hackney coach and bear her away alone. It was a great local occasion—the appearance of a woman famous among women the world over—famous for her beauty, for her eccentricity, and, above all, for her acting. At the box office, for a day and a night before the sale, the messenger boys had been in line half a hundred long. It had only been with the greatest difficulty that Mowbray had obtained the seats; still he had got them, paying a good seven dollars apiece for them, which was just seven dollars more than he could afford. Still, who would not give not only what can be afforded, but what cannot, to sit for four hours in Paradise, with a dark, cold drive through Elysium afterward? He had been looking forward to it, and now—should he tell her all at once—or should he leave the evening undisturbed and have the

good of it? Walking on, he debated the point.

He had not decided it when later he nervously touched the electric bell at her door. He was not even sure of the reception that awaited him. Suppose her father had been telling her; what would be the effect? But in a moment she came down to see him, entering quickly through the big door of the drawing-room, dragging her heavy wrap behind her.

"Help me on with it," she said in a tone that proved to him that it was all right so far.

It was only in the carriage, driving to the theatre, that he finally decided to tell her, and then he told her hesitatingly.

He had hoped that she would treat the matter lightly, and it added to his growing apprehension when he saw how serious she was about it.

"Oh, what shall we do?" she exclaimed.

"Do you think he'll stick to it?" demanded Mowbray anxiously.

"Oh, he will, for his pride has been hurt, and he can't forget that. I know. I've every one of his disagreeable traits myself, as I've often told him."

"And so many dear ones of your own," said Mowbray fatuously.

"What can we do?" she continued, disregarding his last remark most deservedly.

"I don't know," Mowbray replied helplessly. "I've thought and thought."

"You must satisfy him in some way, and there's only a week."

"Only five days, in fact," he answered; and it was in a state of great depression that they entered and took their places in the bright, crowded theatre.

"We won't spoil to-night, and we'll find some way," she began when they had taken their seats.

"I wish I could," he replied. "That's what I've got to find. Some way of advertising the Biscuits that will not fail to attract attention."

"There must be something," she said pensively. "I've

never noticed advertisements very much, but of course I've seen lots. Can't you make prettier pictures?"

"Tried everything in that way."

"Or bigger signs and more of them?"

"That's the way the money has gone."

"Or get somebody to recommend them?"

"That's what your father suggested, but I can't think of any one, and I couldn't get any one to do it if I did."

The orchestra stopped as he spoke, and after a moment the curtain rose. There was instant stillness, broken only when the "star" of the evening entered in the middle of the act. At once there was broken applause, to which the actress gave little heed as she moved down the stage.

"Oh!" exclaimed Suzanne involuntarily. "Isn't she lovely? Of course I can't understand a word she says, though. It doesn't sound like the French at school."

Even Mowbray, with all his cares upon his mind and all a lover's anxiety in his breast, for a moment forgot himself. And as the play went on and the matchless voice spoke the words of the part with infinite expression he lost himself in the story—in the character. Suzanne was listening with breathless interest, and together they followed the stage events with acute attention. At one part her hand stole out and touched Mowbray's, and for a moment in the dark his hand clasped hers. When the curtain fell it was like the breaking of a spell for both of them, and both joined in the wild applause that followed. Again and again it ran in waves of crackling sound, and at last the tragedienne appeared at the edge of the curtain. As she advanced, the sound of voices—so unusual in an American theatre—added to the din, and when she made her last bow there were men, and women, too, in the theatre who were standing and calling and waving hand or handkerchief.

"Isn't she wonderful?" gasped Suzanne. "Oh!" she cried suddenly, "why not get her?"

"Get her—what?" stammered Mowbray in astonishment.

"Oh, ask her to give the Biscuits a recommendation. Do you think that would answer?"

"There would be nothing like it!" he exclaimed. "But she wouldn't. She's too grand. She's never done such things. She never would."

"You could try," urged the girl.

"She never would listen to me," he said. "And if she did she would turn me out."

"But she looked so sweet and kind. Try—try. Do it for me."

"You know I'll do anything you tell me," he replied.

"Oh, I know it will be all right now."

"If that's all you're counting on," he said bitterly, as the troubles of his situation came back to him, "I'm afraid that it's all up."

"But you will," she insisted. "Oh, I've a plan! Promise," she added commandingly.

"You can make me promise anything," he groaned.

And between each act they talked of this unceasingly, and all of the way driving home.

"It's hopeless," was the last thing he said as he left her at the door.

"We'll try," she answered, "for don't you see you must please papa."

"Of course she won't see me," was Mowbray's first thought when he awoke in the morning; and it was his last thought as he gave his card to the clerk at the hotel office. But Suzanne had told him to do it and he was dutifully obeying her orders.

He was told to wait, and nervously he paced the tessellated floor, among the loitering drummers and the hurrying hotel servants. He had parted with Suzanne at the door and had promised to join her at the Public Library, as soon as he could, with news of the event.

"She'll never do it," Mowbray assured himself. "There isn't any reason why she should."

Therefore it was with hardly a comprehending look that he gazed on the solemn "hall boy" that stood before him.

"You the gentleman for Number Seven?" said the man with all a negro's confidential interest. "This way, suh."

Mowbray was astounded, and it took a moment for him to gather himself together enough to follow his guide.

It was a charming voice that bade Mowbray enter as the servant knocked reverently.

"Entrez! Ah! Come in!"

And the door being thrown open, Mowbray stood hesitatingly on the threshold. With his somewhat dazed eyes he saw the usual hotel "parlor," but with something of its edge taken off by stray rugs and furs on the floor—stuffs thrown on the tables and sofas, and pretty framed photographs and bric-à-brac on the tables. Seated by the fire that was blazing nervously in the grate sat the great actress, shading her face from the blaze with a light Japanese screen.

"Come in," she repeated, and then she arose briskly.

"I'm sure you are very good," began Mowbray, stumbling forward.

"It is not I—it is my manag-gaire," she said with a long accented guttural that was followed by a soft, low laugh.

"You speak only English?"

Mowbray nodded.

"Ah, you see I speak it very well, so it is"—she hesitated—"all right."

She sat down abruptly, throwing one knee swiftly over the other, and running her fingers quickly through her short, bright hair.

"Sit," she said. "Now I suppose you ask me questions? How old I am—ah—how I like the country?"

"I beg your pardon," stammered Mowbray.

"Eh bien," she went on peremptorily.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," he continued; "I only came to ask you to listen to me—to ask you a favor."

"Listen to you!" she cried. "What! are you not that reportaire?"



"Enterprise— you have about enough to launch paper boats. Push— you might push an apple cart!"

people in a small place like this—and often such things are paid for with more than we could give."

"I don't care," said Baker obstinately, "that's what we want. One thing like that would have given us the start, but we haven't had it, for you haven't given it to us. Now, Mr. Mowbray, you understand well enough that when I engaged you it was a part of a plan for extending the whole business. Expansion was my motto then, and what's come of it? Loss—loss—steady loss until I've got to shut down."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry to hear it," interrupted Mowbray.

"And how much you've got to do with it I can't undertake to say. There's been a steady drain—that's all I know; and I've made up my mind to cut out your department and go back to the old conservative lines. I'm disappointed. I don't claim I'm not. It was the ambition of my life to make the Biscuits known as they ought to be." He paused. "A week from to-day I feel sure that you will have settled all matters so that you can leave. It was a dream, you may say, but I know what those Biscuits are, and I know where they ought to be. See here," and he handed a typewritten sheet to Mowbray; "read that."

Glancing at the page, headed by the name of a great New York firm, Mowbray read: "We find we are unable to renew our order for Baker's Biscuits. There has been so little demand of late that we can only say we have been unable to dispose of any part of the large stock we have on hand—"

"You see," said Baker, as he observed how far Mowbray had read; "the largest orders we've ever had. Think of my sentiments after years! It's a blow. I don't harbor any harder feeling than is natural under the circumstances, but I hope that I sha'n't see you again. You remind me of that blow."

"What?" stammered Mowbray. "You don't want to see me again? You don't want me to come to your house?"

"Most positively I don't," said the other with marked vigor. "This is final. I am disappointed in you. I want to forget and I couldn't have you always under my eyes. At

And again a long, rolling consonant, but this time with an angry inflection.

"No," confessed Mowbray helplessly. "There must be some mistake."

"It ees zom mistake," she exclaimed impetuously. "I was to see ze reportaire and you appear." Rising, she pointed to the door. "*Sortez*," she cried in the tone that had thrilled thousands.

Mowbray, who had put his hat on a table, picked it up slowly, but before he could look at her he heard a merry laugh, and glancing toward the actress he saw her lips smiling and her eyes dancing with merriment.

"But you seem a nice young man," she said good-humoredly. "I—I—lose my head. There must be a reason you are here."

"There is," replied Mowbray emboldened by her sudden change of manner.

"*Après?*" she went on impatiently.

"I came to ask you," stammered Mowbray—and as he approached the point he felt how hopelessly flat and utterly ridiculous it all seemed—"to ask you if you liked Baker's Biscuits."

She gazed at him in an astonishment that grew into sudden terror.

"Oh-oh," she cried. "*C'est la folie!* It is a crank! Oh, he will shoot me!"

"No—no," exclaimed Mowbray, starting forward.

She backed away from him, keeping him fixed with her eyes, while an elderly woman ran in fright from a room beyond.

"No—no," repeated Mowbray. "I only wanted to ask you to try them and say that you like them, so that we could use it for an advertisement." He had not expected to make his request in any such abrupt manner, but her sudden fright had drawn him into it. "Your—ah—famous name would be of inestimable value in obtaining a recognition that they deserve," he added, remembering suddenly in his embarrassment one of the phrases that he had constructed with so much care.

"*Enfin*," she said, stopping in her backward course, "*c'est amusant*. It is only the American enterprise, and I thought it *la folie*."

She laughed merrily and again sat down, making a motion to the maid to leave the room.

"You wish to use me," she continued more soberly, "to puff your goods—*faire de la réclame*."

"I only wish you'd give the Biscuits a chance and a word," replied Mowbray.

"For why," she asked.

"I don't know why you should," he admitted; "only such things are done."

"But I have not done them," she said swiftly. "And you come—ask me! It is an affront not to be borne. I said go; I say go, again!"

And once more she arose, her eyes growing hard and commanding. Gradually, though, Mowbray had become accustomed to the lightning changes, and now he faced her more composedly.

"I don't mean it that way," he said. "It's business with me, and I can only beg your pardon and, as you say, go. I knew it was an intrusion, and I wouldn't have been guilty of it if I could have thought of anything else, but it would make a lot of difference to me if you gave us what you call the *réclame*."

She looked at him curiously and listened with quick sympathy.

"Eh, there is more here than is to be seen."

"Yes, there is a little more," admitted Mowbray.

"Tell me," she said persuasively, sitting down on the arm of a chair and looking up at him.

"Why, in a way, my future depends on it," he said.

"And in fact the future happiness of my life."

"The happiness of your life? Yes—no, it cannot be—but it must be a love affair?" she cried delightedly.

"Yes," said Mowbray desperately. "Good-morning."

She reached out and caught him by the arm.

"A love affair and an advertisement. That is so amusing," she said.

"Well, it's the truth," he replied. "But I don't suppose that has anything to do with it. I am sorry that I cannot interest you in the Biscuits."

"Yes," said the world-famous woman, looking thoughtfully at him.

"Good-morning," said Mowbray, "and I hope you'll pardon me. Good-morning."

As he turned to go there was a knock at the door, and a servant entered, bearing a card.

"Miss Suzanne Baker," said the actress as she read. "I know no Miss Suzanne Baker."

"It is she!" exclaimed Mowbray involuntarily in his surprise.

"*Tiens en effet*," said the actress slowly. Then, starting up, "I will see Miss Baker," she said to the man.

Miss Baker was evidently not far off—indeed, must have been waiting in the hall—for she was at once ushered in.

"Oh, it's so—so good of you to see me," she said impetuously to the older woman.

"Suzanne!" exclaimed Mowbray, a little scandalized by her appearance.

"I could not wait, and I knew that you would get it all wrong, and so I came myself," she said, turning swiftly toward him.

"I was just going," he answered.

"There!" she cried; "I knew it."

"But it was absurd; I told you," he argued.

The actress sat on the arm of the chair, looking from one to the other with a little smile playing about her mouth.

"How do you know?" the girl insisted. "Did you say how much depended on it?"

"I did," he affirmed.

"And you wouldn't do it," she continued, turning to the actress wondering—just write your name?"

The actress laughed.

"Why do you wish it so?" she asked.

"Don't you see—papa is not at all satisfied with Jim—Mr. Mowbray—who has charge of the advertising department of the business."

"Ah, yes," said the actress, nodding her head.

"And he says he is disappointed in him and he is to go away."

"*Vraiment?*" observed the other, looking at the girl intently.

"Oh! you must understand. Jim is in love with me, and—well—I am in love with him, too—though I wouldn't have him know how much for the world. And if papa's down on him it will be just so much harder for us, and perhaps we may be separated forever."

"Ah, the hard-hearted parent!" murmured the actress. "Like in a play."

"And all was going so nicely," said the girl. "It was perfect from the first, and so wonderful, though for a long time, to be sure, I didn't know that Jim liked me."

"I don't see how you could help seeing it from the first," he urged.

"You were so strange," she retorted. "Sometimes you would be so lovely and then you would be almost rude and a perfect growly bear."

"I suppose that you had been more than usually nice to somebody else."

"Oh," she laughed, "and actually he was jealous when I was adoring him all the time. Think of it! The gratitude of man!"

"You certainly never let me see it."

"What could a girl do?" she went on, turning to the actress. "What could I do? Certainly he didn't expect me to come and throw my arms about his neck."

"No," retorted Mowbray, "but you might have let me see that you cared a little about me, instead of doing your best to prove that you didn't."

"Prove that I didn't!" she exclaimed. "Don't you remember the first time I telephoned to you?"

"That was after you had gone on so with Walter Trimlay."

"Well, and what could I do? Hadn't you pretended not to see me when you came into the ballroom?"

The actress continued to glance from one to the other—now almost unmindful of her presence—her lips smiling more and more until it seemed she must break into a laugh.

"You did not have my flowers, and I thought Trimlay had given you those you were carrying."

"You should have known they weren't his, but came from an old friend of papa's."

"How could I see that?"

"Anyway," said the girl, turning to the other woman, "that was the first time I began to suspect that—that he really cared. What a ball it was! I didn't dance—I sailed!"

"Ah, these lovers!" the great actress cried. "And you say now there is troubles. That the papa makes the difficulties. It's about the business?"

"Ah, yes," said the girl.

"You are the daughter of the biscuit maker?"

"Yes," answered the girl. "I am Suzanne Baker."

"Ah, you are the little sweet biscuit!" cried the actress. "And then," she went on, pointing to Mowbray and laughing with delight at her joke, "there is the hard one—what you call the hard-tack."

"I know that we are in a great deal of trouble," continued Suzanne earnestly, "for if papa has taken a dislike to Jim it will be very hard for us. He is what he calls very firm; but I think—and I'll tell him so—that it's obstinacy. And he won't give in, and what are we to do? Oh, everything was going to be so nice. And we had decided what house we wanted and everything. Of course we couldn't have a large one at first, but we don't want one. We only want one another."

"You shall have the house," said Mowbray, "though I don't think, because there is some old ivy growing all the way up the chimney, that that is a very practical reason for choosing a place."

"But I only said it was so romantic," Suzanne answered indignantly. "And if you really want to know why I particularly want that house it is because you could have such a large smoking-room and such a good place for all your fishing rods and things." She turned to the other woman.

"Don't you think he is ungrateful?"

"*Mais*—it is the way of man," laughed the actress.

"I'm not," said the young man. "And the reason why I wanted it was because there is a stable and I want you at least to have a pony phaeton."

"You know that we couldn't afford it, for we want to be very economical. But it was dear of you to think of it. And now we've got to give it all up."

"Never!" cried Mowbray.

"Ah," said the actress, "the papa will not be so cruel to separate two such young hearts."

"But he will—I know he will," Suzanne almost sobbed.

"Oh! I have been crying all night."

The older woman took the girl's hand gently in hers.

"Ah, do not cry. These *affaires de coeur*. They pass. I remember when I was in my convent there was a young man I see over the wall. I dream of him night after night. Then I never see him again." And she added laughingly: "You see, I am just as happy."

"How do you know?" asked Suzanne quickly.

"Ah!" The actress looked up.

"How do I know?" She paused for a moment. Then she went on slowly: "Ah! *C'est vrai*."

"But I know I couldn't be happy," replied Suzanne.

"Why, when I went to Europe for three months in the summer I was perfectly miserable and dying to get home."

"And you know that I couldn't do anything," said Mowbray, "and that I weighed ten pounds less."

"And so did I, dear, you know. I was a perfect skeleton. And the things that I bought in Paris wouldn't fit me until I had been home ten days."

"Ah," cried the actress, the sadness in her face going as quickly as it had come, while the smile again played about her lips. "These Baker's Biscuits—they are delicious."

And crossing her arms on the back of the chair she let her face rest on them, laughing unrestrainedly.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mowbray, "if you would only write that."

"What?" asked the actress, looking up.

"Baker's Biscuits—they are delicious." Mowbray had sprung to the table and was holding pen and paper before her. "Just that," he replied.

"Just that?" said the actress.

"Yes," he replied eagerly.

"Oh, do," urged the girl.

"*Tiens*," said the actress, shrugging her shoulders.

Putting her left arm about the girl she rested her right on the table and wrote the words rapidly.

Then she turned and kissed the girl.

"After all," she said "one is young only once."

It was not in the best of moods that Baker descended from the crowded local train. He had had an uncomfortable and unsuccessful week in the small country towns and he was thoroughly out of temper.

"He'll want to go on," he said to himself, thinking of Mowbray, "but the best will be to make short work of him. Not a thing has he done."

Just then he stopped short, his eyes fixed on a dead wall opposite. Could he trust what he saw? He looked again. Underneath the great picture of perhaps the most famous woman of her time was a gigantic reproduction of a straggly feminine writing. Did he read aright? He went half across the street to be sure; then stood in the middle, with carts and carriages almost running over him as he stared at the words:

"BAKER'S BISCUITS—THEY ARE DELICIOUS."

"What—what?" he spluttered. "What has the young maniac been doing?"

He passed on hurriedly, at every turn the same advertisement meeting his eyes. In his haste he stumbled into his office, where Mowbray was waiting.

"What's this?" he cried, but could not finish. "What's this thing you've got at? It ain't the truth, and there will be trouble—"

"Nothing but the truth, sir," said Mowbray, holding out a paper. "Here is the autograph original. And, by the way, here's an order from that New York firm doubling their order. I've had the posters put up in every State this side of the Rocky Mountains. I put my own money—all I had—into it, because I wasn't sure you would approve."

Baker was silent for a moment.

"Young man, you'd better get out twenty thousand more of those pictures and do the other side of the Rockies. And, of course, I'll make good what you've spent. Better see about it at once." And he added: "Come to dinner to-night at the house. You can tell me about it, and I know that Susan will be glad to see you."



"What—what?" he spluttered. "What has the young maniac been doing?"

Odd Adventures in Queer Callings



"Running a line" through Cypress Swamp



Embarking for a timber cruise in Cypress Swamp

The Timber Cruiser By Forrest Crissey

THE timber cruiser is at once the prospector and assayer of the lumber industry. He locates vast tracts of valuable timber and furnishes an expert estimate of their yield and quality. His life is solitary to a peculiar degree, and the daily routine of his calling is constantly attended by perils and privations so numerous and inevitable that the ranks of his profession are not overrun with eager recruits. It is doubtful if there are more than two thousand timber cruisers, of recognized professional standing, in the United States.

Absolute integrity is the most conspicuous trait of the men who follow this calling. Their earnings vary from four to ten dollars a day and expenses. For this they endure hardships and face perils. How great are the pecuniary temptations to which they are subjected may be judged from the fact that it is not an unusual thing for a million dollars to change hands on the verified estimate or "O. K." of one of them. The falsification of a report by a timber cruiser is so rare as to be practically unknown; and there have been many instances of refusals to accept substantial fortunes as inducements to shade reports.

Modern woodcraft has no masters to compare with the timber cruisers, to whom the densest forest is an open book, read as easily as the mariner reads the chart and compass. The shadows furnish the expert cruiser his timepiece; the bark and foliage of a forest monarch give him the points of compass, and the tilt of a pine top tells him where he will find running water. As a class, these rangers of the great mahogany, pine and cypress wildernesses of the American continents are shy, taciturn and uncommunicative.

The timber cruiser is a product of evolution rather than artificial selection and deliberate training. He begins as a chopper in the woods and is promoted to the position of "scaler," measuring logs at the mill. Then he goes out with a surveyor and learns to run a compass. Next he becomes assistant to a cruiser and finally succeeds to that position. All his training goes to teach him two essential things: how many feet of lumber any given tree will cut, and how many trees of the various grades and dimensions any given tract contains. The estimates of two different cruisers, working independently on the same area of timber, will often not vary more than two per cent. from each other if they are fair representatives of their profession. Generally their estimates run about ten per cent. below the actual yield.

How the Lines are Blazed

How does the cruiser in the trackless forest determine where he is and what are the limitations of the tract upon which he is at work? The major portion of the public domain was first surveyed by the Government surveyors. In densely timbered districts these men have left a record of their labors in true north and south and east and west lines, run at intervals of one mile apart, cutting the forest into checks of a mile square. These lines are indicated by "blazes" cut in the sides of trees, and also by stakes driven in the ground at the corner of every one of the mile-square sections. On the sides of four "witness trees" directly facing each of these stakes—or "Government staubs," as the cruisers invariably call them—is burned a technical description of the two lines which cross there. Therefore the first business of the timber cruiser is to find the staub and witness trees, and this gives him the exact location or starting point. It is one thing to travel directly north and south or east and west along a line blazed by a Government surveyor, and it is quite another task to run a true "open line" diagonally across a tract, from corner to corner. A veteran cruiser recently made a thirty-six mile trip of this character. In all that distance his sense of direction was so acute that he only missed going immediately to three posts out of the total number that intervened between the starting point and destination. As he neared the end of the trip he remarked: "We ought to find the staub about on the knoll, just ahead." And there it was! A carrier pigeon's instinct of direction is scarcely more marvelous than that. A cruiser can give you the time of day, within half an hour, by observing the direction of the

shadows; and the bark on a tree is the next best thing to the magnetic needle in determining the points of compass.

Some of the owners of vast tracts of standing timber have served their apprenticeship in this exacting branch of woodcraft and can make as close an "estimate" as any man in their employ. To this class belongs Mr. J. D. Lacey, of Chicago, and some of his most thrilling experiences as a timber cruiser were had in threading the dense jungles and forests of Central America in search of the costly mahogany. Here are two of them as related to the writer:

Looking into the Eyes of a Tigress

kittens. Though this animal is not so large as the Old World species, it often attains a length of seven feet, and the females with young are notoriously ferocious.

"I had started out to make my way to a camp in the interior of the forest. My path was a rude and narrow highway, hewn through an almost impenetrable jungle, to make possible the hauling of mahogany logs to the nearest waterways. I followed the pass almost mechanically, till, on making a sharp turn, I saw, in the pass before me, not twenty rods away, the flaming eyes and the black and yellow coat of the biggest Central American tigress I ever encountered. Three tawny kits were by her side. One instant she paused, then made a peculiar noise and a quick forward movement, putting her young a few feet behind her. I was wholly without arms. A club was the only possible means of defense available, and I glanced hurriedly about to see if a stout stick were in reach. There was none, and I stood irresolute, expecting every instant to see the tigress spring toward me. But the conduct of the cubs proved my salvation. The little creatures mewed in a manner that commanded the attention of the mother and, almost before I could realize my possible deliverance, the whole family disappeared into the jungle."

Cruising for mahogany timber has its peculiarities and one of these arises from the fact that trees of this valuable wood are scattered among timber of other varieties. Each tree must be located individually and marked during the "hunting season." In this work the "sere and yellow leaf" is something more than a mere poetical allusion. It is the signal by which the hunter spots his game. In the fall the foliage of the mahogany takes on a yellow tinge which distinguishes it from the dress of all other trees. Then the hunters scatter out through the virgin forest, always searching for high points commanding a bird's-eye view of the sea of foliage below. One glance from an elevated position of this kind will locate more mahogany trees than days of beating through the dense tangle of the woods. Wherever, from this elevated perch, the cruiser sees a spot of yellow, he knows a mahogany tree is to be found. In his hand he carries a stick and cuts in it a notch for each blotch of yellow that comes under his experienced eye. He also makes a mental map of the location of these dots of yellow foliage, and his trained sense of location enables him, after descending from his elevation, to make his way to the trees noted and blaze a "blind trail" by which he may retrace his wanderings and find his prizes when, in January or February, he returns as captain of a cutting gang.

"The constant effort of the hunter to scale every commanding elevation," said Mr. Lacey, "often leads to experiences of a stirring character. Once, in company with a companion and mounted on my favorite saddle-mule, Sancho (and a wiser mule never lived), I met with an adventure which was as thrilling as it was novel.

Riding a Mule in a Landslide

"Our course led along a ridge with a slant of fully forty-five degrees. From my seat in the saddle I could look down at least two thousand feet into the valley below. We were jogging quietly along when suddenly I became conscious of a curious sensation, a peculiar motion. Instantly Sancho stopped and

became rigid as a statue—and still we moved! In a second the realization of my strange situation dawned upon me. I was riding Sancho—but Sancho was riding a landslide that was moving down the steep declivity into the valley!

"About a hundred feet below was a shelving terrace; beyond that a sheer precipice. The best horse that ever followed a mountain trail would have been frenzied with terror, but as the earth gained in the velocity of its movement the more firmly did Sancho plant his hoofs in the moving mass. How many seconds passed before the landslide reached the narrow terrace I have no idea, but the mass of moving earth stopped on the shelf and my wise old mule stood immovable until I dismounted. The only thing to be done was to regain the trail above. With the end of the stake-ropes in my hand I cautiously clambered up and then gave him the word to follow. He made the ascent with greater ease than I had, and then carried me forward as calmly as if nothing unusual had happened."

Although still a young man, Mr. S. Wood Beal, of New Orleans, has "looked" thousands of acres of timber in the "piny" woods and cypress swamps of Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana. His experiences in "running lines" through the lonely and desolate tracts are thoroughly typical of cruiser life in the United States, and the following narrative, given in his own words, presents the humors, hardships and dangers of the calling.

Outlaws Who Steal Timber

"One of the most dangerous problems connected with the management of timber property in the South is the handling of the 'squatters' and the timber thieves. These men have their shanties in the depths of the woods, and are undoubtedly as wild and barbarous examples of the white race as may be found within the borders of the United States. A sharp line of distinction should be drawn between the squatters and the timber thieves. The former are natives who have put up their rude habitations in the great pine woods originally belonging to the Government. They are, in the main, innocent of any intent to make dishonest use of the property of another, and when the tracts on which they locate pass into the hands of the timber dealers the latter almost invariably follow a policy of friendliness. Quite generally the timber dealer goes to the expense of removing the squatters to the nearest Government land, and assists them in securing a homestead and starting out on a new and sound basis.

"The human denizens of the vast cypress swamps are, generally speaking, quite different from the squatters of the 'piny' woods, being mainly timber thieves. Consequently they are the enemies of the proprietors of the tracts, and of every stranger supposed to represent the real owners. Most of them are wild and desperate and do not hesitate to shoot any person with whom they have a quarrel. Yet the wild inhabitant of the cypress swamp, who will put a bullet through his nearest neighbor without the slightest compunction, will hesitate to draw his gun on the stranger even though the latter be a hated 'landshark' or 'speculator.' This seeming anomaly is partly explainable by the stranger's ingenuous temerity in going into the region unarmed. But for this custom of going into the woods without defensive weapons of any kind, numerous timber cruisers, compass men and landowners would have lost their lives. There is nothing, however, which these wild woodsmen so much respect as genuine nerve, and the fact that the stranger dares to roam the woods without a weapon is accounted to him as a marvelous display of courage.

"Two of the closest calls that ever came within my experience were in dealing with timber thieves. In spite of the fact that we had received numerous warnings, telling us that landsharks who ventured into the big woods would be shot on sight, I started in upon the task of 'looking' a large tract of timber. I felt safe, for I was thoroughly convinced that an unarmed stranger would not be harmed. While running a line through a splendid section of cypress timber a little way back from a river I heard the strokes of a woodsman's ax, and saw, a few rods before me, in the centre of a small

clearing one of the most picturesque and impressive specimens of the wild woodsman that I ever looked upon. He was tall and spare, but his movements showed the litherness of a cat and his features were strong and clear cut.

"I realized that I was facing an unusual man and possibly a very dangerous experience. First, however, I knew that I must definitely determine, by a continuation of my line, that he was cutting staves on the land of the company by which I was employed.

"As I reached to draw the compass from my hip pocket he instantly threw down his ax and snatched up a short-barreled Winchester which had been resting against a log. He was under the impression that I was drawing a revolver. To restore the compass to the pocket would be to confess that I was armed and also that I was a coward, so I raised the compass into position and deliberately sighted it quite as a matter of course.

"Restoring the compass to my pocket, I walked slowly toward the man and gave him the customary salutation of strangers meeting in the South, at the same time taking note of the fact that his labors were shared by a red-haired and freckled negro. But I soon forgot all about the negro after once looking into the eyes of the white woodsman. They were blue-gray and had a peculiar wildness and penetration. After greeting him I said bluntly:

"Do you know on whose land you are cutting these staves?"

"With a drawing curse he replied: 'Them speculators from the North, I reckon.'

"Well," I answered, 'that's right; and I want to tell you that I'm one of them. Now, tell me; you have no claim to this timber, have you?'

"Nothing but this, stranger!" he instantly answered, lifting the gun from his knees and holding it out before him in both palms.

"A gun-title may hold good for a time," I replied, 'but it will not stand in law. Why not be reasonable and go out peaceably instead of being taken?'

"For nearly an hour I remained with this fascinating woodsman and argued the undesirability of a gun-title to land, and of timber stealing in general. On reaching the settlement at which I made my headquarters I recounted my experience to the hangers-on about the store and drew expressions of astonishment from my hearers.

"Young man," said a native, 'that timber thief is the most desperate man in this whole parish. He's killed six men that I know of, and it's a miracle that you're not back there under a log pile, or in the river, with a bullet-hole through you.'

"It was my duty to oust this desperate man, but I was in no haste to take up the task. Shortly after my experience, however, news came to me indirectly that he had been shot dead by the captain of a river schooner with whom he had quarreled.

A Capitalist Hunted by a Snake

"An ever-present danger to the timber cruiser is found in the alligators and venomous reptiles which infest Southern swamps. On one occasion a small party of capitalists wanted to make an inspection of one of the most inaccessible cypress swamps of Louisiana. I was to be compass-man and guide through five miles of the densest portion of the swamp. We armed ourselves with stout hickory sticks, tucked our coarse trousers inside our laced boots and wore as little clothing above the waist as possible, for the heat was terrific. Our path led through a thick growth of cypress, with a dense undergrowth of small shrubs and vines, and we could not see ten feet ahead. The swale was covered with mud and slime to the depth of nearly a foot. As I was very light my feet did not sink in deeply, and the man who followed twenty paces behind me walked in my muddy tracks. These foot-holes were deepened by every man who stepped in them, and the lumberman who brought up the rear, who was a heavy man and the chief of the party, waded in muck and slime up to his thighs.

"I sat down on a log to wait till all should come up. One by one they came plodding along until only the chief of the party was missing, and I took the back trail to look for him and came suddenly upon him, standing waist deep in slime. He appeared to be wholly unconscious of my presence and to be almost in a stupor. Not until I had come within two yards of him did he arouse. Then he drowsily opened his eyes. At that instant, wriggling in the water immediately in front of him, I saw the biggest, plumpest moccasin I have ever encountered.

"The half-awakened man saw the snake and myself at practically the same instant. With a wild yell he came up out of his bed of mire as if blown by dynamite. I am convinced that, under ordinary circumstances, it would have required the combined strength of all the members of the

party to lift him from out the sticky pit of slime into which he had sunk. The moccasin disappeared in the upheaval, but with our hickory sticks we killed fully fifty of them before we got back to camp."

Lost and Frantic in a Swamp

"It was in the great pine forest of Calcasieu Parish, Louisiana," he said. "I was detailed to make an estimate on two sections of timber and believed that this task could easily be accomplished in a day. Leaving the little station of Edgerley in the middle of the forenoon, I started out on the road to Mystic on my wheel, to look for the section corner where the wagon road and the section line crossed. My canteen was strapped on my wheel, but I carried no luncheon with me for the reason that I expected to finish the work in time to reach Mystic about two o'clock in the afternoon. As I was standing by the blazed tree which marked the section line, debating the advisability of leaving my wheel by the roadside, I noticed a two-wheeled 'jumper' approaching and found that it was occupied by the mail rider who was going on to Mystic. He strapped the bicycle to the back of the jumper and agreed to deliver it to the storekeeper at Mystic, and tell him that I would get in later, and that I would be mighty hungry, too! The work was easy until I started north. Then I found myself in a thicket of 'tie-tie' briars. The thorns of this vine are long and sharp, and when the unfortunate wayfarer once gets into a tangle of this kind he is sure to lose considerable blood.

"Although I was unable to make more than ten feet of headway in five minutes, I thought that the thicket was probably narrow and that a little perseverance would soon carry me through it. The first hour's fight with the tie-ties carried me only a quarter of a mile ahead, and every moment the tangle seemed to grow worse. The heat was terrible and, as that whole region had been suffering from a long and almost unparalleled drought, there was nowhere a drop of water to be found. Beds of streams and of swales which ordinarily were full of water showed only dry cracks. I thought I had known the pangs of



A giant of Cypress Swamp

save by the wild hogs which found it a refuge from the most daring pursuer."

No comment on the craft of timber cruisers would be complete without a reference to the unflinching integrity of the men who give their lives to it. I have never known of an instance in which a timber cruiser accepted a bribe for the falsification of his estimates; but I do know of one case in which a cruiser, who was dependent upon his earnings, not only refused a bribe of \$10,000, but induced the man seeking to corrupt him to put the offer into writing. The agent fell into the trap and the faithful cruiser turned over to his employers the incriminating document!

The Chemistry of Soil

UNDOUBTEDLY, one of the most wonderful discoveries of modern chemistry has to do with the soil. It has been ascertained that the most barren land can be made rich simply by adding to it certain mineral elements which cost but little. On this basis it is estimated that the United States will be able eventually to maintain 500,000,000 people—more than one-third of the present population of the world. It is merely a question of supplying the requisite quantities of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash. The last two are readily obtainable at small expense, whereas the first may be supplied either by furnishing to the soil condensed nitrogen in the shape of slaughter-waste or nitrate of soda, or by planting clover, beans or peas, which have an affinity for nitrogen and absorb it from the atmosphere.

It is now known that nitrogen is the most important plant food, and inasmuch as this element composes four-fifths of the atmosphere the question is merely to absorb it into the soil. It has also come to be understood that only two per cent. of the material of plants is derived from the soil, the remaining ninety-eight per cent. being drawn from the air and from water. It has been learned that certain species of bacteria absorb nitrogen, and these may be propagated in moist earth, and the earth thus treated sprinkled over the land.



A typical Pine Wood cabin at which the timber cruisers "put up" while "land-looking"

thirst before, but the sufferings which I experienced that day were beyond anything I had even imagined. My mouth began to crack and my tongue to swell until I could scarcely shut my jaws together. To add to my torments, hordes of red-bugs and mosquitoes settled upon my flesh wherever it was exposed. Early in my struggles to escape the clutches of the tie-ties I had lacerated my hands and legs until they were streaked with blood.

"At half-past two o'clock in the afternoon my progress northward had been so slight and my tortures so great that I determined to set my compass eastward and strike back to the edge of the road. This was where I made my mistake, for in so doing I simply followed a long arm of the thicket that reached around to the eastward. When five o'clock came I was so maddened by thirst and exhausted by my

Tales of the Banker—The Guardian of the Nation's Currency By James H. Eckels

A. E. R.

THE creation of the National Banking System, through the Acts of Congress suggested and fostered by Secretary Chase, introduced into the country's banking methods elements of very great benefit and far-reaching importance. The banks organized under its operation supplied a banknote currency as safe and sound as that which had been supplied by the first and second United States Banks in their best days, and avoided the political ground of objection thereto raised, of concentrating in very few hands tremendous financial power, closely allied with every movement of the general Government. The superiority of the national bank, in its currency issues, over the then state institutions issuing banknotes, was found in the fact that every note of the former was equal to the best of the latter, with no poor or discredited ones to be classed with the worthless state currency everywhere so abundant prior to 1861. The national banknote eliminated from use the periodical literature of the fifties which was the necessary accompaniment of state bank issues. The banknote reporters and counterfeit detectors of that period were always interesting and profitable reading. One of these reporters alone at one time had fifty-four hundred separate descriptions of counterfeit, altered and spurious notes, claiming to be the promises to pay of institutions extending from Maine to Florida, and as far west as Illinois. The bank officers of that day scanned the columns of the newspapers under the headings, "General Warning to the Public" and "Beware of Bank Swindles," as closely as those of the present do "News from Lombard and Wall Streets" and "The Grain Market."

It is not, however, in this direction alone that the best results of the National Bank Act have been wrought out. I am not certain but that within a reasonable time, under the improvement which was certainly evidencing itself prior to 1860, a sound state bank currency, perfectly safe and acceptable everywhere without discount and loss, would have been given to the public. But I am quite convinced that, without an added system to that of the state taking on the dignity of a national character, with one general method of business conduct and a centralized control, we could never have had the uniformity of action now apparent in all our banking institutions, irrespective of the statutory acts by which created, or that solidarity of interest and purpose which make them so necessarily powerful in the country's trade and commerce. The national bank thus formed this nucleus for uniformity and interdependence, the one upon the other, with the result and effect that business confidence was strengthened, business operations enlarged, and the check and commercial note made more important factors in trade and banking operations than banknote currency. The framers of the National Bank Act had the wisdom to create an office of supreme control in the interpretation and enforcement of its provisions. They gave expression to their desire in this direction by providing for the office of Comptroller of the Currency. The position is one of great dignity and of unusual authority and power, an authority and power which come more from assumption of rights on the part of the incumbent by necessity and inference than through any direct conferring of them by the National Bank Act itself.

Vast Power Vested by Implication

I was struck most forcibly when I went to Washington to undertake the duties of the Comptroller's office with two things: First, how little power there was vested in the office by direct legislative provision; and, second, how vast, despite this lack of statutory law, as a practical fact, that power really was. I readily found, however, that this added strength had come to the office by the voluntary and cheerful acquiescence of national bankers in all that was done, though outside of the strict letter of the law, looking toward the greater security of the system. Without this cooperation from the very first the whole fabric would have been of far less strength than it now is, and the results of far less import. The enforcement, to the letter, of the provisions of a law, enacted at a time when the undertakings of our business world were comparatively small and credits restricted, is now, with a larger commercial world and vaster dealings, quite an impossibility. I am sure that every one who has held the office of Comptroller has been confronted with the alternative of either making the

results of the National Banking Act an advantage to the financial and commercial world, by interpreting much of it outside of itself, or of causing hindrance and loss to business by being a strict constructionist. It seemed to me the part of wisdom and in the best interests of the law always to try to do in an official way what the framers of the law would undoubtedly have provided for could they have perceived the emergencies which would arise in the future. I am quite certain such a rule is a fixed one in the Comptroller's office, for only through it could possibly have grown up an authority which no one now questions or wishes to curtail.

I found during the panic period of 1893 the utter futility of trying to carry out the provisions of the law in an inflexible manner when dealing with the question of bank reserves, especially in New York City. The associated banks of the Clearing House were compelled either to cause widespread disaster by attempting to maintain at all hazards the percentage of reserve required by law, or else to prevent such distress by disregarding the requirements of the law and infringing upon their reserves. I felt that it was an instance in which the circumstances did not warrant strictness, and therefore not only was I willing to have the requirements for a time disregarded, but I justified such a course. The matter afterward came to the attention of the United States Senate, under a resolution of inquiry introduced by Senator Peffer, of Kansas, who sought to make political capital by an assault on the banking interests of New York, which it was claimed were receiving especial favors at the hands of an officer charged with the administration of the country's banking law. After a general debate in which the Senators, as a rule, sanctioned what had been done, the matter was dropped. I had occasion afterward to discuss the discretionary powers of the Comptroller with the Honorable Hugh McCulloch, who was the first occupant of the office, and had successfully organized the Bureau. Mr. McCulloch was then living in Washington, and though past eighty years of age was vigorous in mind and strong in body. He had had a most interesting public career and a successful one. An impartial judgment passed upon his views and acts would rank him well up among the five greatest Secretaries of the Treasury. Mr. McCulloch's success as a banker in Indiana, and the soundness of his economic views, had attracted Secretary Chase's attention to him, and he was offered the office of Comptroller, notwithstanding the fact that prior to the enactment of the law creating it he had opposed the adoption of the measure. I recall with pleasure the cordiality of his manner and the enthusiasm manifested by him in speaking of the office, which he had taken at its inception and successfully started upon the course which has made it so potent a factor in a great nation's financial life.

The Hickory Cane a Lincoln Memento

Before entering upon a discussion of the various attributes attaching to the office of Comptroller and the powers vested in it, Mr. McCulloch told me an incident which is quite worth repeating. It came about from my making some passing remark to the effect that, despite his years, his walk was quite elastic enough to warrant his disregard of a very heavy hickory cane which he had in his hand. His reply was: "No, I do not really need this cane, but I have come to carry it from its historical associations. It is a reminder to me of the night when President Lincoln was assassinated and Secretary Seward all but murdered. I was just about to retire when word came to me that the President had been murdered and an assault made on the Secretary of State, who lived but a few doors below in what is now known as the Blaine house. Accompanying the message was word that the other members of the President's Cabinet were to be killed, and that I must be on my guard. I hastily redressed myself preparatory to hurrying down to the Seward mansion, and having in mind to protect myself if occasion required it, looked about for the best means at hand. The only available thing was a large hickory cane which stood in the hall rack, and taking it I went as rapidly as possible to the scene of the assault. I found everything in confusion, but finally, when matters calmed down, and it became evident that whatever assaults were to be made had already been made, I returned to my home. The cane that I then seized was this one which you see, and I have since that time made it a uniform practice to carry it with me." After relating this incident and discussing at some length his relations with the Cabinets of three Presidents, those of Presidents Lincoln, Johnson and Arthur, he having been Secretary of the Treasury in each, he took up and discussed most interestingly the growth of the power of the Comptroller. He said he had found, after the difficulty relative to the names which state banks could assume on coming into the national system had been disposed of, that there was a marked willingness upon the part of bankers to assent to every rule made by the office that insured more careful supervision and more strenuously safeguarded the system. Thus he had from time to time made regulations which were enlarged upon by his successors, until at present these office-created laws had apparently become as binding as those enacted by Congress.

I remarked upon two things which seemed to attach to the Comptroller's office more than to any other in the Treasury

Department, both wholly productive of good to the service and the banking system. One was the general independence of the office from interference by Presidents and Secretaries of the Treasury, and the other the apparent freedom from political bias in the administration of the office. These things, he said, had come about from a general recognition of the intention on the part of Congress to make the office independent of all save itself, as shown in requiring its incumbent to report direct to Congress, and in extending the term of office to a year beyond the Presidential term, without danger of removal except on charges filed with the Senate and impeachment proceedings then had. Secretary Chase, Mr. McCulloch stated, very readily recognized the peculiar status and needs of the office so far as independence, political and otherwise, is concerned, and from that time until this the Comptroller has been supreme within his own province. How much all this means none know so well as the bankers themselves, for with the office made a mere political dependency, seeking to introduce politics into its operations for personal or party advantage, incalculable harm would be done to many interests.

A Famous Author as a Treasury Clerk

I heard, too, at this interview what I had already read, of the time when Mr. John Burroughs, the charming writer on Nature, came to Mr. McCulloch an unknown and friendless young man, and sought a clerkship in the Comptroller's office, saying that he had no recommendations to present except himself. That indorsement was quite enough, and he entered upon his duties, discharging them all with signal fidelity, until he found it better to leave his place to enter upon a field more congenial to his artistic and poetic temperament. Four years ago, on the day preceding President McKinley's inauguration, a kindly, white-haired and white-bearded gentleman came into my office, stating he felt quite at home in it, as he had worked in the Bureau under the eye of Comptroller McCulloch. My visitor was the same Mr. John Burroughs, whose grace of fancy, displayed in prose and poetry, was not less manifest than his dignity of manner and conversation. I did not know Mr. Hubbard, who succeeded Mr. McCulloch, and Mr. Knox had died before my going to Washington, but I enjoyed an acquaintance with Comptrollers Cannon, Trenholm, Lacey and Dawes, all of whom have aided in maintaining the best traditions of the office.

The Comptroller's office presents little that is of a routine character. It is less routine in its duties than any governmental position I know. Every case which comes to the Comptroller's attention is one that must be dealt with individually, being judged by its own facts and peculiar circumstances. When it is remembered how large, as a rule, is the money value involved in a bank's transactions and how ramified are its operations, it is evident that much of care and judgment must be used in the exercise of the powers vested in the incumbent. As I now recall it, there are more than 4000 banks in the national system, representing an aggregate of wealth amounting to more than four billions of dollars. All these institutions and this vast sum are within the immediate jurisdiction of the Comptroller of the Currency. It is within his office that these banks are organized; it is by the representatives of his office they are examined; and it is through his office they are controlled. The Comptroller can at any time examine into a bank's condition, and if, in his judgment, it is insolvent, he can close its doors, and there is no reversal of his decision. He can also at any time levy an assessment to make good what he deems an impairment of the capital stock of the bank. I remember once closing a bank in Tacoma, Washington, through orders issued to an examiner there. The officers of the bank denied the right which I had exercised, which led me immediately to appoint a receiver. On an appeal to the United States District Court for an injunction to restrain the Comptroller and his agent from taking possession, the Federal judge, with the announcement that there seemed to be no end to the powers either vested in the office or assumed by the incumbents thereof, declared he could grant no relief, and the bank was wound up.

There is no little difficulty attaching to all this necessity for the exercise of judgment. It is very hard to determine, in many instances, what ought not to be done in the case of banks which seem to be in a precarious condition. No institution is quite so sensitive to public distrust and rumor as a bank, and nothing so much disturbs the general business

Editor's Note—The Tales of the Banker will be continued, at brief intervals, in future issues.

conditions of a community as a bank failure. It is because of this that every effort is put forth to save a bank before finally giving it up as hopeless. In short, the Comptrollers, in the past, have always taken chances, and, I imagine, in the future they will continue to do so, by giving a bank the benefit of every opportunity to live before passing the death sentence upon it, and carrying that sentence into immediate effect. By such a course they have at times drawn to themselves more or less criticism, but they can rest content in a knowledge of having saved more than ten banks by leniency and counsel to every one which has been lost thereby. Those lost, as a rule, have been those in which some latent dishonesty, unsuspected in the management, has finally developed. I found the rule of leniency peculiarly necessary during the years of 1893 and 1896. From May to August of the former year one hundred and sixty-five banks closed their doors, a number almost equal to the total bank failures within the preceding thirty years, and yet these failures were nothing as compared with the number which would have gone out if chances had not been taken, and every known means of saving resorted to in order to prevent collapse.

Of the banks that did come into the Comptroller's hands at that time more than one hundred were reopened to resume and continue successfully. Only a few of the many which came to the verge went over, the vast majority going on to a sound and safe basis. I remember two instances of banks of very large proportions in which heroic measures were resorted to in order to save life, against the suggestions of some who thought the risk too great to warrant the undertaking. Both were located in the Northwest and had enjoyed most excellent reputations, but being loaded with notes depending for value upon unprofitable and unsalable real estate, were almost without capital, and were daily being crowded for available funds. In one instance the bank was closed temporarily, and a million of its capital was charged off, together with three hundred thousand of an accumulated surplus. It was advised that the wisdom of the situation was to let it die, but the bank was reopened, and a fifty per cent. assessment made upon the remaining capital, and it has become an institution of great merit, thoroughly well officered and sound in every particular. In the other case, the institution did not close its doors, but instead stood up under a first assessment of five hundred thousand dollars, and a second one of three hundred thousand, besides wiping out its surplus. It did not fail, but now ranks with the best banking houses of the country, with many millions of deposits; it has a fine clientele and is on a safe dividend-paying basis.

The Trying Conditions of the Year 1896

The conditions of 1896 were more trying than those of 1893, for no one knew exactly what would be the result if the free coinage of silver theory were approved of by the voters of the country. During the period immediately prior to the election, in almost every important financial centre one or more banking houses was hard pressed. A strict construction of the provisions of the Banking Act would have sent them to the wall, and with their failure would have been widespread panic. Forbearance and liberality saved all but one or two, where salvation proved to be impossible.

I have gone into this phase of the responsibilities attaching to the Comptroller's office for the reason that here and there comes an insistence, at the time of some conspicuous bank failure, that the Comptroller has been derelict in his duty in not at once causing the institution to fail, instead of exhausting, before so doing, every means known. If the rule of strict construction were followed, receivers would be more numerous and business conditions more often disturbed.

Another thing which makes difficult the discharge of the duties of the office rests in the fact that the Comptroller's judgment is always the result of examinations not made by himself personally, but by appointed agents who examine into the affairs of the various banks and report thereon. Thus his information is largely second-hand, and though the office has always been fortunate in having, in the majority of cases, the benefit of most excellent assistants, there is sometimes wanting that element of personal knowledge so essential to a proper decision of the case. I do not know of any governmental subordinate position which requires more of high character and impartial judgment, combined with absolute personal honesty and integrity, than the position of National Bank Examiner. A National Bank Examiner has in his keeping the secrets of the bank which he examines, on the one hand, and the reputation, to a large extent, of his superior office, on the other. It is to be said to the credit of the corps that they have guarded

with jealous care the interests of both, and enjoyed the confidence of bankers and Comptrollers. I have known of but two or three instances where examiners have been dismissed for disgraceful conduct. There was one who took money from a banker and reported the bank all right; it soon failed, showing complete robbery by the president; another, after a long connection with the Examiner's office, was dismissed after the development of criminal proclivities.

The Singular Case of the Western Youth

One rather singular case came under my immediate notice in connection with a young man from a Western city, who applied to me for the position of bank examiner for a Western district. He called at the office and presented a number of letters of introduction from some well-known men of his city, and made a most favorable impression. His occupation was editing a financial magazine, devoted mainly to banking matters of interest to the Pacific Coast. He had come East mainly to enlarge his banking acquaintance, and being a person of fine appearance, good address and excellent conversational powers, was well calculated to make considerable progress. It happened, at about the time of a second or third call, that I had occasion to appoint upon rather short notice an examiner to go without delay to a city in Washington, to take charge of a bank then in the hands of an examiner whose administration was not very satisfactory. I told my caller that if he could get assurances, from some persons that I knew, as to his ability, integrity and fitness, I would send him to

the bank. He appealed to one of the then United States Senators from the West and some prominent men, all of whom spoke well of him. Upon all the facts I could gather the appointment seemed a fit and proper one, and I made it, and the new examiner went to his assigned duty, where he entered upon his work, and so far as I learned did it all very well. The office received no complaint at any time, but, instead, words of commendation. Some two or three months later a national bank failed, and the appointment of a receiver became necessary. My new examiner at once applied for the position, and out of a number of others he was selected. In the meantime he had backed up his record made in the department with additional strong indorsements bearing upon the question of his character and fitness for the new place. The contest for the place had been very severe and bitter, and within a month after the receivership was under way rumors reached me that there was something wrong with the past history of the receiver, and it was suggested I might hear something to my advantage if I should write to the warden of a certain State penitentiary. I at once proceeded to do so, and to my utter amazement found it was claimed that the man had served, two years before, a year's sentence for forgery. In order not to do the man an injustice I brought the charge to his attention, and with some explanations he admitted the truth of it, but pleaded that since that time he had lived a most exemplary life, and ought not now to be again disgraced.

From the facts, as I gathered them, it appeared that he had some two years before reached the city, and on the day of his arrival had committed the forgery; he was immediately arrested, and the next day pleaded guilty and was sent to the penitentiary. No one knew him in the city, and on his release he returned to it, and after doing some newspaper work, established a financial journal, married into a respectable family, and gained the confidence and good will of all with whom he came in contact. Thus it happened that many prominent men very readily gave him their indorsement. When a knowledge of what he had done became public property I was appealed to on every hand not to dismiss him, but to leave him in his position in order to demonstrate that when a man had once committed a crime and had then regained a position his past act should not forever stand as a bar to his rising.

The President's Shrewd Advice in the Matter

I wanted much to do the thing that would show in a public way that a man might win back a place in society and public esteem if he set about it in earnest and with the purpose to do so. I talked the matter over with the United States Senator, who thought it would be worth while to do it, and that the element of risk was very small. Before coming to a definite conclusion, however, I deemed it wise to review the case with President Cleveland. I found he already knew of it.

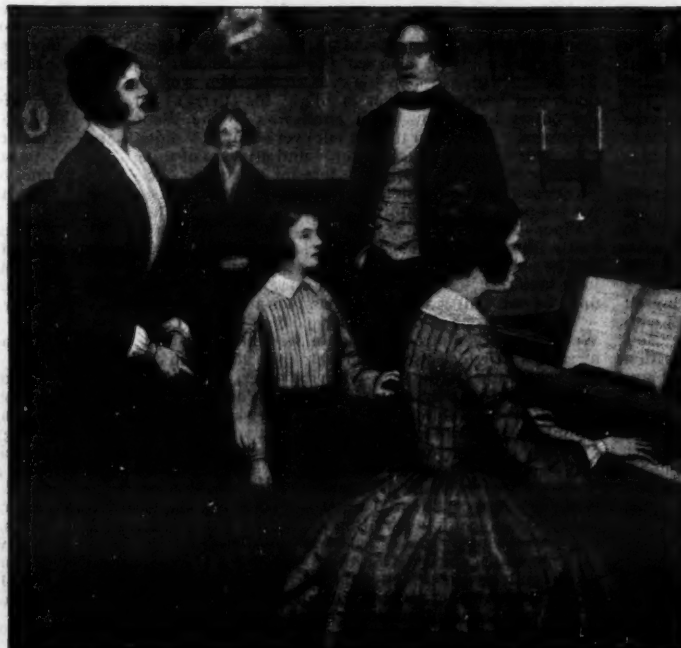
President Cleveland quite agreed that it was the man's only offense, and his life had been thoroughly exemplary before and since its commission, society would not be injured but rather aided by knowing that while crime was to be abhorred and punished, such punishment should not form a perpetual bar to a better life and to encouragement to success. He suggested, however, the importance of knowing that this was the only offense, particularly in view of the fact that the crime for which the punishment had been inflicted was one against the country's banking law, and the place desired had to do with the enforcement of such laws. I acted upon the suggestion of making a thorough investigation of my receiver's past, and to my disappointment, not to say disgust, found that from a home with good surroundings and influences he had gone out into the world to develop into a forger. I at once, on ascertaining this, accepted his resignation.

The Cost of Registering Mail

MANY persons used to refuse to avail themselves of the privilege of registering their letters, on the ground that to do so was to advertise the fact that a missive was worth stealing, while, if it were actually stolen or lost, the Government would pay no compensation to the loser. Two years ago an appropriation of \$6000 was made to provide an insurance fund.

This amount had been asked for by the Post-Office Department in the belief that it would not much more than cover the indemnities demanded in a year. The Department was agreeably surprised when, at the end of the first twelvemonth, only \$154.03 was found to have been paid out on this account. Thus it appears that the adoption of this system of insurance has cost the Government very little, while encouraging many people to register their letters and packages.

Sunday Afternoons By Joe Lincoln



FROM the window of the chapel softly sounds an organ's note.
Through the wintry Sabbath gloaming drifting shreds of music float,
And the quiet and the firelight and the sweetly solemn tunes
Bear me, dreaming, back to boyhood and its Sunday afternoons:

When we gathered in the parlor, in the parlor stiff and grand,
Where the haircloth chairs and sofas stood arrayed, a gloomy band,
Where each queer oil portrait watched us with a countenance of wood,
And the shells upon the whatnot in a dustless splendor stood,

Then the quaint old parlor organ with the quaver in its tongue,
Seemed to tremble in its fervor as the sacred songs were sung,
As we sang the homely anthems, sang the glad revival hymns
Of the glory of the story and the light no sorrow dims.

While the dusk grew ever deeper and the evening settled down,
And the lamp-lit windows twinkled in the drowsy little town,
Old and young we sang the chorus and the echoes told it o'er
In the dear familiar voices, hushed or scattered evermore.

From the windows of the chapel faint and low the music dies,
And the picture in the firelight fades before my tear-dimmed eyes,
But my wistful fancy, listening, hears the night wind hum the tunes
That we sang there in the parlor on those Sunday afternoons.

The Diary of a Harvard Freshman

By Charles Macomb Flandrau



He seemed to think me somewhat insane, and said in a soothing, fatherly kind of way: "You come back day after to-morrow!"

DRAWN BY C. CHASE EMBERTON

THE EPISODE OF THE CUBAN DESERTER

LOOKED at in one way, it was a humiliating thing to have happen; but on the other hand, after it was all over I was able to derive considerable satisfaction from the fact that I hadn't lost my presence of mind. The remarks I overheard as I lay on the floor of Memorial were anything but reassuring. I realized that in the scrimmage for the rose I had been submerged in china, glass and cutlery—that some of these things had severed one of my arteries and that the worst might happen. Of course I was very much frightened at first, and it was then that I tried to get up; but after they restrained me I sank back and began to think of poor mamma. I was on the point of asking for writing materials, but on remembering that an accident of this kind is always attended by a sort of dreamy weakness, I became—actually—so languid that I recall telling myself that it would be of no use—I shouldn't have strength with which to write even if a pen were thrust into my hand. So I went on thinking about mamma until suddenly a man with a pointed beard (I have since learned he was a medical student who happened to be dining with some friends at Memorial) dropped on one knee beside me and with rapid, skillful fingers began to open my shirt. Then he stopped very abruptly and with the most disgusted expression I ever saw, turned toward the light and examined his fingers. After which he got up, brushed the dust from his knee and said in a loud, peevish voice:

"Tell that child to get up and go home and wash the cranberry-sauce off his face and neck, and put on clean clothes;" which I did as quickly as possible, without even waiting to say good-by to Duncan.

They don't call me "Tommy Trusting" any more. It became "Cranberry" for a day or two, then it was shortened to "Cranny," and now it's "Granny"—"Granny Wood." Berri says that it has a ring of finality to it, and that I'll never be known by any other name.

Since the great game (I don't believe I've touched upon the great game) the college seems to have settled down once more to an every-day sort of existence, with the Christmas holidays looming up now and then in letters from home. (As I was going out this morning the postman met me at the gate and gave me four letters with the Perugia postmark. It's funny how my feelings toward that poor man vary. When he hands me letters from home I think he's one of the nicest-looking persons I ever saw, but when he doles out bills he seems to have a hard, cynical expression that I hate. I meet him at the Holly Tree occasionally, where he goes to snatch a nourishing breakfast of coffee and lemon pie.)

I haven't alluded to the great game for several reasons—the chief one being that (as Berri says when people explain why they didn't pass certain exams.) "I dislike post-mortems." I suppose it might have been, in various ways, a more distressing event than it actually was. The seats, for instance, might have collapsed and killed all the spectators; there might have been a railway collision on the way down; there might have been an earthquake or a tidal-wave. That none of these things happened is, of course, cause for congratulation—if not for bonfires and red lights on Holmes' Field. It is always well, I suppose, to have something definite to rejoice over. The long trip in the train back to Boston after the game, with every one hoarse and tired out and cross and depressed, was—but I had determined not to mention it at all.

Poor Duggie. I knew it nearly killed him. He has tried to refer to it philosophically and calmly in my room once or twice since then; but he never gets very far. He knows what he wants to say and ought to say, but he's so intimate with Berri and me that I don't think he altogether trusts himself to say it. I imagine he finds it easier to talk to comparative strangers. I was afraid at first that Berri was going

to find in the subject a sort of inexhaustible opportunity for the exercise of his genius for making people uncomfortable; but instead of that, I've never known him to be so nice. For the first time he has allowed himself to show some of the admiration for Duggie that, all along, I've felt sure he really has, and Duggie appreciates his delicacy—although in one way it grates on him almost as much, I think, as if Berri were just as he always is.

The other day mamma said in one of her letters: "I often wonder how you spend your days; just what you do from the time you go out to breakfast until you go to bed at—I hesitate to think at what o'clock." So when I answered her letter I tried to put in everything I did that day and here it is:

8:30 A. M. Woke up in the midst of a terrible dream in which a burglar was pressing a revolver to my temple—and found that beast Saga standing by my bed with his cold, moist nose against my cheek. I threw shoes at him until he ran away yelping, which hurt Berri's feelings and made him very disagreeable to Duggie and me about the bathtub. He said we ought to let him have his bath first—as it took him so much longer! And seemed very much annoyed when we failed to appreciate the force of the argument.

9:15. Breakfasted at the Holly Tree. Berri came with me, as he said he disliked last chapters, and it was Mrs. Brown's day for concluding her great serial story entitled "Corned Beef." At the Holly Tree we found Mr. Fleetwood, who hid coquettishly behind a newspaper when he saw us coming and exclaimed:

"Go away—go away, you unreverend, clever boy. You—you!" he added, shaking his finger at Berri. "I don't mind the other one—the little one," he went on when we had hung up our coats and hats and went over to his table, "but you have a tongue with a tang; I shan't ask you again to my Wednesday Evenings." Of course this was perfect fruit for Berri, who sat down at once and implored Fleetwood with tears in his eyes to tell him what he had done, and begged him not to blight his (Berri's) career at the outset by denying him admission to the Wednesday Evenings. He vowed that he felt ever so much "older" and "broader" and "thoughtful," and all sorts of things that he never in the world will feel, just for going that once. But Fleetwood pretended not to listen to him and went on reading the paper—interrupting Berri every now and then with, "Viper—Viper!" or "Serpent—Serpent!" I think he really likes Berri immensely, but is shrewd enough to know that he never can get at him by being serious. We had a very jolly breakfast, and Berri left declaring that he wouldn't rest until he had induced some famous man to step on his feet.

"Then I'll be a lion myself and I shan't go to your Wednesday Evenings—no matter how much you ask me," he said. At which Fleetwood held his head with one hand and waved toward the door with the other, moaning:

"Go away—go away, both of you! You've caused me to drink four cups of tea without knowing what I was doing. I think you want to drive me mad."

10:30. Neither of us had a lecture until eleven o'clock and were looking at some new books in a window on the Square when Hemington appeared. He touched us on the shoulders in a confidential way, and then, looking furtively at the people who were waiting nearby for a car, lowered his voice mysteriously and asked us to go with him to his room.

"I have something over there that I don't mind letting you in on," he said; "only you mustn't speak of it; it might get us into a deal of trouble with the Government."

This sounded rather exciting, so we hurried to Hemington's room without talking much on the way over, as Hemington didn't communicate anything further, and we, of course, couldn't help wondering what he was going to show us.

When we got into his study he gave a peculiar rap on his bedroom door, and out came a strange-looking little person—short and plump, with black curly hair and big black eyes and a sallow, almost dusky skin. A bright red handkerchief knotted loosely around his neck gave him a picturesque—a tropical air, that, considering we were in Hemington's prosaic study in Stoughton Hall, thrilled us from the first.

"This is Amadeo," said Hemington. (Berri is taking Spanish I, and I think he enjoyed as much as anything pronouncing the name in a deep, rich, careless sort of way; he hauled it in every other second.) "It's all right, Amadeo," he went on, for although Amadeo smiled a most beautiful smile full of very regular and dazzling teeth, he turned to Hemington with a look intended to express inquiry and misgiving: "you can trust these men; they are your friends."

At this Amadeo flashed his teeth again and kissed Berri's hands. Berri looked exceedingly shocked, and I craftily put mine in my pockets.

"He's a deserter," Hemington explained hastily; for Berri began to rub his knuckles with a handkerchief, Amadeo looked hurt and there was a moment of embarrassment all around. "He escaped from a merchantman that got in a few

days ago from—" (As I don't take Spanish I, it's impossible for me to give the luscious name of the island that Amadeo's boat had come from. It sounded something like Santa Bawthawthawthoth.) "The skipper was a brute—a regular old-timer—and Amadeo couldn't stand it any longer. He and a pal swam ashore with all their worldly possessions on their backs done up in tarpaulins (they were fired at six times when they were in the water), and his possessions"—here Hemington lowered his voice and Amadeo glanced sharply at the door—"consisted of three or four hundred of the best cigars you ever smoked in your life. He got them at Santa Bawthawthawthoth, and as he hasn't a cent, of course he wants to sell them. He asks about a fourth as much as you have to pay for a perfectly wretched cigar at any place in town. They naturally didn't go through the custom-house and that's why you have to keep it all so quiet."

Amadeo went into Hemington's bedroom and returned with an oilskin bundle that looked like those round, flat cheeses you see under cages of green wire in grocery stores. He untied it (glancing apprehensively at the door from time to time and once clasping it to his breast when he heard a step in the hall outside) and discovered the smuggled treasure. I haven't begun to smoke yet, but Berri and Hemington each took a cigar, and after puffing away for several seconds Berri said his was simply delicious. It certainly smelled good, and I was very sorry I had to run away in a few minutes to my eleven o'clock lecture, for Amadeo began to tell of some of his experiences on the merchantman, and they were pretty fierce. Berri cut his lecture, and I should have done so if I hadn't been on probation. One of the penalties of probation is that you can't cut without an excuse that holds water at every pore.

11—12. Listened to a lecture—with experiments—in physics. The experiments didn't turn out well, and the instructor seemed much annoyed. I don't think he has the right idea. My experiments in the laboratory always give beautiful results. I find out first of all from the book what Nature is expected to do; and then I see that she does it. I'm one of the most successful little experimenters in the class.

12 M. Ran back to Hemington's room. Amadeo had gone, but Berri and Hemington had bought all the cigars. Berri had learned a lot of Spanish in my absence and could say "Amadeo" and "Santa Bawthawthawthoth" with almost as fluent a hot-mush effect as Hemington could. He packed his share of the cigars in Hem's dress-suit case and we took them over to our house.

1 P. M. Went to luncheon at Mrs. Brown's, and tried to borrow a shirt from everybody at the table, but without success. Duncan Duncan asked me to a tea in his rooms this afternoon to meet his mother and sisters and some girls from town. I promised to go, but Miss Shedd, my washwoman, slipped on the ice and hurt herself and hasn't been able to do my clothes for more than two weeks, and I discovered this morning that there were no more shirts in my drawer. Berri or Duggie would lend me one, but Berri unfortunately hasn't any, either, as Miss Shedd does his washing, too, and of course anything of Duggie's on me is ridiculous. I wore a suit of his pajamas one night when I had a cold, as they're thicker than mine, and the shoulders hung down around my elbows. Well, nobody would lend me a shirt—for no reason in the world except that they realized I simply had to have one, and they thought it would be amusing to see.

While we were at luncheon Berri and Hemington gave every one two or three cigars, and Berri said knowingly: "I



DRAWN BY C. CHASE EMBERTON

A medical student dropped on one knee beside me and with rapid, skillful fingers began to open my shirt

wish you fellows would try these and tell me what you think of them. I happened to get hold of them in a rather odd way; I can't tell you how exactly—at least not for a few days. They're not the usual thing you buy at a store."

We went on talking and forgot all about the cigars until Berri, who is very sensitive to any kind of scent or odor, suddenly looked up and said:

"What a perfectly excruciating smell! It's like overshoes on a hot register, only much worse. What on earth is it?" At this the rest of us at the table began to sniff the air—and I confess it was pretty bad. Bertie Stockbridge had finished his luncheon while we were still eating and had taken his chair over to the window, where he was reading something for a half-past one recitation and smoking one of Amadeo's cigars. He was too absorbed in his book to hear the rest of us, but all at once he looked up with a very pained expression and exclaimed:

"What a perfectly beastly cigar! I was reading and didn't notice how queer it was; it's made me very sick." Then, of course, we all discovered at once where the hot rubbery fumes came from—all but Berri and Hemington, that is to say. They refused to believe it. So everybody began to light cigars, and in a minute or two the room was simply unendurable. Stockbridge said they were like the trick cigars you see advertised sometimes; the kind that "explode with a red light—killing the smoker and amusing the spectators." We dissected several of them; they seemed to contain a little of everything except tobacco. The fellows insisted on knowing all the details of the colossal sell, and although Berri and Hemington felt awfully cheap about their part of it, they finally told. Duggie says an Amadeo or a Manuele or a Luigi or an Anselmo appears in Cambridge every year at about this time and invariably returns to Santa Bawthawthawthoth laden with freshman gold.

1:25. Rushed home, got a shirt and took it to a Chinese laundry just off Mt. Auburn Street and implored the proprietor to wash it and have it ready for me by five o'clock. He seemed to think me somewhat insane and said in a soothing, fatherly kind of way:

"You come back day aftle to-mollet."

Then I explained the situation and told him I would give him anything he asked if he would do me this favor. He made strange Oriental sounds, at which sleepy, gibbering things tumbled out of a shelf behind a green calico curtain, and from a black hole in the partition at the end of the shop there began a tremendous grunting and snuffling, pierced by squeaks of rage and anguish. Then five Chinamen swarmed about my shirt, gesticulating murderously and uttering raucous cries like impossible birds. I wanted to stay and see how it all turned out; but the bell had rung for my half-past one o'clock, and I hurried away.

The Oriental temperament is an impassive, deliberate, sphinxlike, inscrutable thing.

1:40—2:30. This hour I spent in class listening to a lecture on narration. I enjoyed it very much, and the hour went by so quickly that when the instructor dismissed us I thought he had made a mistake. He gave us short scenes from famous books in illustration of his points and ended, as usual, by reading a lot of daily themes written by the class. Two of them were mine. He said they were good, but pointed out how they could have been better. One of his suggestions I agree with perfectly, but I think he's all off in regard to the other. I'll talk it over with him at his next consultation hour. Some of the fellows thought the whole thing perfect drool; but I confess it interested me very much. I never feel like cutting this course, somehow.

2:30. Went to my room with the intention of reading history until it was time to go for my shirt and—if it were done up—get ready for the tea. I had only read part of a chapter when some fellows, passing by, yelled at my windows. I had made up my mind when I began to read not to answer any one, as it's impossible to accomplish anything if you do. But of course I forgot and yelled back, and in a minute three fellows clattered up the stairs and I realized that they were good for the rest of the afternoon.

It's a queer thing about going to see people here. I don't think that any one ever goes with the intention of staying any length of time or even of sitting down; you merely drop in as you're passing by and happen to think of it. You wouldn't believe it if somebody told you you were destined to stay for several hours. But that's what usually happens. Another queer thing is that very few fellows admit that they're studying when you come in—unless, of course, it's in the midst of the exams. If you find a man at a desk with a notebook and several large open volumes spread out before him, and you say to him, "Don't mind me—go on with your grinding," nine times out of ten he'll answer:

"Oh, I wasn't grinding; I was just glancing over these notes."

The tenth man fixes you with a determined eye and replies: "You get out of here, or take a book and shut up."

3:45. We all took a walk up Brattle Street, past the Longfellow house, as far as James Russell Lowell's place, and back. It's a great old street, even with the leaves all gone—which makes ordinary places so dreary. Duggie pointed out the most famous houses to me one day and told me who had lived in them. I tried to do it this afternoon, but the fellows said they didn't care.

5:00. Got my shirt at the Chinaman's. It looked all right, but it was still damp in spots—wet, in fact. I went prepared to pay almost any price after all the excitement I had caused; but the proprietor was surprisingly moderate in his demands. I gave him something more than he asked, but he wouldn't take it until I accepted some poisonous-looking berries done up in a piece of oiled paper. He seemed to have grasped the idea of a tea, for he kept saying over and over again with a delighted smile: "You go see girl—you go see girl."



DRAWN BY G. CHASE KETCHUM

"That there's a sign o' war."

5:20. Went to Duncan's tea and "saw girl"—lots of them. They were very nice and pretended they were dreadfully excited at being in a college room. They asked all sorts of silly questions and the fellows replied with even sillier answers. Duncan had taken them to see the museums and the glass flowers and Memorial and the gym, and had done the honors of Cambridge generally.

6:30. Went to dinner at Mrs. Brown's, but as I had just come from Duncan's, where I had drunk two cups of tea (I don't know why, as I hate it) and had eaten several kinds of little cakes, I had no appetite whatever. Somebody had put a chocolate cigar on Berri's and Hemington's plate—the kind that has a piece of gilt paper glued to the large end. Berri and Hemington had to stand a good deal of geying during dinner, but were consoled by the fact that Amadeo's pal had worked precisely the same game on some other men we knew slightly, at the very moment that Amadeo himself was doing us.

7:15. Went to my room and made a big fire, as I had a curious kind of a chill, although the house was warm, and it wasn't cold outside. I had just decided to stay at home and read when I came across an Advocate postal card on my desk and remembered that there was a board meeting at eight.

8—11. Listened to manuscripts and voted on them and then sat around and talked afterward. It's rather embarrassing sometimes when a story happens to be by one of the editors, and isn't good. This evening we had a long, terribly sentimental passage from the life of a member of the board. We all knew who had written it, and although it was ever so much worse than the tale that had just been read (which had been most unmercifully jumped on), the criticisms were painfully cautious and generously sprinkled with the praise that damns. Of course it isn't always this way when the editors submit things; they're often made more fun of than anybody else. But this man, for some reason, isn't the kind with whom that sort of thing goes down. He has been known to refer to writing for the Advocate as "my Art."

One thing that happened during the evening made a good deal of fun. The advertisers have kicked about our not having the leaves of the paper cut. They say that the subscribers cut the leaves of the reading matter only and never get a chance to see the advertisements at all. We think it is ever so much nicer not to have it done by machinery, for when the subscribers do it themselves with a paper cutter the effect on the thick paper is very rough and artistic. Well, we discussed this for a long time, until some one exclaimed: "I don't see why we shouldn't have it done by hand. It would take a little longer, but the expense wouldn't amount to much, and in that way we could still have our rough edges and appease the advertisers at the same time." So, after some more talk it was voted on and carried unanimously. Then the president got up, and turning to a solemn person who had been very much in favor of the motion, said:

"It has been moved and carried that the leaves of the Advocate be cut, henceforward, by Hand. Mr. Hand, you will kindly see that the work is done on time; I think that there are only eight or nine hundred copies printed this year."

11:00. On the way home from the Advocate meeting I saw the most gorgeous Northern Lights I ever imagined—great shafts of deep pink that shot up from the horizon and all joined at the middle of the sky like a glorious umbrella. I ran upstairs to get Duggie and Berri, but neither of them was in, so, as I simply had to have some one to marvel with, I called Mrs. Chester. She and another old crone—"Mis' Buckson"—were having a cup of tea in the kitchen and didn't seem particularly enthusiastic over my invitation to come out and see the display, but they finally bundled up in shawls and followed me to the piazza. We stood there for a minute or two looking up in silence, and I thought at first that they were as much impressed as I was. Finally, however, Mrs. Chester gave a little society cough and remarked:

"It's real chilly, aren't it?" And Mis' Buckson, drawing her shawl more tightly about her bent shoulders, jerked her chin in an omnipotent, blasé kind of fashion toward the heavens and croaked:

"That there's a sign o' war." Then they both limped back to the house.

11:30. Made a big blaze in the fireplace, as I was cold again and didn't feel well at all. I sat down to write to mamma and was just finishing when Duggie came in on his way to bed. He's not in training now, and can stay up as long as he pleases. He asked me how often I wrote to mamma, and I told him that I had written twice a week at first, because there was so much to tell, but that now since things had settled down and I didn't have so much to say, I wrote about once a week. He answered that there was just as much to say now as there ever was, and told me to write twice a week or he'd know the reason why. Then I went to

bed and had a chill. And that's how a day was spent from half-past eight in the morning until half-past twelve at night.

The next morning I woke up with a very bad sore throat and a stiff neck and pains all over. Duggie and Berri made me send for a doctor and signed off for me at the office.

Editor's Note—The next installment of *The Diary of a Harvard Freshman* will appear in *The Saturday Evening Post* of February 16.

Queer Affinities in Names

THE mysterious affinity sometimes existing between a man's name and his trade is a peculiarity often noticed by those who have to do with business directories.

A Canadian town boasts of an undertaker named Death, and in an English town the firm of Foot & Stocking manufactures hosiery. In another town in England Mr. Toe is a shoemaker and Mr. Heel a clogmaker. Philadelphia has several lawyers named Law, one named Lex, and one Judge. Among the teachers in a well-known boys' college preparatory school the music master is a Professor Scales; and it follows as a matter of course that in a Western town Mr. Corner is a broker and Mr. Pie a pastry cook.



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EVEN the Weather Bureau makes mistakes and has to admit them the next day; but the gentlemen who are dealing out prophecies for the Twentieth Century probably feel safe in that they will not be around when their predictions fail to come to time.

GENERAL CHAFFEE was obliged by the considerations of military etiquette to modify his language about loot and looting. But modification could not change either the facts or the crimes, or rub out any of the stain on the record in China. It is a matter of supreme satisfaction that the American troops took no part in the robberies.

WAR is not a gentle business. The banishment of the Boers to St. Helena was a hardship. Now General MacArthur has deported certain Filipinos to Guam, a low, unhealthy island where living is a great deal less pleasant than on St. Helena. The British have a good opening now to return some of our criticism.

CONGRESSIONAL mileage is at the rate of twenty cents a mile, and the delegate from Hawaii gets a cool thousand dollars for the 5000 miles between Honolulu and Washington. This suggests the fact that when the Philippines, with their eleven millions of population, send Congressional delegates there will be fine financial opportunities for the statesmanship that travels on passes.

WAR clouds and the dogs of war have figured in the European dispatches for a quarter of a century, and especially in the past decade. Chief among the writers of them has been M. de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the London Times, and in many respects the most successful and most brilliant of Continental journalists. He seems to have a private collection of war clouds, and his dogs of war can bark the loudest of all. Thus we have him again: "For my part, I believe that the twentieth century will witness numerous and terrible wars throughout the entire globe. In the centre of Europe I see war break out on the morrow of the death of Francis Joseph." And it has been only two years since the Peace Conference met at The Hague!

THOUGH Lord Roberts was given a great welcome home, things happened while he was en route that dulled the fine edge of popular enthusiasm and made his dukedom, bestowed upon him in the first flush of victory by a grateful press, shrink to an earldom. To that the Queen, with a solemn humor worthy of Mark Twain, attached a "remainder," a term which, in its legal sense, means that the title can be handed down to a daughter in default of male issue. But in the case of "Bobs" it has a special literal significance. For though the South African war has officially been declared finished, the Boers are doing a little ex-officio fighting.

MINISTER WU TING-FANG, fearing an outbreak of American Boxers, whose determined physiognomies he has seen on the sporting pages of our best newspapers, has evidently decided to say nothing more about the merits of the Chinese religion until he returns to China.

The Craze for Abolishing Things

IT IS happily impossible that the world will ever reach that dead level of dreariness where those who clamor for the abolition of something or anything or everything will find their occupation gone. Even the ideal community of the socialists' fancy will have its ex-millionaires demanding its destruction. But however society may be in the Twenty-first Century, its present condition furnishes abundant opportunity for the people who make a business of not liking things.

There are the regulars, who demand the abolition of an established order, because of abuses existing in its practice. And then there are the irregulars, so to speak, who yelp at the thing which happens to be passing or run with the pack for sheer love of the sport. We have Richard Le Gallienne overturning the social fabric with a single graceful gesture, demanding the Abolition of the Capitalist, and shouldering off the problem on a century which is going to be very busy if it finishes up the work already cut out for it by a sanguine press. There is, too, a contingent that would wipe out the Senate, its dignity, its courtesy, its apollinaris lemonade and all; and there is another body of determined gentlemen who make no effort to conceal their aversion for the Supreme Court and their earnest wish for its permanent resignation.

It makes no difference that even our Yankee inventiveness has discovered no cheap substitute for capital; or that the Senate has on occasion proved a rather useful member of the Government; or that the Supreme Court has not always turned a deaf ear to our national troubles. They want the whole thing abolished, the good with the bad. These lightning reformers we have always with us; just now the irregulars are busy. They want the Government to wipe out West Point, from Commandant to Cadet, because certain abuses exist there.

It will be a fair day's work for the world when West Point and every institution like it is abolished, but that day will come only when the conditions that called it into existence are removed, when that final military order, the order for disarmament, is issued from the headquarters of the nations. Until then we shall have our cadets. On the whole, they are boys to be proud of, but after all, they are only boys, with a fair share of boy-nature when the moment of relaxation and reaction from rigid discipline comes. And it is fair to assume that mixed with youthful carelessness and thoughtlessness they have the right-minded boy's sense of honor and love of fair play that, properly appealed to, will end any abuses to which the iron code of custom, even though a foolish one, has bound them.

But while the Republic is so busy in the Philippines—if we could only abolish them!—and Americans have jaded palates, we are not going to do away with either cadets or tabasco sauce. The right thing is to keep them apart and to use each in its proper place.

Do Mental Gymnastics Make Strong Men?

THE authorities at Harvard University are at present soliciting opinions from the alumni with regard to the elective system. In the field of what is called secondary education and in primary and kindergarten work a similar spirit of inquiry is active. Probably never before in the world's life have so many keen minds been directed to the improvement of methods of teaching and systems of education.

Obviously this is a good thing as far as it goes. The layman, however, is constrained humbly to inquire what the end of it all will be. He has the case of John Smith in mind. John Smith was one of the first of the kindergarten children. His budding intelligence began to unfold in a primary school, permeated with the doctrines of Froebel. Thence he passed to a "modern method" boarding-school, and later spent four years, guided by wise minds, among the alternative paths of the elective system. At twenty-seven or thereabouts, after five years' drifting through existence, for the first time a view of himself in perspective with other people and things began to dawn upon him. "If this is I," said he, "what a deplorable thing it is," and thereupon he began to educate what he had thus newly discovered.

In John Smith's opinion, the elective system is superior to the prescribed course. It possesses at least a great negative advantage in that it deprives the student of his right to feel indignant at being compelled to bow to masters whom he had no voice in choosing.

But at most it afforded nothing to John Smith but the opportunity of loading himself with abstract information, and the consequences of loading up in such wise which were manifest in the "bright boys" of his class made him eschew abstract information with a wholesome fear.

John Smith's case is not universal, but it is representative of the average of the normal youth of the United States. It follows that a curriculum which fails, in a measure at least, to enlighten the student as to himself and the essential facts of human experience is defective. It is rather a series of mental gymnastics than a system of education, and its investment with the holiness of authority is the glorification of method. It is a good thing to follow Socrates and to turn to the rudimentary and specific when examining the nature of things. The professional educator might consider education in the Stone Age with profit. The youth of that period was taught to chip flint tomahawks and to hunt with them. He was likewise taught to ambush the young ladies of the neighboring community. By these exercises (and there was not much besides) he was trained to attain the highest good of the individual, a full stomach and enough wives. To fulfill his public obligations he was taught to kill off other tribes when occasion offered. The ends of education in this era were never obscure. When an end was conceived the means to secure it were applied simply and rationally.

Obviously this is the proper relation of means and end. To-day, however, the educational experts are working only

to perfect methods; and the young man, who in theory is the subject of their labors, is left in ignorance of any good reason why he should be educated at all.

The manual training institutions and the professional schools explain and justify themselves, but no undergraduate in the process of being liberally educated is made to understand what liberal education means. And yet we all agree that liberal education is the most important and, in fact, the only true education.

This is why John Smith looks upon his college course as upon four years of a delightful and profitable social experience, but not as a period of education, so far as the curriculum is concerned. And if he is honest when he sends his son to college he will say: "My boy, come home in good health and respected by the men of your class and I shall be satisfied. To please your mother, it would be as well to take your degree."

If the reader by this time should have some curiosity as to what liberal education really is, let him apply to the wise men. A mere critic cannot be expected to instruct.

—DAVID GRAY.

The Battle with Bacilli

IT IS a fortunate thing for the American public that it has, to a certain extent, freed itself from the traditional magic of print and no longer believes absolutely in the truth of any and everything which it reads in the newspapers.

If we are to believe the yearly crop of "scare articles" concerning germs, microbes and infection, we must not hang on car-straps, we must not kiss, we must not drink milk, we must not be shaved, we must not eat pork, we must not wash in hotel lavatories, we must not write telegrams with the pencils in the telegraph offices, we must not lick stamps, we must not use opera glasses, we must not shake hands with people until we know that they have been "sterilized," we must not telephone, we must not lean our heads back upon the seats of railroad cars, we must not go into swimming baths, we must not—but the list is interminable. A faithful obedience to instructions would paralyze every branch of human industry and stop every effort for pleasure; we should sit idly, swathed in antiseptic bandages, breathing a sterilized and purified air, while we waited for starvation or the crack o' doom.

Although it is not the scientific accuracy of these articles but their quality of lurid sensationalism which recommends them to newspaper editors, the lamentable truth is that they are for the most part true. Danger does lurk everywhere, and life does lie at the mercy of what seems mere chance. But what good comes of recommending to the public precautions which it is absolutely certain will never be taken? The medical man himself, after he has proved to you that each minutest step in life should be made safe by endless precautions, will admit that, after all, life is too short to be spent entirely in efforts to prolong it.

In other reforms the intermediate stages are not disdained. It seems, therefore, singular to the unsentimental mind that so much is said about antiseptics and so little about cleanliness. In a good part of the places where danger lurks a more frequent visit of the scrubbing-brush, soap and boiling water, or of the chamois skin and metal polish, would be a probable preventive and a possible cure. Cleanliness is not the same as disinfection; but it is an admirable and lovely thing.

Personal cleanliness is a side of the subject on which it is difficult to write. The slightest suggestion, even when the reproach is a general one and directed against the multitude, is apt to be taken by the individual as an insult. Let the matter be put with all possible politeness. Not so many people as one could wish are absolutely clean. Proof is impossible. Even discussion is rather out of the question. No one will deny, however, that the daily bath and the almost hourly wash should be considered necessities, and that the freshest, crispest linen should be, even for the poorest and humblest, stricken forever from the list of things called "luxuries." Then let the friends of disinfectants and antiseptics carry on their campaign with renewed ardor. The need will be less, but the public will be readier to listen.

—H. G. RHODES.

Straight Tickets and Crooked Officials

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, in an address delivered before the Reform Club of New York in 1888, said: "If parties will not look after their own drainage and ventilation there must be people who will do it for them, who will cry out without ceasing till their fellow-citizens are aroused to the danger of infection. This duty can be done only by men dissociated from the interests of party. The Independents have undertaken it, and with God's help will carry it through."

In municipal elections partisanship is now scarcely to be observed. Mr. Croker has stated that it is the "silent vote" which determines the fate of political candidates, but, after all, is it not really the independent vote?

The "vote-er-straight" individual who can see no good in any class of men save those belonging to the political organization with which he affiliates, is rapidly waking up to his duty as a free and thoroughly sane American citizen. This throwing off of the party collar is a most hopeful sign. With silly political prejudice crushed and the mental vision of the people broadened to such an extent that they will vote in accordance with their honest convictions and not as partisanship demands, the Ship of State will surely be in safe hands.

Henceforth it behooves the party in charge of the nation's affairs, whatsoever its political creed, to keep faith with the people, for mere partisanship can no longer maintain it in power. It must rely upon the silent, independent voter, upon whose decision it will stand or fall.

—HERBERT BASHFORD.

MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

A light began to dawn upon the guide's face. He almost smiled as he replied:

"No: tooth-powder!"

The Japanese, it seems, are rapidly learning American ways—even in advertising. A visitor to Japan may now see, as in some portions of America, almost every hillside plastered with advertisements. They are very enterprising and, as this incident indicates, one of the advertising methods employed is that of having a procession march through the streets.

Madame Bernhardt's Prairie Prices

Few people of the many thousands who are now paying four dollars a seat to see Madame Sarah Bernhardt playing in L'Aiglon are aware of the fact that the divine Sarah once played in Sullivan, Indiana, at thirty-five cents a head, but there are folks out Sullivan way who are still telling their grandchildren about it.

It was not when Madame Bernhardt was taking her first steps in the profession she adorns, nor was it because she needed the money, that she gave this special performance at reduced rates. She was then, as now, the queen of her art, and that is why Sullivan, Indiana, did not come out of its trance for a week afterward.

It was many years ago and Bernhardt was making a tour of the country. On the way from Louisville to Indianapolis the train was stopped at Sullivan by the news that a serious freight wreck had occurred a few miles up the road, completely blocking the tracks, and making progress to Indianapolis impossible until the next day. In vain the manager stormed at the railway employees and warmed the wires with frantic messages to every one connected with the road, from the president down to the dispatcher. Nothing could be done. There was no other road that could be reached. Sarah was in despair.

"Very well," said the manager at length, in excellent French and with forced calmness; "since we cannot leave town we will give a performance here."

"Impossible," said Madame Bernhardt, also in French. "Quite impossible."

"Not a bit," said the manager; and he went about it. The divine Bernhardt, being under contract to play a certain number of nights, was induced to consent. There was no "opera house" in Sullivan, through some strange oversight on the part of the man who laid out the town, but the Masonic Hall was rented and some of the scenery was crowded into it. The local "job" office got out a lot of handbills in a hurry, and messengers were dispatched to the adjoining towns to spread the glad news that Bernhardt, the divine Sarah, was to play in Sullivan that night, and that admission would be thirty-five cents.

"No use trying to charge metropolitan prices here," said the manager to the treasurer, and that gentleman sighed and said he supposed not.

In the early evening there began to come into town long lines of green farmer wagons, each holding a family party. There were whisks in town that night which had survived many a fierce storm, and their owners carried them up to the Masonic Hall and crowded in to see "this woman that the papers say so much about." When the house was full the great Bernhardt cautiously took a peep at it from behind the flimsy curtain.

"Mon Dieu!" she cried, raising her jeweled hands; "look at the Indians!"

But she played Fedora for them and she played it until eleven o'clock. As she played in French, and the university extension system had not then gained much of a foothold in Indiana, few of the auditors knew whether Fedora was a new game or something to eat. But Sullivan, Indiana, saw Bernhardt just the same, and that is enough glory for one generation.

Mr. Harmsworth, Wholesale Journalist

Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth, the widely-known London newspaper manager and owner, recently gave to an American friend the following outline of his principles of success:

"The world would be a very unsatisfactory place if there were a universal recipe for success. Each individual case requires individual treatment. But to combine breadth of view with concentration of effort seems to me the best advice I am able to give. The success of our publications is due to the fact that they strike out a line of their own and have been unbiased by other people's work, on your side of the Atlantic or our own. We have always thought that a vast amount of time is wasted in reading newspapers, and it has therefore been our effort to place everything before the public in the brightest possible way. The desire of the newspaper reader, as of the traveler, is to get through as quickly and as comfortably as possible. The long articles, interviews, and other specimens of newspaper expansion to be found in most other newspapers find no place in our own journals."

Mr. Harmsworth recently arrived in this country on a visit. He is the proprietor of the London Mail, and, with his many brothers, the owner of a large number of periodicals, among them the new two-year-old magazine which has passed the seven-hundred-thousand mark. Mr. Harmsworth has had to meet many difficulties, and is not ashamed that his beginnings were small. He has conquered by sheer force of intellect and will. Though an Englishman to the core, his methods, his measures, his victories are distinctively American.

Whatever may be Mr. Harmsworth's opinion of young men



Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth

when he is a hale old man of seventy, to-day it is an opinion based on absolute confidence. For a time he is said to have enforced a rule that no man over twenty-one years of age should be taken on his staff, and there have been few exceptions to the general rule that he must have young men. They develop under him, they grow to his ways and methods, and they enjoy a remarkable closeness of touch and sympathy with their chief.

In the splendid suite of editorial rooms in the Mail building on Carmelite Street, Mr. Harmsworth is surrounded with all that great wealth can buy in the way of rare and beautiful things, but neither his money, nor his influential position, nor his power makes him other than a genial, companionable, whole-hearted man, loving a joke, keen to appreciate the good in others, generous to acknowledge it, and swift in his appreciation of the finer and better phases of life. One of his most intimate associates in a business way recently said that Mr. Harmsworth keenly appreciated the thrusts made at him by other periodicals, and that he laughed heartily at their sallies and ignored their bitterness.

In person Mr. Harmsworth is not robust, but he has immense reserve nerve force. When he is in the harness he can work his eighteen hours a day with his most assiduous reporter or editor. He was planning a trip to America (for he is very fond of travel, and particularly fond of going to America) when the Transvaal trouble arose; but he would not leave England till the war was apparently over. One of the sports most enjoyed by Mr. Harmsworth is the tarpon fishing of Florida. He is devoted to his automobile, and takes daily rides in it in fine weather when at his country home.

Mr. Harmsworth is very fond of animals and is particularly devoted to his pet dog, with whom he has had his photograph taken, as shown on this page.

He is one of the most approachable men in the world. He hates a bore, but is cordiality itself to any one with whom he has social or business intercourse. One of his customs is to invite members of his staff to go out to his country place when he is not staying in the city, so that he may not only give them a respite from their work, but may come into closer touch with them. He is himself a most resourceful man, but eager to have others make suggestions to him and quick to accept and act upon them. An interesting token of the place his heart is in may be found in the fact that it is very easy for a regular employee to become, through his system of profit-sharing, directly, even if in a small way, interested in the business.

Mr. Harmsworth's father was a barrister of note, and had a strong desire that the son should fit himself for the bar, but the passion for print was in his blood and he protested—protested so far, in fact, that he would not enter upon a Cambridge course. Before he was well out of the Stamford Grammar School he had started a school newspaper; this at the age of fifteen. From that time he has steadily been identified with the publishing and editing of periodicals, he and his brothers now issuing over thirty, covering many departments of life. The value of the publications is in the millions, while the profits are enormous. The first number of the first periodical of his own was issued a dozen years ago. It was made up in a small room which rented for sixteen shillings a week. A plain, cheap, board partition separated the editorial from the publishing department.

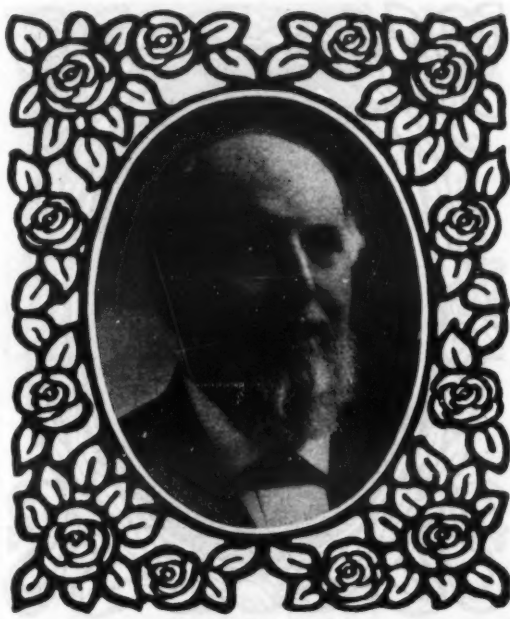
Here are two expressions of opinion from Mr. Harmsworth that quite adequately indicate the type of man he is:

"I believe the public is a far better critic than is usually imagined."

"I do not believe that any amount of advertising will keep up a bad thing."

This remarkable man, though not yet thirty-six years of age, wields an influence far beyond what can be expressed by pounds-sterling marks.

His fertility, his power in execution, in a word, his success, seem to be due to precisely the same characteristics that distinguish the successful young men of America. He is a good type of the English-American or the American-Englishman, whichever way one may choose to word it.



Senator Francis M. Cockrell

How a Tossed Hat Won a Senatorship

If Senator Francis Marion Cockrell, of Missouri, lives to complete his fifth term in the Senate he will have equaled Benton in length of service, and, according to his admirers, will have surpassed the popular achievements of that Missourian.

Born in 1834, in Missouri, and graduating at Chapel Hill College, in that State, he practiced law till the outbreak of the Civil War. Entering the Confederate Army, he served with distinction, and attained the rank of brigadier-general. At the close of the war he resumed the practice of law, and in 1874 was elected to the United States Senate as the successor of Mr. Carl Schurz, and took his seat in 1875. He has several times been reelected, and his present term will end in 1905, making a continuous Senatorial service of thirty years.

Senator Cockrell owes his political career to a defeat and to his magnanimous acceptance of it.

Prior to 1874 he had never been a candidate for public office, and apparently had no political aspirations. Yielding to the influence of his associates, however, he became in that year a candidate for nomination for Governor. One of the most fervid contests ever known in Missouri politics resulted, and the excitement reached its culmination in the State Convention.

Mr. Cockrell was defeated by Mr. C. H. Hardin by one-sixth of one vote. His friends expected a graceful, but not cheerful, acceptance of the result. The prize so nearly won was probably lost forever, and they knew he must feel keenly disappointed.

But when the decisive ballot was announced, Mr. Cockrell sprang to his feet, threw ceilingward his gray slouch hat, and with a ringing shout that echoed among the Callaway hills, called for three cheers for the nominee.

When the convention recovered from its surprise it gave the cheers, but they were for Mr. Cockrell. The convention cheered and cheered until he became its hero, and this popularity made him an invincible candidate for the United States Senate.

Mr. Ade and the Queer Parade

In the ways of the American city the author of *Artie and Fables in Slang* is regarded as an expert observer; but he recently discovered one place in which he showed himself as delightfully unsophisticated as the most innocent "lamb" that ever strayed to metropolitan haunts.

One day, when Mr. George Ade was out walking with a guide in the naval quarter of Kioto, Japan, he observed coming down the street the head of a great procession. Interested at once, he paused to watch the procession pass. On they came, gaudy in apparel but grave in face, flaunting flags and great banners on which were Japanese inscriptions. The mournful chant which announced their approach was broken only when the kettle drums or tom-toms were pounded or the cymbals clashed. As the weird and solemn procession approached, Mr. Ade uncovered and bowed his head reverently, it being his custom and settled principle invariably to show the highest respect for the rites and ceremonies of the peoples with whom he comes in contact. He is a firm believer in the doctrine, "When in Rome do as the Romans do." His face was very grave.

The procession was long—nearly a block in length—but Mr. Ade remained uncovered during the entire time of its passing. Once or twice he glanced at the guide out of the corner of his eye. He thought he saw on the man's face a puzzled expression. Finally, when the procession had passed, he replaced his hat and addressed himself to the wondering guide.

"Buddha?" he inquired.

The guide looked more puzzled.

"Shinto?" then asked Mr. Ade.

"I do not understand," the guide finally said.

"Was not that a funeral procession?" inquired Mr. Ade.

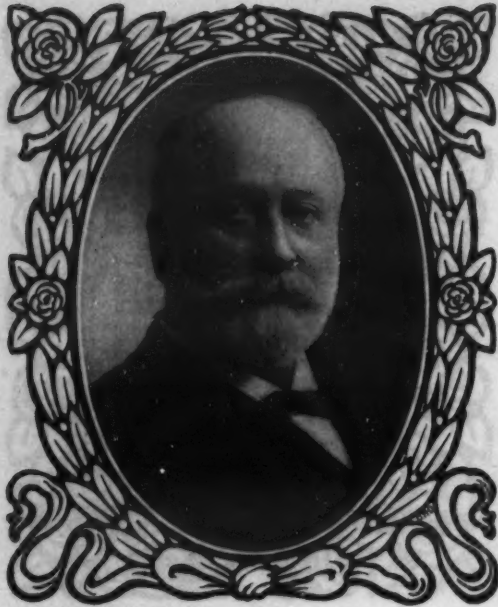


PHOTO BY FANIER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Hon. W. B. Shattuck

The Real Value of Figures

Some of the big questions of the country have been so weighed down with figures that nine-tenths of the readers of newspapers and periodicals avoid them as religiously as if they were volumes of sermons.

People do not like to bother with long rows of statistics and solemn deductions. That explains why so little is really read by the public on the great problem of immigration.

Ask the average man how many different nationalities enter into the great American body and he will name you nine or ten. As a matter of fact, forty-one races are represented in the annual immigration to the United States.

Ask the same average citizen how many immigrants arrived during the past hundred years, and he will give a wild guess, not knowing that they exceeded twenty-three millions, and that they are now coming at the rate of over twelve hundred a day.

Ask him where the great increase is coming from and he will mention Northern Europe, not knowing that during the past fiscal year the Croatian and Slovenian races, the Hebrew, the South Italian, the Japanese, the Finnish, the Magyar, the Polish, the Scandinavian and the Slovak furnished 310,444 out of the 448,572. So figures may be interesting. They show us where we are increasing and how cosmopolitan we are becoming.

Whether Uncle Sam expands over the world or not he will have within his own confines every nationality under the sun.

The Attractions of Prosperity

Seeking money is the ruling passion of the world. Wherever it is to be found people rush to get it. Thus the increased prosperity of the country during the past year has brought many more people to our shores. Some may not understand why the facts of our welfare are so promptly realized by the laborers and peasants of the other hemispheres.

The explanation is easy. Every steamship company has alert and active advertisers in all parts of Europe. Most of our great railroads have representatives abroad urging the people to come to the land of the free and the home of the brave. The facts of the nation's development are spread by cable, and there are temptations in the way of attractive posters setting forth in large type the vast wealth of the Republic.

Take, for instance, a mechanic, who is doing mighty well in Europe if he is making, on the average, a dollar a day, looking at an announcement showing that he would receive at least three times or probably four times that amount in America. The bait is not temporary, but is dangled before him every day. Is it any wonder, therefore, that he takes his savings and bundles up his little family and makes the voyage across the sea?

And by the way, these savings amount to something. Last year the immigrants brought to the United States more than seven millions of dollars in money.

Of course we send this much abroad quite often with the foolish American girl who buys a bankrupt title; but at the same time, in the balance of trade, seven million dollars is not to be despised.

And seven million dollars represents a very small part of the value of the newcomers. Each citizen is worth on the average from \$1000 to \$1200, so that the money value of our new settlers last year, outside of the cash they brought, is at the very least several hundred millions of dollars. It would not be fair to compute them at the full average just yet; but most of them will measure up to it as time goes on.

The Work of Conscience

There would be a temptation to place the creed before the dollar as a cause for immigration did not the statistics stand in the way. But facts are facts. Most of those who come to our shores come to better their condition, to receive larger wages, to work fewer hours, to live happier lives.

"Public Occurrences"

But there are other influences which send good people to our land. They began in other centuries when our ancestors preferred the freedom of conscience to all else on earth.

Every year, even in these modern times, people from other countries, finding that their worship is not popular, or is barely tolerated, conclude to come to a country where religious convictions, if they conform to the ordinary laws of decent living, have nothing to do with one's standing in the life and politics of the land. This fact has brought many thousands of good people to the United States. Almost without exception these new settlers have proved most desirable additions to our population.

The Privilege of Traveling

The prophet of the future, speaking in Locksley Hall, declared: "And the individual withers, and the world is more and more." He saw a broadening of nations and humanity, which is one of the great facts of the new century. Nothing could better illustrate it than immigration. To-day, with very few exceptions, even the humblest man has the right to travel to any part of the earth, and to settle wherever he may choose.

Yet it has only been about a hundred years since governments forbade immigration, and used their police forces and armies to prevent it. President Hadley, of Yale, has expressed it as follows:

"The mediæval governments feared that their military strength would be impaired, or that the emigrants would disclose the secrets of trade to other nations. This view was generally acquiesced in until the spread of republican ideas at the beginning of the nineteenth century. With freedom of commerce came also its natural corollary of freedom of travel and freedom of domicile. With the spirit of liberty came also the liberation of the serfs from bondage and the abolishment of chattel slavery. The climax was reached when the treaties of the United States declared it to be the 'natural and inalienable right of man to change his home and allegiance.'"

Immigrants Not on the Lists

Not all the people who come to this country to settle are officially known as immigrants. On the average more than a thousand persons of foreign nationalities, in addition to those classed as immigrants, every week arrive in this country. Their circumstances are far above those of the official immigrant. They travel in better style; they have more money, and they receive the consideration which is extended to passengers of the first class. They figure only incidentally in the official statistics of immigration.

But they are in reality important factors in the increase of the country's population, and in the development of its fortunes and institutions. Many thousands of these buy our lands, become connected with our universities, take part in our industries, and at once become workers for the general prosperity and advancement of the nation.

There is something fine in the contact of the highest civilization of Europe with the wider opportunities of the United States. We find it every day in all the departments of culture and of industry. Go through the colleges and you will greet men who have brought the splendid training of Europe to find a larger usefulness in America. Go through the mills and you will meet workmen who have mastered their trades on the other side of the earth, and who have crossed the ocean for the opportunities of the New World. The increase that comes to the country from this class of men and women cannot be officially estimated; but it amounts in money to hundreds of millions, and in practical efficiency to more than can be stated in figures.

There is another thing to be said of this class of settlers.

Many of them leave the Old World because they believe they can find a freer exercise of conscience and of principle in this hemisphere. Those who have the courage of their convictions to leave their homes almost invariably stand for the right wherever they may be. Thus it happens that as an offset to all the evils of immigration we have the sturdiness of those who believe in the right and who stand for it through thick and thin. More than one good cause in this country has been won by the individual support and vigor of this class of foreign citizens. As to some of the other classes—well, that is a different story.

The Elimination of the Bad

A decade ago the immigration to this country was greater than it is to-day. For years the bars had been let down and all sorts and conditions found their way to the United States. Several countries unloaded their paupers upon us. Before that the overflow of the Chinese had produced a reaction in California and the Exclusion Act was the result. That, however, did not stop the evils, and from some of the most respectable workers of the country arose a protest against the unrestricted admission of European laborers. This found its expression in various legislative acts, and gradually the process of elimination has comparatively purified the stream of immigration.

In the last fiscal year, for instance, less than five thousand had to be debarred. The lines were strictly drawn, and all of those against whom there could be the slightest suspicion were excluded.

One powerful influence that checked the bringing of undesirable persons to these shores was the strong hand of the Government in placing the responsibility upon the steamship companies, and in compelling them to return to Europe passengers whom they had accepted while knowing that they were violating the immigration laws.



PHOTO BY W. H. STILES, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Hon. Boies Penrose

The Government Course in Cleanliness

At the main immigration station of the United States all immigrants are required to take a bath every day that they are detained by the authorities. So far as the Government is concerned it is determined to inculcate the importance of cleanliness. In the matter of godliness there is every facility, and clergymen of all denominations are welcome to receive and to help those that belong to their folds.

This one thing has a very decided effect upon the new citizens of our Republic. One of the most difficult things in Europe is to get a bath. The first thing taught the detained immigrant in this country is that he must keep clean, and this experience in itself carries a lesson which remains with him so long as he has a good conscience. It makes him feel better, and if there is genuine merit within him he keeps up the practice of bathing after he has escaped the authorities.

The Southward Trend of Travel

If any decision of the Supreme Court this year or in years to come should remove the barriers between our new colonies and our own shores there need not be any very great cause for alarm. In the past twenty years more than 9,600,000 people have come to the United States; but of this large number only 103,000 have come from the tropics. Indeed the tropics have never sent us more than one per cent. of our immigrants, and during the past year the proportion was less than one per cent. What does this mean?

It is simply another manifestation of the almost universal fact that people living in warm latitudes do not seek colder ones. The trend of travel is not from the South to the North, but from the North to the South. People are seeking comfort. They do not want the hardships of a cold climate.

And thus it happens that by no stretch of the imagination, by no chance in the ordinary probabilities of things, will Boston ever become the Mecca of Filipinos any more than it has of the colored citizens who refuse to be lured away from Southern skies and the delights of warmer homes.

New Citizens from Japan and Italy

That, however, does not wholly state the situation. In the far East the Yellow races have hundreds of millions of surplus population. The exclusion of the Chinese, however it may be discussed on international or moral grounds, was, in the estimation of those competent to judge, a good thing for the United States.

In any future incursion from the East the Philippines and Hawaii must of necessity become points that will have to be zealously watched. And that is the main anxiety to-day.

Nor is that all. During the past fiscal year Japanese immigration increased 271 per cent. The Pacific Coast is now fearful not of the Chinese but of the Japanese, who are better workingmen, and who may provide a more dangerous competition if they are allowed to come in such great numbers.

In the East we have our own problem—that of the Italians, brought here under padrones to do heavy labor and to make rich the contractors who hire and own them. Watch them at work upon the new railroads or in the city trenches. See what muscles they have, see how sturdily they toil, admire their physical endurance. Then you will learn a fact that may not have appealed to you before, which is: of all the Latin races the Italians to-day have the most vigor and the best future. In the rough and tumble race of day-work they are holding their own in the face of the competition of the world. They have behind them the art and the culture. So when we see them in the streets may we not unite the two facts in a thought that something larger may come from them in the not far distant future?

Immigration is a subject of increasing importance in Congress, and the committees, of which Senator Penrose is chairman in the Senate and Representative Shattuck in the House, have serious problems to handle.

REVERSIBLE Linene Collars & Cuffs.



MANY ADVANTAGES
Perfect in fit, never ragged or uncomfortable. Very convenient, stylish, economical. Made of fine cloth and exactly resemble linen goods. Turn-down collars are reversible and give double service.

NO LAUNDRY WORK
When soiled, discard. Ten collars or five pairs of cuffs, 25c. By mail, 30c. Send 6c. in stamps for sample collar or pair of cuffs. Name size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. D. Boston



PLEASURE & COMFORT GO HAND IN HAND
When you ride the G & J Tire. It is made of best rubber and fabric, and is therefore high grade, resilient and durable. It is constructed on correct lines and well finished; therefore handsome in appearance. It is detachable from the rim; therefore easy to repair. What more could you ask?

G & J TIRE CO., Indianapolis, Ind.

AGENTS EARN \$75 TO \$250 A MONTH



Selling Transparent Handle Knives
An article of every-day use. Every person a possible customer. Best of materials and workmanship. Name, address and emblems of societies and trades, photos, etc., beneath indestructible handles. Many other advantages make large and rapid sales.

We want agents everywhere
Good commission paid. Send 2c. stamp for catalogue and terms. Write quick for territory.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 17 Bar Street, Canton, Ohio

Where's the Key?



You don't need to ask this question if it's on an Improved Washburn Patent Key Ring, which holds fast to waist band or pocket till you lift the lever. Aluminum or steel chain. By mail, 25 cents. Catalogue of novelties for personal wear, made with Washburn Fasteners, free.

AMERICAN RING CO.
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"Mizpah" Valve Nipples
WILL NOT COLLAPSE
And therefore prevent much colic. The valve prevents a vacuum being formed to collapse them. The ribs inside prevent collapsing when the child bites them. The rim is such that they cannot be pulled off the bottle. **Sample Free by Mail.**

WALTER F. WARE, 815 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

100 VISITING CARDS 35c
Post-paid. Latest style, with name and address. Order executed day received. Booklet, "CARD STYLE," FREE! Agents wanted.

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Advertising Pictures
We draw, design and photograph for advertisers, printers, engravers and agents publishers. Highest class of work; original ideas, pertinent and practical. Full particulars and specimens free on request. THE GRAPHIC STUDIO, 114 W. 34th St., N. Y.

Literary Folk—Their Ways and Their Work

English Politics in Fiction

A few such books as *Quisante* (Frederick A. Stokes Company) will change Mr. Anthony Hope's position in the public mind from that of a popular to that of a distinguished author. Some of his readers will probably reproach him for not having written another *Prisoner of Zenda*, be angry with him for having deserted romance, and cease to be his readers. But it is always well to remember that before that celebrated story made its author famous he had published several admirable novels in a different vein, and that, in the same year in which *Zenda* saw the light, *The God in the Car*, the book which most nearly challenges comparison with this latest volume, was published. Of course a man who could invent such romances as the stories of *Ruritania* have been made had he not written them. On the other hand, a novelist who could imagine so fine a study of character in modern English life as *Quisante* would have failed sadly in his duty to the public had he not produced it. Both styles are his own; and one may hazard a guess that Mr. Hope thinks quite as highly of *Quisante* as he does of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and that in the future we are more likely to see him advancing along the present lines than to find him returning to the old romantic ones.

If plot be thought essential to fiction *Quisante* is a character study rather than a story. There is in it little incident—only a simply constructed framework upon which Mr. Hope builds up the history of a woman's heart. The book is named for a man, but it is essentially the story of Lady May Gaston: of how she came to marry Alexander *Quisante*, of what marriage with him was like, and of why, after his death, although she had never loved him, his influence seemed so to surround her that she could be no one's else. *Quisante* himself is a little difficult, even for Mr. Hope, to depict. He is a political genius, a man with the gift of oratory, with an unerring instinct for the right course in national affairs, a man whose "moments"—it is really for these that Lady May marries him—seem to lift both him and his hearers into the region of inspiration, almost prophecy: yet at the same time he is an "outsider," bizarre, vulgar, never quite honest. Lady May, to the consternation of all her aristocratic set, marries him in a kind of spirit of intellectual adventure. She glories in all the big things he does, she burns with shame for all the slipperiness and dishonesty of which he is guilty. She is often unhappy, but she never really regrets. It is hopeless to try to epitomize what Mr. Hope can only do in many pages of unerring, clean-cut analysis. But one can record something of the admiration one feels for the sureness with which he gains his effect. *Quisante* himself is at times a little shadowy; it is the big fault of the book. But his wife is a very living figure, known to the reader in every subtlety of emotion and thought.

Complaint might come from some that the people in *Quisante* have forgotten how to talk with the brilliant wit which marked the characters in Mr. Hope's earlier books. Indeed it is just here that the author has exercised restraint. The talk is good and clever, and it is besides just what it would be in real life. *Quisante* is, in short, so good a book that it is possible that many—those who insist on sword combats and epigrams—may think it dull. Those who can appreciate distinction and real imaginative insight cannot afford to miss reading it.

No one is likely to accuse Mr. Zangwill of having put portraits into his latest novel, *The Mantle of Elijah* (Harper & Brothers). Yet it is so amazingly easy to explain the story, to those who have not read it, by fitting the names of real persons to its characters, that the temptation is irresistible.

Allegra, the heroine, is the daughter of Thomas Marshmont, a great Radical leader, and from him she has learned a passionate hatred of war and an intense sympathy for the miseries and burdens of the toiling millions. Her father's career ends in gradual failure, and Allegra marries a young disciple and secretary of his, Robert Broser, in the belief that she and her husband can take up and carry on the work that her father has put down. But Broser has from the beginning

no intention of withstanding the temptation of the fleshpots of Imperialism, and he soon crowds forward in the political race as the very mouthpiece of all that is most jingo. Mr. Zangwill thus makes personal and emotional in the Broser family the conflict of opinion and feeling which divides Britain. He may set his story back chronologically and write of the Novabarbase war, but one feels that the fight is the South African war. So far one can give nothing but praise to the volume. It is thoughtful, carefully written, and packed with brilliancy.

Mr. Zangwill wrote his novel with a dramatization of it always in mind, and already the advertisements of his publishers announce its approaching production upon the stage. If he succeeds in making the book into an effective play he will have accomplished what all English-speaking playwrights have for years dreamed of doing, for he will have made dramatic one of the intellectual problems of a whole race, and have written a genuine political play.

But if he succeeds he must be very careful of his last act; for Allegra's refuge in the philosophy, and ultimately, one suspects, in the arms of Mr. Raphael Dominick, is not pleasant, nor does it seem very real.

Dominick never seems more than a shadow. His philosophy is singularly vague and anemic, and few readers will understand how Allegra found either him or his doctrine especially alluring. Nor is the fantastic household of Margaret Engelborne likely to charm the reader as it does Allegra. In short, the end of the book is flabby. Yet *The Mantle of Elijah* is a novel to read, for in it Mr. Zangwill uses sense and wit enough to equip a dozen novels such as one reads every day and forgets. —H. G. Rhodes.

A Floating Literary Shop

We have been told by many authors, in interviews, that regularity of work is almost the greatest secret of success. It is, however, not likely that there are many writers who would not consider a voyage across the Atlantic a sufficient excuse for an intermission in their labor. Even those who are good sailors would find work distasteful. An interesting exception to the rule is Captain Mahan. A fellow-passenger reports that, on a recent trip across, the distinguished biographer of Nelson could be seen every day, with a packet of foolscap paper and a stylographic pen, hard at work in the saloon or the smoking-room. This, however, was to Captain Mahan, after many years of service in the Navy, as natural a place to work as any.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who has not had the naval training, is nevertheless industrious on shipboard. On a recent voyage, which was so tempestuous as to be almost celebrated, Mr. Davis retired to his stateroom every morning between breakfast and luncheon and pegged away at a novel he was writing. And for those who were so fortunate as to sit near Mr. Davis, and to be a little in his confidence, the monotony of steamer life was occasionally varied by the reported progress of his heroine.

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His scenes, characters and the general movement of his story are clearly defined before he begins the task of actual composition. When once the ink begins to flow from his pen, however, he takes no account of hours, but works with intense application, day after day and night after night, until the book is finished. It is his belief that a book has greater strength, unity and carrying power when produced under one impulse and pushed through to completion without loss of natural cumulative impetus.

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How to Improve Your Health in Odd Moments By Eustace H. Miles

Formerly Lecturer and Honours Coach at Cambridge University, England



NO LONGER do we live the healthy outdoor life which our ancestors lived. We are not so healthy in body as they were, though we may be stronger in intellect. To counteract the nervous exhaustion and other evils of city life we have to use means which at first seem artificial rather than natural; but it is better to use them than to be ill. I wish to suggest a few of the simplest here. They will be no great tax upon time or money.

First of all comes exercise; and a few kinds of exercise, out of some hundreds, may be discussed here. Those which necessitate a strain—that is to say, exercises of strength—often make people slow as well as making them muscular; and they may produce a large chest without producing a large expansive power of the chest: by this I mean that the chest may always be large, but not have the capacity of being larger when it is filled with air.

These exercises of strain or strength are generally bad for the young, who—owing to the relative size of their heart and arteries—need, instead, many exercises of speed. Nevertheless they have their use. But exercises of activity are better, and should be practiced in the early morning. The body should be stripped. A man should have his windows open, so that he may have not only the benefit of the exercises, but also of the light and air bath, which is so cheap and yet so valuable. A sun-bath, with the head covered, is even better—when we can get it.

The Value of Systematic Breathing

One of the best kinds of exercise is breathing. The mouth may be kept closed, or a quill may be put in it. Anyhow, the breathing should be done slowly, chiefly through the nose, because the nose is meant to filter and warm the air. Standing with the chin back and the shoulders back, breathe in slowly, upward; then hold the breath and pat the chest all over; then let the breath out slowly and quietly. A friend of mine assures me that his chest expansion increased several inches owing to this exercise alone. One can test the growth of the chest by the tightness of the coat or waistcoat.

This will be valuable for the lungs and for the chest, and will be valuable for the whole body, because through the whole body runs the blood, and the blood is purified by the oxygen of the air. Such an exercise will also strengthen the heart. The commonest exercises to accompany the in-breathing and out-breathing may be summarized as follows. The beginner should do the in-breathing with the in-breathing exercises; afterward, when he has become skillful at breathing, he may reverse the process, and do the in-breathing with the out-breathing exercises, and vice versa.

Now, let us take one of the many exercises for the stomach. Lie down flat on your back and raise both your legs as high as possible many times. You will be surprised to find how few times, at first, you can do this. The legs may be kept straight, or may be bent as they come up.

Another good exercise, for other organs besides the stomach, is also one of the best (though one of the least known) for reducing weight in a short time. By its means a boxer has put himself into training almost immediately, and it is wonderful to notice how the muscles of the stomach begin to appear. Take a plank and lean it up against a wall,

or incline it in some other way. If possible, have a small platform at the top of the plank. Walk up the plank; then turn round and walk down it. If you begin quietly and at a gradual inclination this is a good exercise for the heart. Instead of climbing perpetually, you are alternately climbing and descending. I can cordially recommend this for many purposes.

We have considered, then, the lungs and the stomach. Now let us have something which will help the kidneys. Bend forward and, with the palms of your hands behind you, pat and slap the body where the kidneys are. This will help them considerably, and may be tried several times during the day—if no one is looking.

Helpful Baths and Injurious Use of Soap

All these exercises are good for the heart, and the blood generally, and so is anything which will produce a sweat—for example, a Turkish bath. The best kind, of course, is one which leaves the head exposed to the open air.

A game of squash is fine, quick exercise for sweating purposes. It can be played by artificial light. The more you perspire through the skin, the more you relieve the kidneys of extra work, for poisons go out through the skin, as well as through the mouth, and so forth.

The skin itself is helped by the air-bath mentioned above, for the skin breathes in and out. Tar over a dog and it will die, because it cannot breathe through its skin, even though it can still breathe through its mouth. The perspiration will also be good for the skin, for the tiny pores of the body will be kept open. The unwary person often closes these pores with soap. I believe it is by far the safest plan to wet any part before you soap it; soap it, and then remove the soap; but do not put the soap on the dry skin. Of course, the skin is always helped by ordinary washing. It should be rubbed well—for instance, with loofah; a wet towel is nearly as good. By the way, when one is abroad and cannot get a bath, a wet towel rubbed all over the body is almost as good. The color even of the underclothing is said to have an effect upon the skin: red is thought to be warming and exciting; blue cooling and quieting. Color affects not only the eyes but also the surface of the body.

A helpful exercise is to twist the body. Stand with the heels together and with the hands on the hips; then, keeping the feet rigid, twist the shoulders round upon the hips as upon a pivot. This is a fine exercise for many games, such as golf, cricket and lawn tennis. You may vary the exercise by keeping the top part of the body rigid and moving the lower part of the body with a twisting movement.

Food that Stimulates the Brain

We now come to the brain. Any exercise may help the brain by purifying the blood, so that all the above exercises will be beneficial to it. The blood circulates everywhere, and no one part can be benefited without every other part being benefited also.

I believe that food affects the brain more than anything else does. Of course, we need phosphates. It seems that the phosphates

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from wheat and other sources have an equal value with the phosphates from fish. This has been my personal experience. But, far more important than phosphates, which are so easy to get (for example, in Graham bread), is the use of pure proteid. Its importance has scarcely been realized.

The proteid must be pure and, if possible, free from stimulants. It is remarkable that, if we can feed the rest of the body, the brain seems to be able to feed itself. Apparently the brain is the last part of us to stop working. If we eat nothing, we use up, first, our fat, then our cells and tissues. Everything has to give up its energy to the brain, as if the brain were the king of the city, and all the other inhabitants had to starve, if necessary, so that the king might be fed.

Another help for the brain is the use of cold water for the feet. It will draw the blood away from the brain itself. Walking barefoot on wet grass gives one of the most refreshing feelings that I know. Treading water in bath or basin is almost as good. Alternate hot and cold baths for the feet, or warm and cool baths, are an excellent cure for cold feet, and the same applied to the hands may serve as a cure for cold hands. And here I may mention a very simple way of keeping warm in cold weather. After you have had your bath and have dried yourself, wet yourself again before you put on your clothes. You will not catch cold if you do a few exercises afterward, but you will get a wonderful glow and harden yourself against catching a cold at all.

It may be convenient to mention, while we are on the subject of baths, a few rules for cold-water bathing. Do not use cold water until you are warm. Warm yourself, before you use cold water, by warm water or exercise or massage. The second rule is always to use cold (or at least cool) water after using hot or warm water, unless you have had a very, very hot bath; that is the sole exception, I believe. After a very, very hot bath you do not need cold water. The third rule is to get warm after using cold water as well as before using it; you can get warm by exercise or massage.

Coming back to baths that help the brain: one of them is the cold or cool bath for the head. Lie down on your back and let the back of your head rest in a basin partly filled with cool water. This can last two, or three, or even fifteen minutes. Cold water poured down the spine is one of the best of tonics.

Packs and rubbings are invaluable. They are liberally used in the nature-cure establishments in England, Austria, Germany and America. Partial packs are the best. For example, you have a cold. When you go to bed you can take a towel or a piece of material of a similar kind. Wet it thoroughly in cold water; wring it out; put it round your waist, not too tightly, yet not too loosely; over this, and overlapping it on both sides, put two or three thicknesses of flannel; tie the whole thing up safely. You will soon get a most delightful feeling of comfort after the first cold shock, and sleep will be induced. In the morning, or if you wake up at night, take off the two bandages, wash the place well, dry it carefully, and rub it.

Sleep is invaluable for the brain, and one help toward sleep is massage of the head. The head can easily be massaged either by the hand or by the massage-roller. The motion should be up the forehead from above the eyes.

Kicking is another good exercise for the brain, and a good time for kicking is the early morning, as soon as you get up. If you are tired with work, stand and kick about for half a minute.

Early rising, followed by the alternate walk and run, which is less exhausting than a continued run, is of course magnificent for the health all round.

Economy as a Help to Health

It seems strange to speak of economy as a help to health, and yet it is. Though it may not bring actual joy, it may do the next best thing—it may prevent worry, and thus prevent the bad effects of worry upon the blood, digestion, etc. You can economize in clothing by wearing few clothes. Those who wear few clothes are less liable to catch cold than those who wrap themselves up so carefully; and the washable clothes are often the cheapest. But the best means toward economy is the diet. It is curious that I should have found, after a very wide experience, that the very best foods for health, work and training are also the very cheapest and the easiest to regulate. The basis of my own food supply is milk-proteid, which is free

from germs of typhoid, etc. It is not stimulating, as meat is, and is very, very rich in blood-forming elements.

People should eat slowly. Fast eating is a terrible curse in America; and, if you wish to eat slowly, you must begin by masticating consciously. Soon the slow mastication will develop into a habit even when you go out to luncheon downtown! That is the supreme test. You must concentrate your will, your whole energy, on the subject of mastication, and bite your food, let us say, thirty times for the mouthful.

Practice concentration of will in all things; that is also a great source of health. When you brush your hair, think of that, and that only; let your mind, as it were, move into the muscles which you are using. When you have a bath, think of that, and that only. When you play a game, you think of the game; when you work, you think of the work; and you should extend this experience to almost all things in life. When you go through some of the commonest acts you should think of them; put your whole soul into them. Of course, this can be carried too far; but the commonest fault is never to try it at all.

The Helpful Practice of Image-Making

Another help for the mind, and therefore for the health, is to practice image-forming in the mind. When you read, form mental pictures of some one doing something—only, of course, what you read must be pure and ennobling. How little we try to supplement and correct our character by image-forming. Yet, after all, a man's acts must largely depend upon the images which have been formed in his mind. Should not a coward study the images of brave men and get them into his mind as an everlasting possession? Should not the impure study the figures of purity? Should not the restless and anxious study the figures of restfulness and peacefulness till they get these figures into their minds and can imitate them? There is not the slightest doubt that we can fill our minds with certain images, and afterward recall these at will, and, with these, recall the state of mind which they represent. We must have the power of bringing up before our minds any given picture. In order to aid this power, so little developed as we grow older, we should try to draw from memory; then correct the drawing, and draw again. This is good practice for odd moments.

The most important image for the American mind is that of relaxation. We must practice getting ourselves into a position of relaxation even when there is no need for such a position, just as we practice for a game long before the competition itself. Let a person stand with bent legs and with a smile on the face and with arms and hands and fingers hanging down limp; let him remain thus for a few minutes each day when he feels fresh, happy and restful; then, when he feels tired or unhappy or restless he can resort to this position, and a feeling of contentment and repose will follow, "as the night the day."

Medical science has been wont to exaggerate the importance of internal remedies, but these are not to be neglected. Of these the greatest is water. If one is well, cool water may be best, and, anyhow, the times for drinking water are the early morning and the late evening—that is, just after and just before sleeping. If the blood is impure, the early morning water may have in it a little table salt. After this, there should be exercise before the meal. Again, if the blood is impure, hot water, the last thing at night or the first thing in the morning, may be the best. Here, again, one should not eat near the time when one drinks water.

One of the best forms of water is in fruit—for instance, apples; for here the water is soft and pure. Other fruits, vegetables, etc., have their various uses. Among these, onions and lemons may be mentioned. But the apple is the prince of fruits, partly because it has valuable salts, and also fibre, which our systems need.

What else shall we take besides pure water in some form or other? Is there any drug which is valuable? There are some who take salicylate of soda the last thing at night. This breaks up the uric acid in the blood. There are others who take aromatic spirits of ammonia, especially in some effervescent water. There are others who take bran-tea, which is good for the brain, or oat-tea, or tea made from almost any sort of fruit—for example, apple tea or black currant tea; but for a person in perfect health water is generally sufficient.

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That Bodin Affair

By

Charles
Battell
Loomis



"Welcome to my humble abode"

YES, I am George Napier, the writer," I said to the reporter. "You have called, I suppose, in reference to that tremendous abuse of hospitality committed by M. François Bodin?"

"I have," said the reporter. "I read his article in the Figaro, and it amused me so much that I asked for the privilege of interviewing you for the Standard."

I reflected a moment. Then I said: "My dear fellow, if there is a story in this thing I want to tell it myself."

The reporter laughed, accepted a cigar and got a story upon another topic, but Bodin was not again mentioned by either of us.

After he had gone I sat down and wrote the account of what had happened as follows:

Last year I made a trip to Europe by myself, for the purpose of getting material, as I had entirely exhausted America. I met this M. Bodin at the house of an old compatriot of mine who, becoming tired of poverty, became wealthy and went to live in the Faubourg St. Germain, where he entertains writer folk right royally.

I met him several times while in Paris, and once, over some absinthe—the first I had ever tasted and, thank Heaven, the last that I ever will taste—we swore eternal friendship and I invited him to visit me if he ever came to America. I told him that Mrs. Napier would like him for my sake as well as for his own—which is as near as I can come to saying a thing with French grace.

Last April I received a letter from him. His doctor had recommended an ocean voyage; he was coming to America and going back on the same steamer, and would I be kind enough to meet him and help him to find a good hotel?

At that time I was getting ready to move from New York into the hill land of New Jersey, in order to give my baby daughter, Ethelinda, the benefit of country air.

He said that he expected to land in America on Thursday, May 23, so I wrote him that I could not meet him, but that he must take train and come right out to visit us at Stanford Heights. I inclosed time-tables and minute directions for his guidance.

Well, you know what delays one meets with when a date has been set on which to move. We had expected to be comfortably settled by May 15, but it was not to be.

Each Saturday I went out and reviewed the work done, but it was not until Wednesday, May 22, that I sent out my furniture by freight.

I think that it will readily be believed that in the hurries and worries that fell to my lot I totally forgot my dear friend, M. Bodin.

On Thursday we left our narrow flat, feeling like dry sponges which are about to be

soaked, and were driven to the Erie Ferry at the foot of Twenty-third Street—my wife and I, Christiana, the maid, with the baby Ethelinda, our dog, a pet cat of my wife's, my bicycle and suit case, not to mention several bundles and packages that it seems to be always my lot to carry.

After numerous mishaps too obvious to recount we arrived at Stanford, which is the railway station for Stanford Heights and is just three miles away.

As our menagerie stepped out of one of the forward coaches, who should emerge from the last coach but M. François Bodin?

I tell you that I was beside myself. Here was no time for explanations. I could not send him back; there is no hotel in Stanford; so I dropped my bundles, grasped his hands warmly in mine and said in as good French as I could muster: "Welcome, welcome, my dear fellow! How lucky you caught this train! We have been to New York for the day. I didn't expect your steamer until tomorrow—fogs, head winds, you know—oh, pardon me, let me have the honor of presenting you to Mrs. Napier. Miriam, this is my good friend, M. Bodin, who did so much to make my stay in Paris memorable."

My wife is not easily flustered, and, though she immediately divined that I must have invited M. Bodin to be our guest at this tremendously inopportune time, she greeted him with such cordiality that I am sure he felt repaid for his ocean trip. I was really glad to show him that we Americans are warm-hearted.

I hastily chartered the station 'bus to take us up the hill, bag and baggage. It is hardly necessary to say that our trunks had not come on the train with us. That always happens when one travels.

I had hired a local charwoman and her equally local husband to warm the house and unpack the furniture, so that we should not arrive in that most cheerless of all things, a bare, cold, uncarpeted house. It would not take Miriam long to transform our guest chamber into a bower, and Bodin need never know that he had surprised us in the act of moving in.

He was gay and light-hearted on the way up and, after the manner of his race, devoted himself to Mrs. Napier. He admired the scenery, said things about the baby Ethelinda that, while non-committal, were exceedingly good for a bachelor, and in his rather poor English he expressed surprise that we should travel to New York for the day with all our animals and with so much baggage. "Eet ees a co'ntry 'aboot, I suppose," said he.

"No," said my wife with animation, "a habit of the country—quite a difference."

I told him that we had not taken all our animals—had left our hens behind—but I don't think that he understood the joke—if joke there was. I had bought some twoscore black Spanish pullets that had just begun to lay, and I expected a cow by evening, to say nothing of a hired man to take care of the horses that I had purchased and which were to come over from Newark that afternoon.

Really I had my work cut out for me and should never have let him come a step. But a hospitable spirit is hard to overcome.

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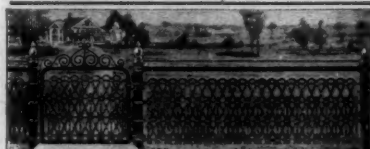
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our home and saw before us the Colonial cottage with the picturesque barn somewhat back from it and the not so picturesque hen-house in the middle distance.

Just then some large drops of rain fell in our faces and I told the 'bus driver to hurry and get us to the house. There was a strange look of uninhabitedness about it that I did not like, but we alighted and stood under the wide veranda while I pulled the bell to let the charwoman and her husband know that we had come.

Then I unlocked the door and with almost French grace I said, "Welcome to my humble abode."

M. Bodin bowed politely and we all went into the house.

It was as cold as a stone and as bare as a new-born babe!

I learned a week later that the charwoman had fallen ill and could not come, and that her devoted husband had stayed to take care of her.

Frenchmen have queer ideas of our customs. I could see that Bodin was not one whit surprised at our entire lack of furniture and carpets, nor at the abundance of shavings and sander and plastering, so I determined to make absolutely no explanations, but treat him as well as I could under the unfortunate circumstances, and when in the course of a few days order was restored he would see for himself how it had all happened.

The baby Ethelinda was perfectly frank. She didn't like it and she and the dog howled dismally, while Christiana fell to sobbing. Mrs. Napier tried to be cheerful and went from room to room in the vain hope that she would find a chair or a bed or two. I told Bodin that when it let up raining I'd take him out to the barn and show him my horses. Then, as he might as well know the worst at once, I took him up to his room, a perfectly bare apartment with a carpenter's bench still in it and a soap box full of shavings. I said jokingly but half hysterically, "This is your bed."

I left him with a puzzled expression on his face and hurried down to my wife. "What is to be done?" I said. "Of course you understand that I invited M. Bodin and forgot to tell you. Now, what shall we do with him? Nothing to eat or drink or read, no house nearer than a quarter of a mile, raining cats and dogs, and the 'bus gone."

"Why, I suppose we can all starve together," said my wife sweetly.

"Oh, there's no question of starving while we have all those eggs and hens and the milk from the cow—"

"Are you sure we have them? The charwoman's husband was to bring them."

I smote my temples. By great good luck I had brought my mackintosh and rubbers in my suit case, and I now put these on and went out to the hen-house. Empty as a cage after the bird has flown! I went to the barn. My rubbered feet echoed dismally through it, but I was greeted with neither whinny nor low, nor was any hired man there. To anticipate, neither he nor the horses came for two days, owing to a mistake in dates; the cow did not come for a week.

You see I'm no organizer; I have little executive ability, or all these things would have happened differently.

I now determined to do all I could to mitigate our woes, so I went in and told my wife what had happened, or rather what had not happened, and that, unless I could beg some food from one of my unknown neighbors, we should go supperless to bed, and M. Bodin would set down in his notebook: "The Americans do not eat until the next day."

I also told her to make him feel as comfortable as possible, and on no account to let him feel that he had intruded.

I called him from the carpenter's bench and the box of shavings, and said cavalierly: "I suppose you don't mind sleeping in the barn—new-mown hay—fragrant—lowing of the kine—stamp of horses—fluttering of doves in the cotes—all that sort of thing?"

"Better than ze bench—really. Eet ees so strange here in zees co'ntry. No bed, non?"

"My dear friend," I said, "beds and furniture take up so much room. A well-stored mind—an amiable wife—an interesting child—what need of furniture?"

"True," he said—a little doubtfully, I thought.

I had a large cake of chocolate and I broke it into four pieces and said: "It is the hour for the afternoon repast. Will you join us?" The baby, Ethelinda, was not dependent upon chocolate.

M. Bodin seemed pleased to eat the chocolate; said it reminded him of home—of the army—of forced marches.

After we had finished our simple repast, which we ate standing, as they drink the Queen's health—but for a different reason—I suggested that M. Bodin amuse himself as he chose until I had returned from a walk. I wished to pick some damp wild flowers, I told him.

"Ah! you Americans are so ant'oosisteeek," says he.

Then I went out into the storm and wended my way to the house of my nearest neighbor, from whom I begged a basketful of provisions.

I brought these provisions back. There were cold lamb, six fresh eggs, a loaf of bread, some butter, a small jar of pickles and a tumbler of currant jelly. Also one quart of milk.

Then in the barn I spread the repast on the top of a grain bin and went back to the house to invite my friend to dinner.

Mrs. Napier had made herself agreeable in the meantime and Bodin was in fine spirits, proving the worth of the chocolate as a staver off of starvation.

"It is now the time for dinner in the barn," I said to M. Bodin.

He expressed well-simulated surprise, although he must have been upon the verge of fainting. I know I was.

"Let us eat, drink and be merry," said I, "for to-morrow we die." I thought that M. Bodin looked relieved at hearing the last clause, but I may have been mistaken.

"Your customs are so deefairan' from ours," said he musingly. "Shoccola' in ze house at t'ree, dine at four in ze—vat you call?—ze house of ze horse. Eet ees samplieit an' I like eet, but eet ees deefairan'."

In spite of his cake of chocolate M. Bodin ate heartily of the cold dinner, eating the eggs raw—for we had no way to cook them—and protesting that he had never tasted any with just the same flavor. And my neighbor had told me that they were strictly fresh.

After dinner I pulled out a pack of cards with which I am always provided, and we played euchre until long after the nurse had climbed the ladder with the baby Ethelinda and had sought repose among the wisps of fragrant hay. He did not notice the absence of the live stock and I did not mention it.

After M. Bodin had smothered three yawns I said: "Whenever you are ready I will shake up some hay for you. We sleep on the hay in order to get closer to Nature. The house is all very well in the daytime, but at night the hay is more comfortable."

"But if Monsieur would follow ze French fashion and have chairs and beds in ze house—non?" said he laughing, as I shook my head deprecatingly. "Well, every co'ntry to eet's own mode."

We gave M. Bodin the whole south mow for his bed-chamber, while we tossed uneasily in the north mow. The baby Ethelinda slept calmly, although it is her wont to be wakeful. But the hay was too sharp for our necks, and the cat made too much noise chasing mice through it, and the dog bayed the moon—for the rain had ceased and the weather was clear, though damp.

M. Bodin looked the picture of a haggard man when he met us on the barn floor in the morning, but he protested that he had not slept so since he spent a night with his father in a peasant's cottage in Normandy—and I dare say he spoke the truth.

After we had all made our toilets at the pump, which stood just outside the door, we ate up what was left of the supper.

"Now, my friend," said I, "let us return to the house and pursue the pleasures of the day."

Then for the first time M. Bodin looked pained. I could feel that he was thinking of that carpenter's bench. He said:

"My friend, you 'ave been vair' kin' to me an' I appreciate eet, but eef you vil pardon me, ve 'ave a deefairan' ceev'leezasho' een France an' I am vat you call?—'omeseek. I mus' return to New York to ze steemair vere I haf a bert' waitin' for me."

I could do no less than hire a horse from a neighbor and drive him down to the station. On the way there I met our furniture coming up in a covered van, but I did not turn back. He caught the express for New York and I saw him no more.

And now he has repaid my kindness with his insulting article in the Figaro, in which he talks of the low ebb at which civilization is in this country, and comments upon the strange habits and customs of the cultivated—and particularly the literary—classes in America—all of it founded entirely upon his visit to my unfurnished house, for I learn that he did not leave his stateroom until the steamer had gotten out upon the high seas.



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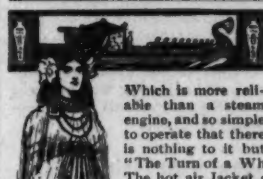
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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

New Styles in Bombshells

A new French illuminating shell bursts in the air and emits a fiery body of globular shape, which vividly lights up a large area for a considerable time. It is the latest improvement in a branch of military pyrotechnics which has recently been receiving much attention from war experts.

The idea of the illuminating bomb is to expose at night the position of an enemy, or to reveal the character of his defenses, when an attack is contemplated. There are already several such projectiles, of different varieties, on the market. With one, a shell is fired from an ordinary cannon (a mountain howitzer will serve the purpose, the bombs being of various calibres), and it is so constructed as to explode on impact, liberating a flaming compound.

One compound is said to be somewhat similar to the ordinary "blue-light mixture" used in Fourth of July pyrotechnics, consisting of sulphur, saltpetre and a hydrocarbon. It is meant to burn as brilliantly as possible, and to keep on burning for at least a minute or two. The illumination lasts as long as the saltpetre supplies oxygen to maintain combustion.

Another species of bomb, which on bursting liberates dense clouds of smoke, with the purpose of concealing the movements of troops in the field, has not yet been introduced in actual warfare, although both the French and Germans have been experimenting with it. In the "melinite" shell the French have originated a type of projectile not only extremely destructive when it explodes, but which also achieves an effect similar to that of the ancient "stink-pot," invented by the Saracens in the Middle Ages. This stifled the enemy with poisonous gases, and the same purpose is accomplished by the projectile loaded with melinite, the fumes emitted being so deadly that a single bomb of the kind, bursting between decks on a vessel, might suffocate to death half the ship's company.

In the warfare of the future, if the hope of humanitarians is not misplaced, projectiles may be loaded with harmless drugs, which on bursting will spread a sleep-producing vapor. Thus a whole regiment, or perhaps a brigade, of soldiers may be plunged into involuntary slumber by a single well-aimed shell—to be subsequently awakened by their captors and gently escorted to a place of kindly captivity.

Do Bees Damage Peaches?

The question whether bees do injury to peach orchards has come up recently for legal decision in an interesting way, a New York peach grower having secured a judgment of twenty-five dollars against the owner of an adjoining farm and apiary, for damage alleged to have been inflicted by his insects.

The two have been nicknamed "Peach Tree" and "Honey Bee." Last summer Peach Tree complained grievously of damage done to his fruit by bees, which, he declared, came from Honey Bee's hives. He lay awake nights thinking of expedients whereby the depredations could be fixed upon his neighbor's bees, the obvious difficulty being that such insects are very much alike and therefore hard to identify, and finally he hit upon the plan of capturing a number of the offenders, which he found actually roosting on his peaches, and powdering them with flour. Having liberated the captives, he went to the adjoining farm and was able triumphantly to point out bees which still showed marks of white.

The upshot was a suit for damages, estimated at one hundred dollars, and a judgment for twenty-five dollars finally entered against Honey Bee. But at this stage of the proceedings the National Association of Beekeepers took up the case and appealed it, believing that it could not afford to allow such a conviction against the industrious honey-getter to stand.

Fortunately, the bee-keepers were able to summon a formidable authority to testify in their behalf: Dr. Frank Benton, of the Department of Agriculture. It is said that Doctor Benton knows more about bees than does any other man living, and he treated the court to a surprise. Holding up a vicious-looking wasp between his fingers, he proceeded to state, as a fact which he declared to be beyond contravention, that this was in reality the mischief-maker that had done the damage to Peach Tree's peaches. It had been ascertained by thorough investigation, he said, that wasps are in the habit of stinging peaches, whereas bees never do such a thing, though they will sometimes suck juice from the holes made by the wasps.

"This fellow is the criminal," said Doctor Benton. "If you can catch him, we are perfectly willing that he shall be punished."

By this testimony the case for the plaintiff was upset, a reversal of the previous judgment was secured, and rejoicing was brought not only to Honey Bee, but to all good beekeepers throughout the land.

Experiments with Fish Eggs

A phenomenon that has been a puzzle to naturalists is the frequent occurrence of embryo monsters in fish eggs—that is to say, double-headed and otherwise abnormal young ones. With a view to acquiring some knowledge on the subject, experts of the Fish Commission have been trying to produce similar monsters artificially, by purposely inflicting certain injuries upon the eggs. It has been proved that various freaks may be obtained from the eggs of chickens by interfering at a critical period with the germs they contain, and it was thought that the same thing might be accomplished with fish eggs, so as to throw light upon the causes of such deformities.

With this benevolent intention, fish eggs of various kinds were jolted about and otherwise treated injuriously. One lot of them, for example, was placed in a small glass jar securely corked, which was then dropped ten times from a height of four feet into a wooden pail half filled with water, striking the bottom of the bucket each time with considerable violence. But these and other trials produced no monsters, though they killed a good many of the eggs. Those left alive hatched out normal fish in due time. The conclusion was reached that, in handling fish eggs, it is of the utmost importance to avoid shaking them up or disturbing them in any avoidable way.

A Musical Typewriter

One of the most interesting of recent inventions is the musical typewriter. It does not play music, but writes it, the keyboard being an arrangement of musical characters instead of ordinary letters. The mechanism is in most respects similar to that of the every-day typewriter.

The sheet of paper on which the music is to be written is printed beforehand with the lines of the staff, and, by pressing one of the buttons, the musical character desired may be made to assume its place on the line wanted, so as to stand for the proper note or other mark. Full notes, half notes, quarter notes, eighth notes and sixteenth notes appear on the keys, as well as the signs for sharps and flats.

In writing music, the operator first prints the clef mark, and then the arrangement of sharps and flats which indicates the key in which the piece is written. Chords are formed by putting the component notes together, one after another, but in a vertical line on the staff. It is all very simple, but, as may easily be realized, this kind of typewriter requires special expertness and a good deal of practice. It is likely to be of more value in copying than in actual composing.



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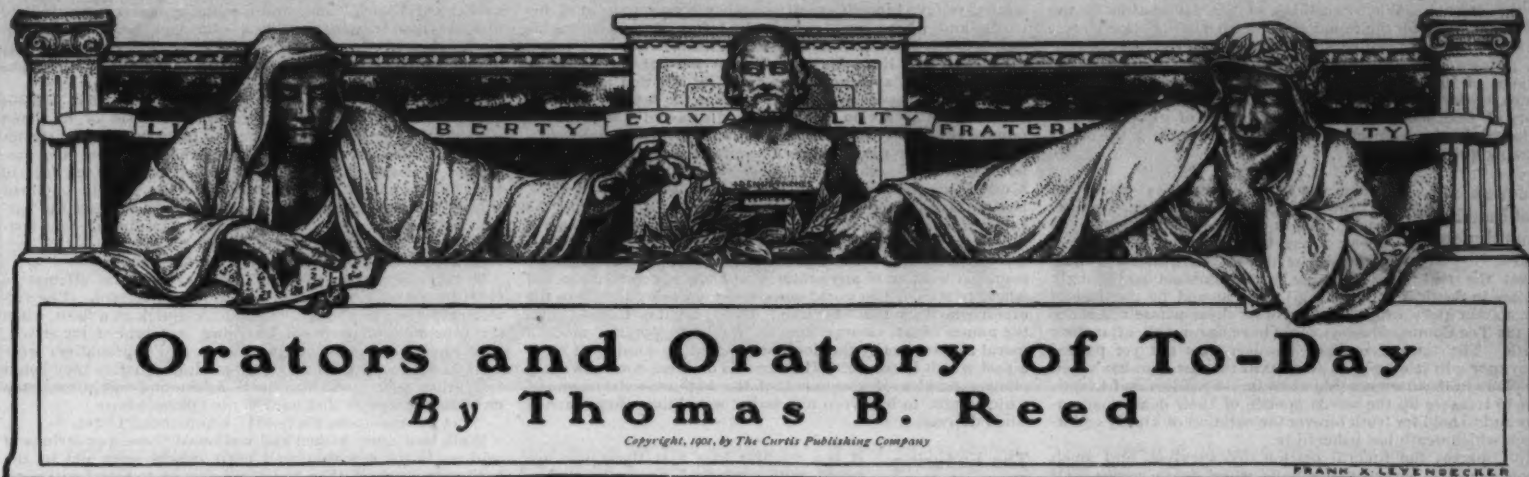
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Orators and Oratory of To-Day

By Thomas B. Reed

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FRANK A. LEVENSECKER

An Orator is he, that can or may speke or reason in every question sufficiently, elegantly and to perswade properly, accordinge to the dygnitie of the thyng that is spoken of, the opportunitie of tyme, and pleasure of them that he hereth.

—SIR THOMAS ELYOT, The Governor, book 1, ch. XIII.

THE Republican party, and the Protectionists generally, if, as they claim, they have reduced white paper to the low price which now prevails, have a heavy responsibility upon their consciences. Not only are books now within the reach of all, but miniature libraries are springing up on all hands, and very soon the wonder of carpets and handsome furniture in the homes of the men whose daily toil is their only resource will give way to the new wonder of libraries in every household. Newspapers, also, are enlarging their fields of endeavor, and seem to be more than keeping pace with the movement of the time. So far have they gone, both in the greater and the smaller cities, that the venerable persons who come down to us from a former generation are in much doubt as to whether the great Sunday editions are a joy or an affliction.

One would naturally suppose that the manifest change which has taken place in methods of displaying and receiving ideas would have left the old methods stranded high up on the shores of time. The earliest method of spreading information and moulding opinions, however, has not passed away. Men still talk to each other face to face, and oratory still plays a great part in the instruction of modern times. It is true that the orator reaches his largest audience by the aid of the newspaper, but the newspaper nowadays depicts the applause and dissent of the audience, and gives, so far as it can, the atmosphere with which the orator is surrounded, and makes the reader appreciate the full human nature involved in the whole scene. The very postures, also, of the orator are displayed.

But however well any article may be written, and however well any speech may be reported, there is a charm in the spoken word, in the utterance of the living man, which no beauty of style can imitate and no collocation of words can equal. Probably Æschines never said, "You should have heard the lion himself," when in exile he praised his superior, but if he was made to say it—if the story was invented—it was because the truth was deeper than the fact.

The Stump Oratory of the Ancients

What we call in America "Stump Oratory"—oratory in its roughest and most familiar shape—still plays a great part—a part which hardly seems to lessen in its influence over the people at

large. To be fully satisfied they must hear the man speak, and give themselves up to the sound of his voice. Whenever a campaign comes on, all the available vocal power is called into action, and whoever watches the effect will see that the oratory of the campaign is a very powerful and invigorating force. In 1872 a large number of the leading men and newspapers had placed themselves in opposition to General Grant, and there were weeks during which his election seemed more than doubtful; but the campaign orator had not been at work a fortnight before you could feel the change. Not only were there words, but you had looked into the face of the man who said them. When you read what is written, the power of the written word depends much upon your mood. When you hear a man speak, his power

depends much on his mood. You naturally lend your thoughts to him. Moreover, the rest of your fellows in the audience do their part, and there comes on that irresistible power of human sympathy which gives you your share of the emotion of others and mingles your thoughts with theirs.

Of course, oratory can never again have the relative importance which it had in the early days when there were fewer things to do and fewer things to think of. In those old days you could meet and harangue the whole deciding multitude; for Athens in its prime had but 20,000 free citizens; 8000 was a good attendance; and the human voice could have reached them all. In New York, Cooper Union holds less than three thousand people, and Madison Square Garden thirteen! If the orator could convert them all he would hardly disturb the majority of either party. What a difference between an audience in either place and the audience Demosthenes addressed when, in the Oration on the Crown, he reached the summit of fame, whereon he has stood for three and twenty centuries in solitary and unapproached preëminence. Even Cicero himself, his only rival in historic renown, concedes that Demosthenes is the standard of perfection. His audience was all the people, and not an inappreciable fraction. His oration did not have to share place in Athenian minds with absorbing business and with newspapers laden with the doings of a world.

Present-Day Opportunity for Eloquence

of the hereafter.

Chrysostom, he whose mouth was of gold, the great preacher of antiquity, would hardly be on the road to so wide a fame in this age as he was in the age wherein he lived. The advocate, also, is crowded into obscurity, and Hortensius and Sulpicius in the modern world would hardly preserve, in our age, what antiquity has given them, the shadow of a name, and even Cicero as an advocate would have to eke out his reputation at the bar with his fame as a statesman.

Nevertheless, oratory survives and seems in as great demand as ever, though the prizes have grown smaller, or, perhaps, strictly speaking, the other prizes of human endeavor have grown larger.

The lecture field is still open, and if oratory shares public attention more fully with other attractions and does not hold, as in the days of Beecher and Curtis and Wendell Phillips, its old preëminence, the audiences which listen to General Gordon and Henry Watterson have not lost their old interest and enjoyment.

Those who have reached the age which naturally praises the days gone by still look back on the old lecture platform as the golden time of oratory in the New World. The men who laid the foundations of American literature in those days shed their light from many eminences all over the land, and taught high thinking and clean living to eager listeners not yet wedded to the pursuit of wealth and not yet yearning for unwilling empire. They spoke to audiences which longed for the ideal life of the saints and sages, and made possible the dream of that freedom for all which Jefferson put into words in the Declaration of Independence, and Lincoln put into the deeds which preceded and followed his second

inaugural. But in this crowded world, when the work is done the instrumentalities pass away, for the earth does not long allow itself to be encumbered by the ruins of even its loftiest temples or its most sumptuous palaces. When the worship has ceased and the King is dead, Time, the devourer, does his work, and institutions perish as well as the men who made them. Only vitality itself, the living germ, can resist decay, and even that must pay the homage of a new incarnation into a life not always loftier or more noble.

The oratory of Congress has certainly increased in volume, and for aught we know has increased in ability, but, like all things else in a republic grown from three to seventy-six millions, it has lost its old proportion, and now struggles in vain for an audience as wide as of yore. No metropolitan paper publishes even a synopsis of the debates, and a member acquainted with its business cannot tell what is going on after a three days' absence. Each paper gives room to the doings of its own legislature, and erases Congress to give place to what used to seem to be smaller things. Probably the Record, the official publication, is to blame for this, and the member, to insure his appearing at full length in one place, has surrendered his chance to appear in all places. Nevertheless, a speech suitable for a campaign, and delivered at the proper time, may still have wide circulation and a three months' immortality.

Commencements have not lost their liking for orations, and as the number and size of colleges and universities have greatly increased, with them has also increased the desire for the spoken word. Whoever has reputation enough of any kind to make people anxious to see him will not lack invitations to appear before fine audiences and enforce whatever ideas he may have of life and duty. Of course, from all this effort on the part of orators and all this endurance on the part of the people, there comes much diffusion of knowledge and a spread of thought and of new ideas which would wait long if only the printed word were at the service of the world. Parker and Phillips poured a great part of their noble work into these channels and were able to make men think as they did by the fact that the magic of their presence supported and sustained the magic of their words.

The Funeral Oration and its Pathos

The funeral oration must have had and did have its origin in far antiquity. No time has ever been and no time can ever be when the closing of life will cease to be its great event. What it means to

him who has passed away only revelation or fancy can depict. What, however, it is to him it will also be to all of us. We tread the path with no consciousness of companionship, and yet we know that all the countless generations of the myriad years of the past and of all the years of the future are our sure companions. To us, then, who survive there comes a certain tenderness of heart which has never come before. The rival is a rival no longer. His hopes and ambitions have fallen by the wayside. In like manner ours will surely fall. If we have been foes our greatest longing in the first revulsion of feeling is to call oblivion down upon the fierce fights of the past; our first desire is to atone for the selfish greed of power or money or place which led to the long and bitter contentions and the cruel enmities now ended forever. Before an audience thus disposed it is not difficult to stir to its depths the human soul. Here we tell the truth



with all its warmth and none of its coldness. Our sentences may be well rounded, for they need not be strictly just.

Where we are at liberty to limit no adjective and curtail no sentence there results a beauty of diction, a tenderness of phrase, a full recognition of the hopes of an unknown world beyond, whose peace seems to be on us with the benedictions of the eternal. When we think of the foundation of the funeral oration, for the foundations of all moving speech must be in the audience, we cease to wonder that the most beautiful phrases, the loftiest sentiments and the richest recognitions of immortal life were the productions of an age which to-day the world, still wicked and still far from the glory of God, looks down upon as an age of gilded sin fitly followed by the butcheries of Parisian mobs and the swift-running guillotine.

Eloquence that Paid False Compliments

When you read the beautiful discourses of the "Eagle of Eloquence," whose name rises at once to your lips as you speak of the funeral oration, you know, if you know history at all, that you must forget the real lives of those whom Bossuet so lovingly praises in death if you are at all to be moved by the hope of triumphant glory which he depicts for those whose reverence for the Ten Commandments could have begun only after their death. The funeral oration, however, has not yet passed away, nor will it ever pass away until the last man has taken his place in the innumerable caravan. Families and friends love to treasure up the words spoken of their dead companions and to hold for truth forever the outburst of kindly enthusiasm which death has ushered in.

In Congress the funeral oration still survives, and much eloquence still pervades the halls when death comes. Of course, there is much uttered which makes the judicious smile, but there is also much which is worthy of the themes, which, after all, are themes which involve all of this world and all of its achievements with all the possibilities of the land across the barriers of which the dead man has been borne. Mankind, however, has been trying to phrase these great conditions which embrace all the past and all the future, ever since the world began. In conflict, therefore, with all past history the oration can have little hope of originality, and the temptation to borrow has sometimes been found to be irresistible. If we ever learn to treat the living with the tenderness with which we instinctively treat the dead, we shall then have a civilization well worth distributing.

What the Clergy May Accomplish

The sermon may seem not fully to belong to the domain of the oration, which, in its ordinary acceptance, means a discourse against adversaries and involves immediate conviction and persuasion. As we think of an oration we think of a discourse which seems to be the sudden and consecutive outpouring of a full mind at that moment aroused to action by the opponent who stands before the speaker. The sermon, however, may have all those characteristics, and then become a pulpit oration, subject to the same laws of criticism. Such certainly were the sermons of Martin Luther and of John Knox.

If it should be said that any sermon has to encounter the great adversary of the human race, or, if the preacher does not recognize the personality of Satan, that he has at least to encounter human nature, our greatest adversary, I presume I should have to admit that perhaps the difference is only one of degree, and that the sermon resembles all oratory, and that, in being more sober and using fewer arts, it in that way very accomplishes the work of persuasion.

Usually, however, the sermon is wholly or largely written out, and lends itself to the informing rather than the stirring of the audience. It can have little recourse to those enlivenments which come from wit and humor, though much has been permitted in these modern days, which even so recently as Henry Ward Beecher's time shocked the religious mind. Dean Swift, himself a wit almost without an equal, cautioned his young clergyman to avoid the endeavoring at wit, not only because the chances were little less than a million to one that he had none, but because he had better not use it in a sermon, even if he did have it. A sermon, the famous Dean seemed to think, was a means of permanent improvement of the human soul, and that, therefore, it was out of place in the pulpit to use what he called the "pathetic" or temporarily moving expedients of oratory. The victories of righteousness should be the permanent results of pitched battles, and not the display of the banners of the army and the sound of its trumpets.

Chances for After-Dinner Speakers

The after-dinner speech, the antipodes of the funeral oration, has, like that, equal date with Andes and with Ararat. Hardly had the family relation been well established before the guild began. So far back as we know anything of the history of any people, we find them associating in groups of a character more or less permanent as the cause of association was temporary or persistent. With the association came the cementing influence of the banquet, with food and flowing bowl. To watch at any dinner now the gradual exhaustion of talk between neighbors, and the gradual extension of conversation to those farther off, is to understand in some measure the yearning for speeches which takes possession of any large assembly. Either speeches or dispersion the multitude must have, and so people with the most honest intentions as to silence break forth into sound. To-day associations to protect rights and insure liberty are not so much needed, but the old habits prevail, and the after-dinner speech has, next to the banquet, become the main object of the festival, if indeed the interest in it does not exceed that of the main purpose, the banquet itself. Societies, the demand of which for comradeship arises from common nationality and common origin of any kind, have so multiplied in the land that every great city and many small

ones renew every year the tribute of grateful memories to the land of birth and to the associations of the old home. Here can be easily seen great opportunities for the "pathetic" and for "wit," occasions when Dean Swift's young clergyman might solace himself for the abatement which the pulpit enjoins, where the statesman might, even in talking of public affairs, relieve himself from too sober a presentation of his cares, and where the lawyer might free himself from his duties to his client and find an audience who had not heard the facts which limit his eloquence at the bar. Here there is room for all, and more than room for all, that are fit, for the demand for such oratory far exceeds the supply.

The popular notion is that this display of wit and eloquence is an easy task. But there is no audience more critical than the one which greets the after-dinner speaker. No party spirit helps him, and he has only the sympathy he himself creates. It is true that he cannot be too serious, but he may preach a serious discourse if he lights up the sombre background by the light of eloquent diction or of quaint and humorous phrase. Before this audience he wins the highest praise who adds to the charm of his discourse the soundest wisdom of any orator, the knowledge or instinct of where to stop. The world owes many a worthy lesson to the orator who uses the "Puritan," the "Land o' Cakes," and the names of St. George and St. David to point a modern moral and to justify the doubtful present by joining it on to a past which is secure. The records of these societies show many examples of eloquence of the highest order, some of which ought to be given to a larger world than they reached when delivered.

The Enduring Fame of the Great Orators

It is a popular idea that those who are gifted with oratorical power have few other gifts, that their influence perishes with the moving of popular audiences, and that they have not in other spheres the power they show in arousing the multitude. In many cases this is so, but those who move public sentiment move it in different degrees. Public sentiment also is of two different kinds: the voice of the people, which is the hurried result of the untrained and untrained emotions, and that voice of the people, uttered after due thought and experience, which is the solid and enduring basis of human action. Gales, which are but air in motion, may toss the surface of the seas into wild and raving waves; but the great strength of the ocean is underneath it all, and aided by the steadfast genius of man, transports to every shore the products of every land.

Men who stir the surface of thought for the moment may be inferior and command little permanent respect, but the great orators have left too many landmarks behind them to be confounded with rhetoricians and men of the moment. We have not one of his orations left by which we might judge for ourselves, but if there be anything in the testimony of all the men of his time, Julius Caesar is entitled to rank among the greatest orators of his age. Yet, however much we may mourn over the passage of the Rubicon, we cannot deny to Caesar the highest rank of all those who have managed the affairs of practical life. Daniel Webster, who was our greatest orator, has never been denied the rank of a great man. Henry Clay, whose oratory was of that sympathetic kind which we most suspect, was the most powerful party leader who ever dictated his will to others.

While we must acknowledge the faults of Cicero, we can also demonstrate that his great superior, "The Orator" himself, has not only left behind him orations which are the models for the emulation of all the world, but also the memory of a life of patriotic devotion and wisdom which, if the immortal gods had so willed, might have saved to Athens its preeminence among the cities of Greece and preserved the liberties of the ancient world.

Stories of the Silent Man

By Major J. A. Watrous, U.S.A.

IN THE war with Mexico Grant was second lieutenant, but for the most of the time he commanded one company in the Fourth Infantry. He was quiet, gentle and mild-mannered. He said but little to any one, but when he did speak there was excuse for it. In camp he was always busy doing something. If a man was sick, or simply ailing a bit, it was not the surgeon who first knew it, but Lieutenant Grant. If rations were short and poor, and the army was where full rations, and good ones, could be had, Grant would not rest until his men were properly supplied.

History has told how bravely Grant fought in the hardest battles of the Mexican War, but no history has told it just as his company saw him in those battles. There was no bluster, no fuss and feathers, no wild swinging of arms, no swearing on the part of the popular lieutenant in those battles. He was as cool and collected as he was on drill; yet he seemed to fly from one end of the company to the other, giving orders in that quiet but effective way which characterized him in later years.

Many will recall that funny mule story in which Grant played a part—the Mexican War story. Well, the writer of that story did not tell the funniest part. The brigade quartermaster had received a number of wild, unbroken mules after the army reached Mexico. The quartermaster and his force of civilians spent a day in trying, without success, to break two spans of those mules to harness. The minute a harness was thrown on to a mule, that minute a mule's heels began to fly in the air, and they continued to fly until the harness was strewn over the ground. That night the quartermaster sent for a detail of a lieutenant and twenty men to report to the corral early the next morning to aid in training mules to service in transporting army rations and stores.

Lieutenant Grant marched two men from each of ten

companies to the corral at the appointed hour, and was told what was wanted. The young officer took a survey of the mules, harness and army wagons he had been called upon to deal with. His first order was:

"Bring a couple of ropes twenty feet in length."

The next order was: "You men," addressing the quartermaster's civilians, "surround that mule, halter him and hold him, no matter what he does—do you hear, hold him. Corporal, take ten men, five on a side, and as soon as the animal is haltered, manage to fasten one end of these ropes to his hind legs."

When that was done, and it was not accomplished without a good many bruises, he directed that a set of five men should take charge of each rope and hang on to it, no matter how much the mule objected and kicked. The men proceeded to obey orders. They extended to about ten feet in front of the victim, thus virtually fencing him in on three sides. That done, other civilians were told to place the harness upon the beast. Almost before the last Luckle was fastened the mule bent in preparation for a masterful kick.

"Hang to those ropes," called the Lieutenant.

The ten men hung to the ropes, and that first attempt to clog the air with mule-heels was a dismal failure. The victory made the men overconfident. As quick as a flash, when the rope-holders were not watching, not braced for attack, both mule hind feet flew in the air and ten soldiers were yanked flat to the ground, in the mud, and before they could foregather away went the heels again and again, and ten men were mixed in that mud to the Queen's taste.

"Let no man loose his hold!" commanded Grant.

Well, that mule kicked and wallowed those two strings of soldiers in the now thin mud until it was worn out by the hard exercise, and then had sense enough to stand still until fully harnessed. The mule was conquered, but at what cost to uniforms, pride, flesh and bones!

The wagon-master asked if there was not a better way to train the animals.

"There can't be a worse way," said the Lieutenant, as he wandered away from the corral a few rods to a large and nearly square rock, at least ten feet high, and seemed to scrutinize it closely.

Returning he gave orders to take the next victim to the large rock. It was backed as close to the obstruction as possible without actually touching it. Half a dozen men were told to hold the brute by the head, ears and neck, and on no account to let it advance from the rock. Then a man was told to clap a harness on quickly. As soon as the buckles began to fasten the mule became restless. Pretty soon it made a sudden lunge and succeeded in getting four feet away from the rock, and then the fun began. Its heels cracked against the rock savagely for a short time. It was a new experience, and apparently a painful one, for the battered hind feet were lifted again and again, but very gently, and only one at a time, while its head shook and ears flopped. That mule was cured, and the problem was solved. The detail returned to camp late that evening having accomplished its mission—taken the kick out of a drove of as unmanageable mules as ever hauled pork and hardtack.

One of Grant's old sergeants was a farmer in Southern Oregon when the General arrived at Portland, homeward bound from his tour around the world. He read of the proposed receptions to be given him in the city and also at Vancouver Barracks, and could not resist the temptation to make the trip and once more see the Old Commander. At Vancouver he found a number of men he had known when the army was in Mexico. The old fellows made up their minds to make a regular, not a hustling, reception call upon the General. The ordnance sergeant said that as he had carried ammunition to Lieutenant Grant at the battles of Palo Alto, Monterey and Chapultepec, he would call and see the General and arrange for the meeting, or reunion, as he termed it. Soon after General Grant reached Department Headquarters—General O. O. Howard was then in command of the Department of the Columbia—the old ordnance sergeant appeared and asked to see General Grant.

"Do you know him?" asked an aid.

The sergeant straightened up, saluted and said: "We have met, sir; the last time was at Chapultepec, where I supplied his company with ammunition."

"General Grant," said the aid, "there is an old man outside who was with you at Chapultepec. He wants to see you a moment."

"And I want to see him," said the ex-President, then the best-known man in the world; "have him come right in."

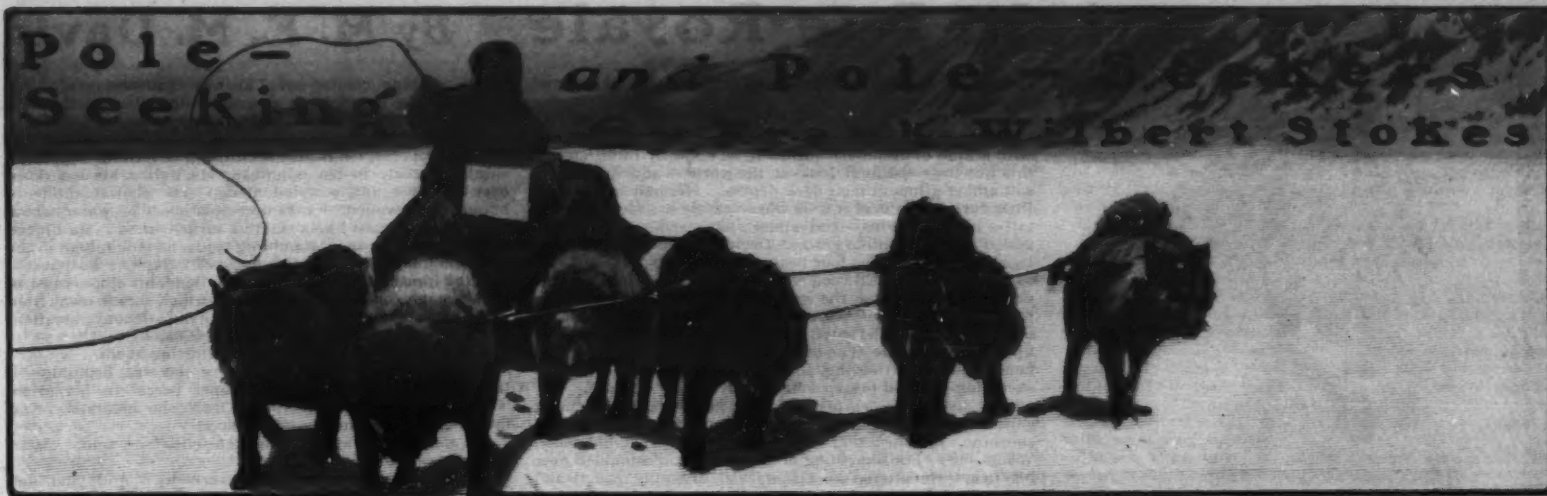
The General could not remember the sergeant, but he recalled the ammunition incident, and was very cordial. It was arranged that the five old chaps should be at General Howard's hall an hour before the reception was to begin that evening.

At the appointed hour, clad in their best, boots glistening, hands in white gloves, and as erect as veterans of their age and experience would allow, they appeared on the walk in front of General Howard's house.

"Have them come in," General Grant said, and they went direct to his room. After shaking hands—both hands with his two hands—he turned to the cluster of officers and men and women and asked them to excuse him for a time, and then led them to another room, where for more than half an hour the six veterans of two wars had a reunion. The General remembered and alluded to the mule-taming experience. He had many pleasant words for each. Hundreds of ladies and gentlemen had gathered in and about the house. Twice General Howard went to the door to tell General Grant that the hour for the reception to begin had arrived, and twice the General had said, "Wait a few minutes more."

Then, after he had taken each by the hand and spoken a tender good-by, he stepped to the door and called out:

"Howard, go ahead with the reception."



THE ESSENTIALS OF POLAR EXPEDITIONS

FROM the dim past of legendary Viking hosts to within comparatively recent times the acquirements necessary to the explorer were a thirst for adventure, combined with some nautical knowledge, and an indomitable courage and perseverance; but now he must not only possess all of these, but must also be a seeker after exact knowledge.

Nowadays, when a would-be explorer asks for aid from the public at large, or from scientific societies, or from the Government, or from private individuals, he must be prepared to show adequate scientific results in case his appeal is responded to.

The true explorer is a great man; a man of natural executive ability; one who has a well-balanced belief in himself, but who is ready to accept good advice, even from those who are under his command. The true explorer is never above doing any necessary work or labor, no matter how menial; and, after weighing a matter thoroughly, he must have the tenacity and will power to carry it through. He thinks of his men first and himself afterward. Nansen took his turn with the men in passing coal from the hold to the bunkers of the *Fram*. In spite of criticism and ridicule from Polar experts and the majority of the scientific world, he never swerved, and carried through with honor and success his Titan scheme of drifting across the vast Arctic Sea wastes.

The true explorer will never let a chance slip by, but will utilize every opportunity to procure scientific results. Unfortunately, however, there are some whose sole aim is a high latitude and their own personal glory, and who, after arriving in far-off regions, set aside their obligations to societies and individuals, make lax surveys, delay and neglect the preparation of natural history specimens, and only desultorily gather geological, botanical and entomological material.

It is true, indeed, that if the way has been shown, and new lands have been discovered, there will follow, in time, the scientific explorer, who will bring back something more than a tale of daring adventure, but it is obvious that he should have been sent at first. A comparatively ignorant commander can carry a scientific corps, but it will be subservient to his ignorant judgment, and this, in the end, will hamper the usefulness of the expedition.

By feeling the public pulse, it is evident that general dissatisfaction prevails as to the advisability of Polar and relief expeditions. This proceeds largely from ignorance of the scientific and commercial benefits already derived and of those that will surely be obtained, yet there is a measure of

sane reason for such a sentiment. Funds for expeditions are difficult to raise for the reason that no direct monetary gains are forthcoming. In consequence, the explorer must often wait until within a few months of the date of sailing before making his preparations, and everything in regard to equipment must be accomplished in a rush. Inadequate preparations ensue, which hamper the expedition's usefulness by insufficient provisions, hastily chosen men, vessels not properly fitted for their mission, and incomplete scientific equipment. It is not surprising, therefore, that the result is often meagre scientific returns and considerable loss of life. Indeed, after scanning carefully the amount of provisions taken, the character of the vessels, and the lack of proper scientific instruments, one marvels at what many of these dauntless heroes have accomplished. But the explorer knows the fatality of waiting; he must move while the public, the Government, the committee are interested, or lose the chance altogether; and, being ambitious, he runs the risk.

The relief expedition is the natural outcome of such imperfectly equipped expeditions, and thus is incurred twice the expenditure that would have been required if the original expedition had been properly outfitted.

The choice of the men and their number are the most important questions the commander has to decide, for upon these, almost wholly, depend the expedition's success or failure. In Government expeditions the men are put through a rigid physical examination, but in private expeditions such is not the rule. A man should be sound physically—but there are exceptions: notably that of Doctor Kane, who was somewhat of an invalid all his life, and who yet withstood hardship better than some of the more athletic men of his command. The large, heavily built, muscular men do not begin to stand the strain like the light, well-knit, wiry men. Peary could not lift the weights some of his men did, but, being of wiry fibre, he is almost tireless, and is still evidencing his endurance in spite of the loss of seven toes.

The mind is a superlative factor. Experience shows that the sanguine temperament is the best to overcome the difficulties, disappointments and dangers of Polar service, by lending hopefulness where appearances are totally against success. Intelligence is a desideratum, for it finds plenty to do during the long Polar night, where ignorance would despair. On joining an expedition one must go clearly and calmly over the ground and make up his mind that he may not return; and the mind, once decided, will overrule and conquer the body. Otherwise it is better not to go at all.

The number of men is of great importance. It has been found that small parties have done the most effective work. The larger the number the greater the cost, and it is obvious that it is more difficult to please a large body of men than a small number. Diversity of temperament and opinion is apt to be not so great in the small party. Upon the morale of the men as well as of the leader success depends.

Hard, iron-bound contracts are generally deemed necessary between the leader and his men, and always between a Government and the members of an expedition. The men must sign contracts that, at all costs and under whatever circumstances, they must advance the objects of the expedition, and render absolute obedience to the leader. No one can leave headquarters alone, beyond a prescribed limit, without special permission. During the Peary North Greenland Expedition in 1893-'94 this limit was a quarter of a mile.

All material acquired during the term of the expedition becomes the property of the leader, Government or society under whose patronage the expedition has been sent out. No one is allowed to carry a camera with him unless the leader permits, and after the pictures are made they become the property of the expedition.

On the return of the expedition no one may write, or give information for publication in any form, or lecture, or furnish material for lectures until such time as the leader, or patron, or Government deems advisable. The interval between the arrival of the expedition home and the period when its members are granted permission to use their material varies. It does not terminate until the commander, Government or institution has made full use of all material, which, generally, is not until such a period elapses as to make it practically useless to others. In Peary's expedition of 1893-'94 the contract read that no book, pamphlet, newspaper article or telegram should be written, no material furnished for lectures or articles until one year after the official publication. Four years rolled by before Peary's account was published.

In Government expeditions, all the members, from the commander down, are under strict regulations, and the instructions furnished the commander are generally very minute, leaving him only such latitude as is absolutely necessary. Everything in the way of material belongs to the Government, and a special injunction is given to each commander to demand from every individual his logs, diaries and sketches before arrival in port. These are put into a

(Continued on Page 18)

PHOTOGRAPH BY E. W. BROWN, MEMBER OF THE PEARY RELIEF EXPEDITION, TAKEN WITH THE NORTH WEDGEMOUNT EXPEDITION, 1900-1904



In Rue Royale

By M. E. M. Davis



She looked pathetically lovely in her blue calico frock

ELLWOOD was sketching a corner of the Cathedral garden. It was very fascinating, that clump of giant bananas, whose fringed leaves dipped and swayed and whispered to the morning breeze; more fascinating still, the long wyndlike Alley of St. Antoine on his left, opening at its farther end into the old Place d'Armes; and the tossing greenery far down Orleans Street on his right, where Congo Square, forgetful of the savage feet which once beat its dusty aisles to the music of gourd and tom-tom, slept tranquilly silent under the early sun. He glanced eagerly to right and left, as if fearful lest these vistas might vanish before he could transfer them to canvas; then with a short laugh he braced himself resolutely against the wall of the ancient shop behind him. "One thing at a time, Van, my boy," he muttered, and at once lost himself in his work. More than one fat, gay-tigoned negress on her way to the French market stopped to peer over his shoulder and exclaim loudly over his growing sketch; ragged gamins clattered familiarly around him; devotees hurrying massward threw him curious glances in passing. He looked up now and then to smile into a wondering face, or to answer an insistent question; but he had sketched in too many and too various places to be really disturbed by anything short of an earthquake.

He often wondered afterward why, at a given moment, he should have leaned back, pushed his broad-brimmed felt hat from his forehead, and rested his sketching-pad deliberately on his updrawn knee. For the noise of their feet on the flagstones was lighter than the fall of leaves on summer grass—certainly as different as possible from the shuffle and clatter and clump-clump of sabot and shoe, heretofore passing and repassing; and these had hardly made an echo in his brain!

There were five of them. They had come up Rue Royale, and were just turning into the alley where he stood with his back against the shop of Monsieur Langlois. The two foremost might, he thought, be twins, they were so alike; equally tall and graceful, with magnolia-petal complexions, black hair, thick black eyebrows, and black eyes which shot him a glance from their corners in passing and then drooped demurely. The two who followed might also be twins; they likewise had black hair, which fell in schoolgirl plaits down their backs, and heavy black eyebrows, and great black eyes which shot him a quick cornerwise look and drooped. They were very beautiful, all these twins! They were quietly dressed, as became early churchgoers, but with perfect taste and elegance. Ellwood's artist eyes took instant note of this. The fifth girl, he decided at once, must be the governess. She wore a dark-blue calico frock; the felt of her small toque was quite coarse; so were the shoes that cased her pretty feet, showing under the edge of her skirt; and her gloves worn at the finger-tips. She walked with the *bonne*, an

ancient mulatress with wrinkled face, bent shoulders and shuffling steps.

The eyes of the governess were also black—but with an undefinable difference. They rested on him for a full second with a kind of divine friendliness; he knew by intuition that this was their habitual look at the world—and he saw the soft amber glints in their dark depths. Her hair was brown; little curly tendrils of it were blown across her face; she was tall—like the twins—and almost too slender, though that added to her fawnlike grace. Decidedly the governess was less beautiful than the four beautiful sisters, but—

They went on. Ellwood watched them turn into the side door of the Cathedral, the governess assisting the old *bonne* carefully up the stone steps; and presently he knew that the mass was begun; the smell of incense came floating down to him; there was the echo of the priest's sonorous voice, and finally the thin tinkling sound of a bell. He lifted his sketching-pad and resumed his work.

How exquisite the play of light and shade in yonder garden-corner! What an impossible January, with its mellow sunshine, its clustering roses, its bold orange-blossoms! What—ah! For something or somebody had stumbled over his foot. He uttered an ejaculation, dropping pencil and pad. Two chocolate-colored nuns were heading for their convent in Rue d'Orleans with a long tail of pink-bonneted orphan and "half-orphan" girls behind them; these were of every imaginable shade of black and yellow. The three-year-old tot who had stubbed her toe against his boot and tumbled in a wailing heap on the pavement was like nothing so much as a round, tawny puffball. His scattered senses had just rallied themselves sufficiently to indicate to him that he must pick the little creature up. He stooped, one hand going instinctively to his trousers' pocket; but a blue-clad figure darted into the confusion under his eyes, righted the puffball, brushed her dusty skirts vigorously, patted her, cooed at her, and gave her into the hands of a deprecating young nun. Then the governess flashed out angrily at himself: "*Maladroît!* How could you be so careless, Monsieur?" And then her face softened suddenly, and she smiled into his—such a smile!

He stood gaping after her, hat in hand, until the gamins, who had plucked the leaves out of his sketch-book and pocketed his pencils, shouted derisively: "*Oho! M'sieu! Nu-tête! Aha, M'sieu! Nu-tête!*"

By this time, following in the wake of the four beautiful sisters, she had vanished down Rue Royale. He had lost her! For although the next morning the same hour found him in the Alley of St. Antoine sketching a corner of the Cathedral garden, and although the gay-tigoned negresses waddled by on their way to the French market, and the gamins danced noisily around him, and hurrying devotees paused to glance at his sketch, and the orphans and half-orphans passed and repassed, and the smell of incense floated out to him from the Cathedral, with the tinkling echo of a bell—there were no beautiful sisters with their *bonne*; there was no governess!

Heaven alone knows how many times during the next ten days Ellwood sketched that clump of bananas, and the Cathedral towers, the green-latticed *presbytère* in the alley, General Andrew Jackson on his backward-rearing steed in the new-christened Place, and the yellow river beyond. Besides, he haunted Rue Royale, from his own lodgings, far down that historic street, to its egress into Canal Street. He paced the narrow banquettes of Rue Bourbon and the wide sidewalks of the Rue de l'Esplanade. All to no purpose. He had lost her.

At the very moment he made this discouraging admission to himself he found her.

He had opened his window one afternoon and stepped out upon the cagelike balcony that clung high up under the roof to the weather-stained brick wall; he looked up at the incredibly blue sky above, and sidewise at a coveted bit of wrought-iron railing on a neighboring gallery. "I have lost her—forever," he sighed, and dropped his eyes to the wide veranda of the stately mansion opposite. She was standing between two of her black-haired pupils; all three, embowered in blossoming vines, were leaning over the railing to wave a greeting to the two older twins who were just driving off down the street in an open landau; these were radiant in what Ellwood perceived to be reception toilettes; the younger twins wore dainty girlish house-gowns; she looked pathetically lovely in her blue calico frock.

She did not look up. Ellwood slipped back into his room and sat down trembling.

He interrogated his landlady. That portly *femme de couleur* beamed and nodded, shaking the great gold hoops in her ears. "Ho, yes, M'sieu! h' Ellwood. Eet ees one *ancienne famille*, the Bordenave."

The house, it appeared, belonged to Monsieur Urbain Bordenave, a banker *bien riche*; Madame Bordenave, his wife, was *bien gentille*, and Mesdemoiselles Bordenave, his daughters, *bien élevées*. "Ho, yes, M'sieu, *bien élevées*. I have know dose sister since zay are born, me!"

It was on the tip of Ellwood's tongue to ask about the governess. But somehow the words stuck in his throat. After that he saw her, himself unseen, many times, sometimes issuing from the lofty door of the Bordenave mansion; sometimes at a window high up under the roof, like his own, gazing out wistfully; often on the veranda below with the Bordenave family. He resented, at such times, as a personal offense, the contrast between the rich garments of "dose sister" and the humble apparel of their underling. "But at least they treat her kindly," he commented, noting how the white-haired banker, his wife and their daughters seemed to make one of themselves this young creature barred by poverty from the world in which they moved.

One morning, coming out of his own shadowy corridor into the street, he found large drops of rain pattering the flagstones. He was minded for a moment to go back. But he had a bit of sketching to do for his magazine at home; the sun, after its fashion in this semi-tropical latitude, might be shining fiercely in ten minutes! He pulled his hat down over his eyes and scurried along. The shower suddenly became a downpour—a remorseless sheet of water which tumbled earthward like a cataract turned loose. He braved it a second or so, then, stumbling aside, he took refuge in the deep embrasure of a closed *porte-cochère*. As he paused, shaking himself like a wet Newfoundland, his elbow came in rather rough contact with a shoulder which shrank away from it. The woman beside him uttered an impatient exclamation.

"*Maladroît!* How you are careless, Monsieur!"

"Oh! I beg pardon!" he cried, whirling about. Well, miracles do happen. There she was, dripping wet like himself, clasping a huge paper parcel in her arms. "Oh!" he stammered. And "Oh!" she breathed. And then there was an impressive silence.

"I am very awkward, Mademoiselle," he said. "Can you forgive me—a second time?"

"I am so *bouillante!*" she returned. "And your fine drawing. I have wanted to say—it was ruined. It was quite my fault." She was speaking breathlessly. "Such a beautiful drawing!"

"Oh, a trifle," he interrupted. "But it is beautiful," she persisted. "I have had it framed. It is in my—"

She stopped, blushing violently. "You have—?" he questioned wonderingly, and leaning toward her, for the noise of falling rain was deafening.

"The truth is," she admitted, with the air of one who has gone too far to retreat, "a—a friend of mine" (she did not say that this friend was Maum, the old *bonne*, whom she herself had dispatched thither for the purpose), "a friend of mine rescued the pieces of that drawing from those gamins" (she did not add, for a consideration), "and gave them to me. I pasted them together; oh, but so that you would never know the paper has been torn! I—I—wished to return it to you, Monsieur, but I could not find you. I did not even know your name—"

"Oh!" he cried, trying hard to keep down the rapture in his voice, "will you not do me the honor to keep it? It is but a scrawl. I am a stranger in the city," he added more quietly. "I am here sketching for a Northern magazine. My name is Ellwood—Vance Ellwood—of Richmond, Virginia."

"I am myself named Cecile Bordenave," she returned.

"A poor relation," he murmured within himself. "At least they might give her some of their cast-off clothes! Oh, but if I can win her, I will—"

Aloud he said: "This is a wonderful old place, this French town of yours."

"If the civic authorities would only furnish gondolas," she laughed.

The rain was still descending; from the gutter-spouts under the eaves, on either side of the street, great jets of water spurted in foamy arcs which almost met before they fell into the swirling flood below. The water, covering the car-tracks, had crept over the banquettes and splashed against the low stone step on which the refugees stood. The street looked like a river flanked with brick walls.

"And I must get home somehow," continued Cecile desperately. "I have been to the dressmaker's after a corsage which is to be worn at noon."

"How utterly shameful of them," thought Ellwood, "to send her on such an errand."

"Ah!" She clapped her hands in their wet gloves; for the sun all at once had broken through the rolling clouds and the rain had ceased. In a few moments the receding flood left the flagged sidewalks bare here and there. "If I could only get across that pool," she went on anxiously, "I could pick my way along."

"Must you go?" he demanded so ardently that she blushed and cast down her eyes.

"I must. Indeed I must. Helène will be waiting."

"Then permit me, Mademoiselle." He stooped, for he was a tall, vigorous fellow, and passed a respectful arm about her waist, then lifted her lightly, strode ankle-deep across the pool to the dry stones beyond, and set her gently down.

"How dare you, Monsieur?" she gasped, and without so much as another glance in his direction she sped like a frightened fawn down the street, regardless of the flood.

He dared not follow her. "Cecile Bordenave," he sighed.

"Cecile! the name just fits her. Shall I ever meet her again, I wonder? Of course not. Lightning does not strike twice in the same place!"

But it sometimes does! That same night he was formally presented to Miss Cecile Bordenave at a children's fête whither he had been dragged against his will by Victor La Fleur, one of his fellow-lodgers, a Creole, and an artist, like himself. "You will meet but a lot of young savages, my cousins. And a dozen or so of my uncles and aunts," said Victor. "But what of that? You must not—how do you say it?—mope in your chamber alone. Come, *mon ami*, come."

Ellwood's heart had already warmed to the pleasant, homelike atmosphere before he saw her. He had followed Victor's *vieux moustache* of a god-papa in a rollicking farandole down the long salon, and danced off with his partner, a grave, short-frooked miss, into the hall. There he came upon her, in her blue calico dress, leading some of the younger children through a *danse ronde*.

"*Ainsi font, font, font, Les petites marionnettes,*"

she sang in the sweetest voice in the world, looking at him with an unembarrassed smile over the ring of curly heads.

"Ah!" cried Victor, appearing from the salon: "ma cousine! This is my good friend, Mr. Ellwood. Mr. Ellwood, my cousin, Miss Cecile Bordenave."

"So Victor is your cousin," he remarked a little later, sitting down on a divan beside her. "How odd! I live in the house with him."

"Why, yes," she said; "everybody is everybody's cousin in the *viens carré*."

"Then if I remain in it long enough," he laughed, "I also may develop into cousinhood?"

"But I wish to be more—to you," was the thought which said itself plainly in his honest blue eyes. And he had just begun, or so it seemed to him, to utter aloud one or two of the thousand things he wished to say to her, when Marie and Suzanne, the younger Bordenave twins, appeared, coiled and shawled, and bore their governess away, because, forsooth, they had lessons on the morrow!

"How lovely your cousin is," Ellwood remarked casually, when he had said good-night to Victor's score of uncles and aunts, and was walking homeward under the stars with that favored mortal.

"Which cousin?" demanded Victor. As if there could be more than one! "Everybody is my cousin," continued the young Creole with a comprehensive outward sweep of his arms. "I will make you know them all, *mon ami*. Cecile Bordenave? Ah, my cousin Cecile is dedicated to poverty, you know." He laughed flippantly. "But my cousins Hélène and Claire Bordenave, they are butterflies, *whoof!*" He blew an imaginary kiss toward the silent Bordenave mansion opposite. "I shall take you to see them. It is worth while. My cousin Urbain, their father, has five plantations. How is that, *mon garçon*?" He poked Ellwood gleefully in the ribs.

Ellwood made no reply; his blood was boiling. The utter heartlessness of the boy!

He avoided the mercenary Victor in the days that followed. They were wonderful days in themselves—incomprehensibly sunny, unimaginably flower-scented, inconceivably soft, early-February days. And the first hints of the approaching Carnival were in the air; an outbreak of flags, yellow, green and purple, fluttering from gallery and housetop, foretold the coming of the mysterious Rex; crown-jewels of mysterious, unknown, unguessed queens glittered and sparkled in the jewelers' windows; there were even occasional anticipatory maskers, who darted out of gateways and disappeared within other gateways. Ellwood's pencil danced in his fingers, the eyes of him danced in his head, and the heart of him danced in his bosom. For Fate was favoring him. He met her almost daily, alone, except for bleary-eyed Maum, going to early mass at picturesque St. Augustine's, or fetching parcels—poor little dear!—from dressmaker or milliner. Once he sat with her a blissful half-hour in a florist's shop while she waited for the flowers which were to adorn one of the many ball-gowns of the Mesdemoiselles Bordenave. He had told her all about himself, pouring out by snatches the story of his life—his flight from the war-ridden home in Virginia into the working-world of New York, his early struggles and disappointments, his gradual rise in his chosen profession, his hopes, his aspirations, his dreams. She listened, with shining, sympathetic eyes; but she forbade him to come to see her at the Bordenave home. "Not yet," she persisted, in answer to his entreaties; "later—perhaps." He waited with feverish impatience for the removal of the ban.

Meanwhile the time was drawing on when he should have to set his face northward. And almost before he knew it, here was Mardi-gras—noisy, tumultuous, pleasure-crammed. Fat Tuesday! The night before he had looked down from his high window before setting forth to see one of the famous processions; he saw two carriages leave the door of the house opposite. Mesdemoiselles Hélène and Claire Bordenave occupied one, with Victor, irresponsibly gay, on the front seat; in the other sat Monsieur and Madame Bordenave with—yes, even her pupils, their black hair in plaits down their backs, were quite evidently going to the ball of the night! Cecile had come down to the street, with Maum, to see them off, and stood waving her hand after them until the carriages had disappeared. "Inhuman monsters!" exclaimed Ellwood, shaking his fist at the proud sisters. He longed to go over and comfort Cinderella in her ash-heap, but her prohibition and his own sense of delicacy forbade his calling upon the governess when the heads of the house were absent.

With this recollection in his mind he made his way along the crowded thoroughfare this Fat Tuesday morning, elbowed, jostled, jeered and danced around by a motley throng of masqueraders—plantation negroes, Wild West Indians, monks, nuns, harlequins, columbines and devils. His sketch-book, at the end of an hour, showed but a bit of a balcony over which swarmed a string of young monkeys, the corner of a float loaded with fantastic figures, creatures from some underworld, glittering in the sunlight, and a nook on a lady-laden club-gallery. Among the brilliantly-clad women seated on this last he saw Hélène and Claire Bordenave. He scowled and turned with sudden disgust into Rue Royale. "One more sketch of the Cathedral," he said to himself, entering the old Place d'Armes—now Jackson Square. But in his heart he knew that the remote chance of seeing her had brought him there.

And, in fact, a few moments later she came out of the gray old church, followed by Maum.

"You have been crying, Mademoiselle Cecile," he said abruptly, as he led her to one of the iron benches and seated himself beside her. The Square was quite deserted except for themselves and Maum, on her bench hard by; the whole world was making merry elsewhere. A flood of yellow sunshine filled the Place, bringing out the perfume of the orange flowers and the scent of the winter roses.

"You have been crying," he repeated sternly, looking at her swollen eyelids.

"Yes," she admitted frankly; "I have been crying—a little. I am very much ashamed—"

"What have they been doing to you?" he interrupted.

"They? Who?"

"Those Bordenaves—your cousins. I suppose they are your cousins?"

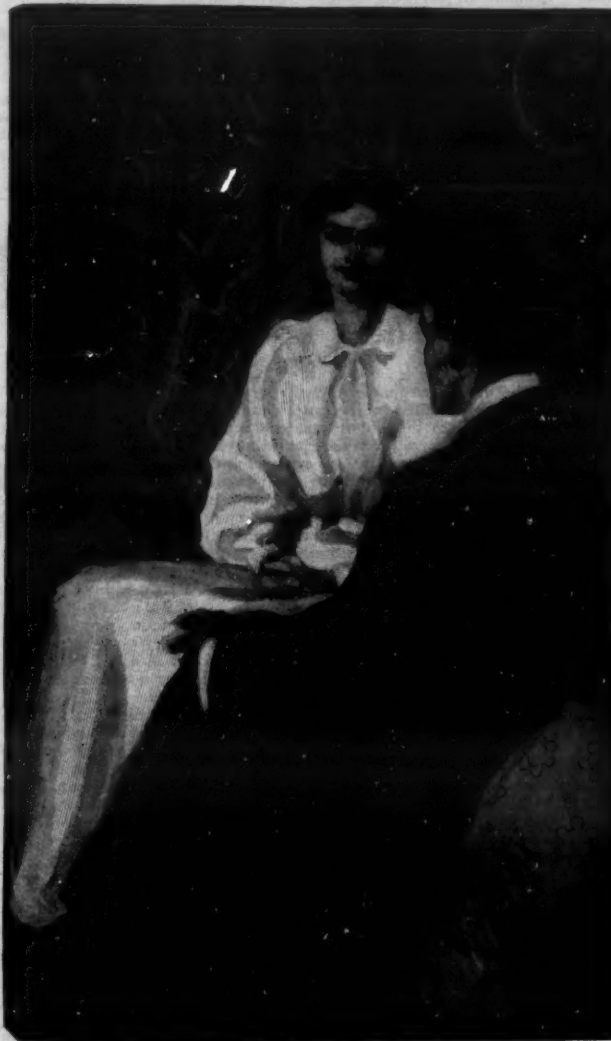
"Everybody is everybody's cousin in Frenchtown," she murmured.

"And especially," he continued, "those older twins."

"Twins!" She burst into laughter. There were, it appeared, no twins in the Bordenave family.

"So much the worse for them," he growled. He could not himself have explained this mysterious sentence. "Twins or no twins, it is shameful the way they treat you."

"Me!" She opened wide her beautiful amber-glinted eyes. "Why, they are the dearest girls in the world! They are adorably good to me!"



DRAWN BY JOHN VOLCOTT ADAMS

"Then if I remain in it long enough," he laughed, "I also may develop into cousinhood?" "But I wish to be more—to you," was the thought which said itself plainly in his honest blue eyes

"Sending you about to fetch and carry parcels—"

"Why, that!" she cried; "I like it. Since I cannot go into the big world, why I fairly jump at the chance to get out and work off my surplus energy—and temper. For," she sighed, "I have a temper. I am *bouillante*."

"And no wonder," he frowned, "with those disagreeable pupils."

"Marie and Suzanne? You forget, Monsieur, that they are my relatives."

"I don't care," he said recklessly; "I am sure they are disagreeable—your Bordenaves. Obliging you to wear the same calico frock all the time, while they—"

"But it is not the same, Mr. Ellwood. I have eight guinea-blue calico frocks with different-sized spots. This is the one I had on when I first met you. You should not quarrel with it, sir."

"Blessed blue-guinea calico!" he cried, kissing the edge of her sleeve; "its spots are fairer than the stars! Quarrel with it! I adore it. You shall be married in it!"

She started up, half frightened at the ardor with which he had seized her hand. No one was in sight except Maum, who was dozing under her tignon, and General Jackson, who looked down benignly from his backward-rearing steed.

"I am so glad you are poor, Cecile," the young artist said, when they finally arose to go. "If you had been a rich girl—like Mademoiselle Hélène, your cousin, for example—I never could have found courage to ask you to be my wife. You will not keep me waiting long?"

"But my pupils—Marie and Suzanne—"

"I forbid you to hear another lesson, Cecile! Inhuman monsters!" This last, half under his breath.

"Mr. Ellwood! Van! My cousins—"

"When may I come—for a betrothal kiss? And an interview with your cousin, Mr. Urbain Bordenave? For I suppose that will be necessary."

"Yes, that will be necessary." She spoke gravely, looking at him with moist eyes. "You may come to-morrow."

"Until to-morrow, then," he said, on leaving her at her own door. "To-night I must go to the ball. I have promised my editors a sketch of the royal court. But I shall be thinking of you, sweetheart."

"Even when you look at the Queen?" she lingered to say wistfully.

"Even when I look at the Queen."

From an upper box, a few hours later, Ellwood surveyed a dazzling scene. Tier upon tier, from pit to dome, the immense Theatre d'Orleans was, in the parlance of the Quarter, a *corbeille* of beautiful women, whose robes made an exquisite scheme of color, whose jewels flashed and sparkled, whose slowly waving fans stirred the perfumed air. Behind these the men stood in close and compact array, making a sombre background. It was the last of the great Carnival Balls; the parquet of the theatre, floored over for dancing and carpeted with white, had the appearance of some shining arena prepared for a Tourney of Hearts. As yet the drop-curtain hung between this rich-clad world and the mystic dream-world behind it. An orchestra, far up under the frescoed ceiling, had just begun a dreamy waltz-tune, when a tumultuous clapping of hands caused Ellwood to lean forward, furtively fingering the note-book in the pocket of his dress-coat. Something was happening in one of the proscenium boxes below where he stood.

"What is it?" he asked of a man near him, as the clapping was renewed, and a murmur, plainly of admiration, swept through the enormous throng. The waltz had given place to a triumphant march.

"The Queen!" returned the man excitedly. "The Queen has arrived! But I cannot tell you who she is," he added, leaning forward and trying vainly to see into the royal box. At that moment there came a sudden breathless hush. The curtain was going up. It rose majestically, as if to do honor to the scene beyond it. "Ah!" Ellwood's exclamation made one with an almost awe-struck chorus that thrilled the air. At the extreme rear of the stage, throned, as it were, like the archangel Uriel in the midst of the sun, robed in white and gold, and holding in his hand a golden cup, stood the King of the Masque. Beside him were his Grand Chamberlain and other officers of the court, and ranged to right and left, gleaming in "samite mystic wonderful," starred with orders, the knights and squires presented the splendid Story of Romance chosen for the occasion.

His Majesty bowed his head in recognition of the prolonged burst of applause; then there was another hush of expectation, while the Grand Chamberlain and his suite crossed the arena. "What are they doing now?" demanded several men, strangers like himself, around Ellwood.

"They are coming to fetch the King his Queen," returned the same good-humored native who had answered before.

Ellwood leaned over with his chance companions, and saw the three Maids of Honor, one after another, led forward; and finally the Queen herself stepped forth, and the small procession moved with stately grace toward the King on his golden throne.

Ellwood started slightly, looking down, then he shook his head, frowning, and leaned farther over the railing. He passed his hand over his eyes. The slender girlish figure, in its trailing

robe of gold-embroidered satin and heavy court mantle, seemed strangely familiar. The small, well-poised head with its wealth of dark hair amid which shone the royal crown—but—no, it could not, could not be! It was impossible!

"Who is she!" "Ah, but she is beautiful!" "A royal Queen indeed!" "Who is she?" Ellwood heard these comments and questions, but did not speak; his heart was beating spasmodically.

"Beautiful! I should say so!" There was a note of pride in the man's voice. "She is considered the most beautiful woman in the French Quarter. She is Mademoiselle Cecile Bordenave, the third of the beautiful Bordenave sisters—"

Ellwood heard no more. He clutched the railing, staring down with distended eyes. Yes, it was she. She had reached the steps of the throne, led by her royal consort, and

was turning to acknowledge the greeting of the court. He saw, as in a dream, the royal progress around the ballroom; the glittering pageant which followed; the slow, rhythmic Maskers' Dance; the gradual disappearance of the mummery into that nether world from which they had ascended; and finally, the authorized rush of the "black-coats," as the men not in masque are called, for the dancing-floor. The Queen still sat in the heart of the sun with her imperial lover, an admiring throng passing and repassing before them. Ellwood still stared at her. The ruins of his dream-castle were all about him; he had not even heard the crash, as wall and battlement tumbled; he could not even feel the debris under his feet; he could not think; he was conscious only of a dumb misery.

"Aha, Van, my boy!" Victor La Fleur slapped him heartily on the back. "I have been seeking for you everywhere. I wish to present you to my cousin, the Queen."

Ellwood shook him off savagely. "Excuse me, Victor," he said; "I must go home. I have an important engagement."

"Not so fast, *mon ami*," cried Victor gayly; "you will come with me. I am sent by Her Majesty. There is positively no escape."

Ellwood bowed low before her. "I am Your Majesty's humble servant," he said lightly. "Can I serve you in the Kingdom of New York, whither I go to-morrow before Your Majesty will have arisen?"

"My brief reign will have ended before to-morrow," she returned, looking at him with serious eyes. "That is why all the world obeys my orders to-night."

"A boon before I depart," he continued. "Your Majesty's pardon for certain stupid mistakes—"

"You will remain until I am disrowned, Mr. Ellwood,"

she interrupted imperiously, and presented him to the small group of men and women in immediate attendance upon her. He had no choice; he took the place indicated near her, and for an hour or more shared with well-assumed ease in the light talk which went on about him. Gradually the dancing drew away the others; the King himself condescended to tread a measure with one of the ladies-in-waiting, and at length they two, the Queen and the artist, were left practically alone in the vast gathering. "Are you not going to congratulate me—Van?" she asked, bending to him with a tremulous smile.

"I congratulate Her Majesty on the brilliance and beauty of her ball. And I congratulate Miss Cecile Bordenave on her success as an actress."

"Van!" she breathed reproachfully. "But I do not blame you, either. Only, listen. I never can tell you how dear it has all been. And that is why I could not bear to explain sooner. Since more than a month I have been *vouée à la pauvreté*—dedicated to poverty—"

"Dedicated to poverty?" He recalled Victor's phrase. "I—I do not understand."

"I know you do not. I saw that almost from the very first, but I did not deceive you because—well, it is a custom among us Creoles which I must explain to you. In case of some escape from peril—some mortal sickness, or accident, or to avert some impending danger—a mother will dedicate one of her children to poverty for a certain length of time; or a girl will dedicate herself in the same way. During this period the votary must wear plain, even common, clothes, which are afterward given to the poor, laying aside for the moment all her own things—jewels, flowers, silks, everything—giving up the social world, going to mass, and trying, at least, to perform some good deeds. There are five of us

sisters, you know" (Ellwood flushed painfully), "and one of us is usually wearing guinea-blue frocks! We have such a large connection" (she sighed a little plaintively), "and there is always an aunt or a cousin, or something, going on a journey, or safely returning from one; threatened with an illness or recovered from a fever! Last year it was Claire's turn; the year before Hélène dedicated herself. This year I volunteered when my godmother—oh, I confess I did rebel a little at first. But afterward—and when I met you, and you—oh, Van! Do you wish to take anything back, now that you know?"

She leaned forward, smiling with girlish gayety in his face. But she drew back frightened at his sombre look.

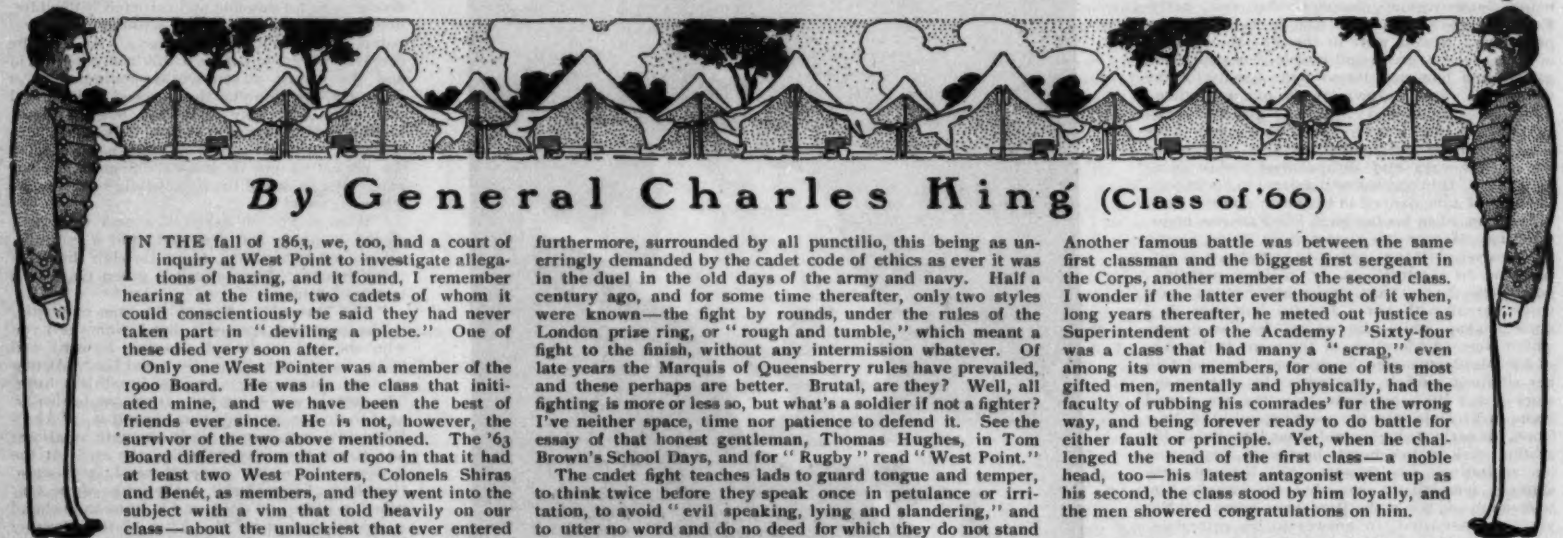
"Now that I know, I wish to take back everything," he said brusquely.

The color flamed into her cheeks; she threw up her crowned head proudly; but before she could utter the words on her lips, he went on: "I wish to take back everything, because nothing is the same as it was a few hours ago in the old Square—or as I thought it was. You were a governess in a blue calico frock. I was quite able to take care of you—to carry you to my dear old dilapidated home in Virginia, and afterward perhaps to a magnificent flat of four or five rooms in New York, and pour into your lap my magnificent earnings, and into your ears the foolish story of my love. Now, you are not only the jeweled Queen of a night, but the daughter of a wealthy banker, while I—"

"Hush!" The *douillante* tone which he knew so well was in her voice. He was sitting at her feet on a step of the dais; she drew aside her skirts. "You will take back nothing," she said; "I shall hold you to your promise."

"Yes, Your Majesty," he murmured. And he arose and seated himself beside her on the Golden Throne of Love.

West Point as it Was and Is—The Ethics of the Corps



By General Charles King (Class of '66)

IN THE fall of 1863, we, too, had a court of inquiry at West Point to investigate allegations of hazing, and it found, I remember hearing at the time, two cadets of whom it could conscientiously be said they had never taken part in "devilish a plebe." One of these died very soon after.

Only one West Pointer was a member of the 1900 Board. He was in the class that initiated mine, and we have been the best of friends ever since. He is not, however, the survivor of the two above mentioned. The '63 Board differed from that of 1900 in that it had at least two West Pointers, Colonels Shiras and Benét, as members, and they went into the subject with a vim that told heavily on our class—about the unluckiest that ever entered in our day and generation. It was only sixty strong in camp and was unmercifully "devilish" by the class of '65, numerically much stronger. It was the first class to be investigated when, in its turn, it did the usual amount of hazing. It was the first class to suffer the loss of more than half the allotted furlough in punishment for either actively devilish plebes or declining to state, as individuals, what had been the extent of our participation. It was finally graduated in '66, but just after the army had been filled from the Volunteers, and though many men of the class of '65 got their captaincies in two or three years, some of ours only reached theirs in thirty.

We had no friends outside the Point, no influence whatever, no one to care a rap how much we were deviled—indeed, we didn't care very much ourselves!—and in carrying out the old-time tradition of exercising rather more than his fellows the son of a military magnate, we were so unfortunate as to arouse the suspicion of that high and honored official that our pranks at the expense of his boy were intended as indignities personal to himself. No such affront was ever thought of, but—we suffered all the same.

Believing that a joke had been carried too far, the plebe in question challenged his laughing tormentor, fought it out, and couldn't lie when questioned by kinsfolk as to the resultant black eye. Challenger and challenged have been bosom friends for years as brother officers in a brilliant corps, but that contusion was believed to lead up to the investigation of '63 and to the many troubles that followed long after the original grievance was forgotten.

The Punctilio that Surrounds Cadet Fights

"But how *can* cadets fight?" asked a member of the Board of Visitors in '89. "Don't the regulations forbid it?" Certainly they do! And severe punishment is prescribed for those caught in the act, but—they are seldom caught.

A cadet affair of honor is about as square a fight with Nature's weapons as one can see in a coon's age. It is,

Editor's Note—This is the second of three papers by General King, showing life at West Point from the viewpoint of an army officer who was educated there.

furthermore, surrounded by all punctilio, this being as unerringly demanded by the cadet code of ethics as ever it was in the duel in the old days of the army and navy. Half a century ago, and for some time thereafter, only two styles were known—the fight by rounds, under the rules of the London prize ring, or "rough and tumble," which meant a fight to the finish, without any intermission whatever. Of late years the Marquis of Queensberry rules have prevailed, and these perhaps are better. Brutal, are they? Well, all fighting is more or less so, but what's a soldier if not a fighter? I've neither space, time nor patience to defend it. See the essay of that honest gentleman, Thomas Hughes, in Tom Brown's School Days, and for "Rugby" read "West Point."

The cadet fight teaches lads to guard tongue and temper, to think twice before they speak once in petulance or irritation, to avoid "evil speaking, lying and slandering," and to utter no word and do no deed for which they do not stand ready to fight at the drop of the hat.

Gives the big bully too much power? Not a bit of it! I never knew a school where the bully was sent so promptly to Coventry. Only twice in my four years' cadetship saw we anything that looked like bullying. In one case the man in fault was cut and shunned by the whole Corps as a result. In the other, "a man of his own size" promptly called the bully to account, and from that day on his path was downward to the speedy end. Cadets must be nearly matched in weight, size or skill or they cannot fight at all—the Corps won't have it! With his year of gymnastic training the yearling is now generally too much for the plebe, but not always.

Where the Battles are Fought Out

Fort Clinton, with its high parapets and grassy inclosure, was the favorite battleground of the old days, except in mid-winter, though the meet sometimes came off in Battery Knox or Kosciuszko's Garden. Cadet pickets were always on the alert to give warning of the coming of officers. Each principal had his seconds; and a cadet captain, or at least a first classman, acted as referee. No surgeon attended. Cadets severely pummeled went to hospital and got excused from military duty for a day or two on the score of "contusions"—and no questions asked. No time was wasted after the men reached the ground. All preliminaries had been settled elsewhere. Coats and caps were doffed; rings, if worn, removed. The lads faced each other, the referee gave the word "Go!" and it was, hot and heavy, until one at last became so exhausted that his seconds cried "Enough." Then, time and again have principals and seconds shaken hands and become staunch friends. A square fight settled once and for all what would elsewhere or otherwise have proved a long, snarling feud.

Famous fights there were in the war days. I mind me of one gallant fellow whose dash and valor at Santiago won him the double stars, who, when a second classman, dared to fling down the gauntlet to the toughest customer, with one possible exception, in the senior class; and that combat was a stunner. Science, agility and pluck told over weight, years and experience, and the first class colors were lowered.

Laying Low a Cadet Hercules

Another famous battle was between the same first classman and the biggest first sergeant in the Corps, another member of the second class. I wonder if the latter ever thought of it when, long years thereafter, he met out justice as Superintendent of the Academy? 'Sixty-four was a class that had many a "scrap," even among its own members, for one of its most gifted men, mentally and physically, had the faculty of rubbing his comrades' fur the wrong way, and being forever ready to do battle for either fault or principle. Yet, when he challenged the head of the first class—a noble head, too—his latest antagonist went up as his second, the class stood by him loyally, and the men showered congratulations on him.

A battle royal was that between the champion of our class, long since laid low in Indian battle, and "the strong man from Baltimore"—a cadet who was never graduated, but who achieved distinction of another kind as a Sandow of the Sixties. Our man won in a round of furious fighting, for he had hitting power and science to pit against the Marylander's Herculean strength.

The longest fight was one of the few West Point affairs that had a woman at bottom. Both combatants had to be aided to hospital when the thing was over, and they were put into adjoining beds in a little ward all to themselves, so that reconciliation was not long in coming. A brilliant battle, for both were pretty boxers, was that in '62 between a cadet lieutenant of Company "A," now high in the Staff Corps, and a cadet private of the same company whose name is known around the globe, and not only because of his being the head of a great railway. A fierce battle was that in '61 (informally refereed by Custer, kept back several days after the graduation of his class), wherein a plucky plebe pitched into the head of the senior class, a soldier who won the stars of a brigadier for daring on a dozen fields before ever his younger antagonist had doffed the cadet gray; and they became warmest friends before ever the senior graduated.

Press correspondents, who professed to be incensed with the censor of their dispatches at Manila in the spring of '99, probably little imagined that that most affable and courteous official was one of the best middle-weight boxers ever graduated from the Point. They had not witnessed, as I did, his memorable battle with a bigger man in "A" Company street one summer afternoon in '65. The system that prevails to-day of choosing a man to represent a classmate who has been affronted by a heavier weight of another class is not new, and generally the match-makers are fair.

Once, in '64, the yearlings forced a fight on a most gallant lad who had easily whipped one of their number. I saw the first affair. The yearling was much the bigger man, and emphatically the aggressor. The plebe was slim, light built, blue-eyed, almost boyish looking, but he had been picked out for bravery from the cavalry of a brave Western State,

and in less than five minutes had his tall oppressor in chancery, and the yearling had sufficient sense to cry enough. A few days later the plebe was called out by a classmate of the defeated cadet. Now, in justice to the challengers, it must be said that their man had hitherto made no display of fistic ability at West Point, although his physique was superb. The plebe, too, had won a battle over a bigger man. I'm glad I didn't see the fight that followed. Iowa was clearly outclassed by Ohio from the start, but was never whipped until, after forty minutes of superb defensive battling, human endurance could stand no more. Both combatants had won distinction in the Western Volunteers, but Ohio had every advantage in point of years, weight and, as it turned out, science and skill. His was the temporary, but Iowa's the lasting victory, for the latter was never challenged or hazed again. No man in my day at West Point was held in higher honor.

Cadet ethics have, or had, their peculiarities. To lie, to sneak or to steal are crimes unforgivable. The lad guilty of any one of them—goes. Even though court martial should hesitate to convict; even though the maturer minds of commissioned officers sitting in judgment give the accused the benefit of a possible doubt and refuse to dismiss, the Corps knows no such sophistry. Cut, ostracized and held in contempt, the culprit dwells alone. The Corps gives him a "silence" that some few may stagger under to the day of graduation and then live to redeem their name, but in most cases the silent ostracism of the battalion is sufficient to crush and the lad resigns. When marked copies of papers begin to come from that fellow's congressional district, and West Point is held up for all manner of crimes, it is not hard to fix the authorship. Our class "ran out" a versatile youth in '63 for thieving right and left. He stood self-confessed when confronted with the array of evidence, and I should be declared a scoffer at sacred things were I to say where next he appeared.

It may be remembered that when a British officer ran away in South Africa and left the young Prince Imperial to his fate, a court martial had to acquit him because of a technicality, but when his comrades sent him to Coventry he resigned.

Christians Respected at West Point

Right here let me say that some of the noblest and purest Christians I ever knew avowed their faith while cadets at West Point, and were stalwart fighters, too. Upton, Parsons and Hulbert G. Townsend, whose lamented death in '63 threw the whole Corps into mourning, were men who could and did fight as well as pray. There never lived a merrier spirit, a more "pranksome" fellow at the expense of the plebes, and a more practical Christian, than the present revered head of a most important department at the Point, and there was never a case of the stricken, or even the guilty, that he did not do his best to relieve, no matter how unpopular the subject.

But it is hard for the layman to understand the Code of the Corps. Be ready to fight, yet never seem too eager, was the creed, and very delicate was the adjustment between the extremes. Any imputation of falsehood called for instant satisfaction. A sneer was tantamount to open insult. A blow could never be withdrawn and apologized for. It must be "fought out." To talk behind a man's back was womanish, intolerable. "Don't come to me to say what you think of Brown," was the impatient snub to the would-be slanderer. "There he is. Go tell him yourself." In other words, never say of a man what you didn't say to him. Another thing, if you had anything to say to a man by way of objection or criticism, it must be said fairly, squarely and openly, never mumbled, muttered or spoken in an aside. "Speak out or shut up" was the lesson taught from the start. As for fighting because of mere hazing, it was held to be uncalled for. No insult was intended unless a plebe in some way angered an older cadet, and this led to his being ducked or having hands laid on him. Then a challenge was expected. If it came under other circumstances, why, of course, said the Corps, it must be honored, but the situation was not such as to demand it. These are things at which we may smile, and our detractors sneer to-day, but they served their purpose. Truth, honor, courage and manhood were developed, and they are the cardinal virtues of the American soldier.

Census Disclosures

By Samuel E. Moffett

THE steady drift of population toward the cities, noticeable not only throughout American history but throughout the world, is as marked as ever in the returns of the census of 1900. The increase in the population of the larger cities is less than it was in the decade from 1880 to 1890, but it is far in advance of that for the country as a whole. Indeed, in many States the entire increase is in the cities and towns, and the rural population shows an actual decline.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers by Mr. Moffett, the first of which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of January 12.

In the State of New York almost two-thirds of the entire population live in cities of over 25,000 inhabitants. A clear majority of all the people of the State are found in two cities of over 350,000, and almost half in a single municipality of 3,437,202. A majority of the inhabitants of Massachusetts and Rhode Island are settled in cities of over 25,000, and if the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and the District of Columbia be considered as one territory, as they really are, a majority of their people will be found in the same condition. They have 21,248,279 inhabitants in all, or between a third and a fourth of the total population of the United States, and 10,855,747 of these, or 231,607 more than a majority, are residents of cities of over 25,000 inhabitants.

The urban growth would have been much more striking than it has been but for the development of transportation facilities that enable so many of the people who work in the cities to live in the suburbs. Every great city has its ring of suburban towns that have grown more rapidly than itself. New York has grown at the rate of 37.8 per cent., the larger part of which is strictly suburban; Yonkers at the rate of 49.6 per cent. Philadelphia has gained 23.5 per cent.; Camden 30.2 per cent. Boston has gained 25 per cent.; Cambridge 31.2 per cent. San Francisco has gained 14.6 per cent.; Oakland 37.5 per cent.

The United States is now far in the lead of all other countries in the number of its great centres of population. There are only two cities in the world of over three million inhabitants each, and we have one of them. There are only eleven in all of over a million; we have three. No other country has over two. If we take Germany, Austria and France, which have in the aggregate almost double our population, we find that they have, all put together, three cities of over a million people each against our three, two of from half a million to a million against our three, eight of from a quarter to half a million against our nine, and thirty-two of from 100,000 to 250,000 against our twenty-three. Nowhere but in the United States are there a New York, a Chicago and a Philadelphia under one flag.

Two of the most remarkable cases of advance among the large cities are those of St. Joseph and Los Angeles, which have gone up respectively from fifty-fourth place to thirty-fourth, and from fifty-sixth to thirty-sixth. The most remarkable retrogression is that of Omaha, which has gone back from twentieth to thirty-fifth place. Of the 159 cities

containing more than 25,000 inhabitants each, only seven, Omaha, Albany, Troy, Saginaw, Lincoln, Sioux City and Bay City, have had an absolute decline.

With a few exceptions, such as Los Angeles, Memphis, Portland (Oregon), Seattle and Spokane, the most rapidly growing cities fall into two distinct groups, one in the Central West, especially in the lake region, and the other in the Northeast. Many towns in New England have increased at the rate of over fifty per cent.: New Bedford, for instance, with a growth of 53.2 per cent.; Somerville, Massachusetts, with 53.5 per cent.; Waterbury, Connecticut, with 60; Hartford with 50, and New Britain with 57.3. This has upset the old calculations, according to which the Eastern States were generally to come to a standstill, like a run-down clock, while all the expanding energies of the country poured into the far West. Now that the people are gathering into the cities, the limit of density of population has been pushed indefinitely into the distance. Eastern Massachusetts is practically one vast city. The average density of its population is nearly six hundred to the square mile, which is more than that of any country of Europe. And still it grows more rapidly than the new States of the prairies, and its pace is steadily accelerating.

It is curious to see how some States gather their urban population into great single masses while others scatter it among a number of smaller centres. Maryland has only one city of over 25,000 inhabitants, but that one contains 508,957 people. Iowa has six cities of over 25,000 each, but all of them together have only 218,259. Louisiana has one city of 287,104 inhabitants; the adjoining State of Texas has five cities of over 25,000, with only 205,069 in all.

Remarkable Coincidences in Growth

There have been many remarkable coincidences in this growth of cities. In 1890 Atlantic City had 13,055 inhabitants, and Passaic 13,028. In 1900 Atlantic City had 27,838 and Passaic 27,777. The rate of growth was precisely the same for both—113.2 per cent.

Kansas City, Rochester and St. Paul had respectively 132,716, 133,156 and 133,896 in 1890. In 1900 they had 163,752, 163,065 and 162,608.

Cleveland and Buffalo have run a very close race for twenty years, with the Ohio city just a lap ahead all the time. In 1880 Cleveland had 160,146 inhabitants to Buffalo's 155,134. In 1890 Cleveland had risen to 261,353 and Buffalo to 255,664. In 1900 Cleveland's population was 381,768 and Buffalo's 352,387.

But the most remarkable case of all is that of Detroit and Milwaukee. These two cities have held the same relative rank for five successive censuses. In 1860 they were nineteenth and twentieth, in 1870 eighteenth and nineteenth, in 1880 the same, in 1890 fifteenth and sixteenth, and in 1900 thirteenth and fourteenth. In 1850 Detroit had 21,017 inhabitants and Milwaukee 20,061. In 1860 the figures were 45,617 and 45,246; in 1870, 71,577 and 71,440; in 1880, 116,340 and 115,587; in 1890, 205,876 and 204,468, and in 1900, 285,704 and 285,315.

The old rivalries between Chicago and St. Louis and between Minneapolis and St. Paul have ended in the unquestioned supremacy of Chicago, which now has about three times the population of St. Louis, and in the marked superiority of Minneapolis, which has a fourth more inhabitants than St. Paul. Thirty years ago St. Louis and Chicago were neck and neck, with St. Louis a trifle in the lead—310,864 to 298,977. Twenty years ago Minneapolis had only 46,887 inhabitants to St. Paul's 41,473, and ten years before that St. Paul was ahead with 30,030 against 18,079 for Minneapolis.

A later rivalry was that between Seattle and Tacoma. In 1880 these were villages of 3533 and 1098 inhabitants respectively. In 1890 Seattle had 42,837 people and Tacoma 36,006. The race was hot then, and each town felt certain that it was to be the future metropolis of the Pacific Northwest. Now Seattle has 80,671 inhabitants, a gain of 88.3 per cent. in ten years, and Tacoma has 37,714, a gain of only 4.7 per cent. The contest seems to be over, and apparently we shall all have to say "Mount Rainier" instead of "Mount Tacoma," distasteful as that barbarism will be to many of us.

A comparison of the roll of cities now with that at the time of our first census, in 1790, discloses some strange mutations of fortune. In 1790 the fourth city in the United States was Charleston, South Carolina, now the sixty-eighth. The seventh was Salem, Massachusetts, now the one hundred and tenth. There were only six cities of over 8000 inhabitants; not even a village west of the Alleghenies had a place on the census roll, and even in the East there was no Jersey City, Newark or Washington. If one had been asked in those days what were the important cities of America he would have mentioned, in addition to those giant centres of population, New York with its 33,131 inhabitants, Philadelphia with its 28,522, and Charleston with its 16,359, such flourishing towns as Newport, Providence, Taunton, Richmond, Albany, New Bedford, Haverhill and Lynn. If you had spoken of Chicago the well-informed American would not have been at a loss. "Oh, yes," he would have said, "you mean the portage where the Indians carry their canoes from Lake Michigan to the Illinois River."



Love's Alphabet

By Edwin L. Sabin

A the Art of man and maid,
B the Blush, so fair, displayed,
C the Challenge in the eyes,
D the Dart that quick replies,
E—but why the rest recall?
The rest is E-Z: that is all.

OUR CITIES IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Washington—its Present and its Future



PHOTO BY CLINEHIST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Front view of the White House



FROM THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM H. BAY, PHILA.

The Washington Monument



PHOTO BY CLINEHIST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The National Capitol

THE District of Columbia is the national capital. The city of Washington is the immediate seat of the Government of the United States. The Federal District, which was provided for in the Constitution, and in the act of Congress of 1790, was originally, as selected by President Washington out of the territory on the Potomac offered by Maryland and Virginia, ten miles square. But since the retrocession, in 1846, of the territory on the Virginia side of the Potomac, the land area of the District amounts to about seventy square miles. The District of Columbia, placed by the Constitution in the exclusive control of Congress, is governed, under the act of Congress of 1878 (which the Supreme Court of the United States has termed "the Constitution of the District of Columbia"), by a Board of three Commissioners, one of whom is always an officer of high rank of the Corps of Engineers of the Army, the other two being civilians, appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. The Commissioners serve for a term of three years, under the direction of the President, to whom they make an annual report; but the District has been held, nevertheless, by the United States Supreme Court, to be a municipal corporation. Under the act of 1878 the people of the District of Columbia lost the elective franchise, and the United States Government, which owns more than one-half of the land of the District, and had paid no taxes and made no regular contribution to the expenses of the District for seventy-eight years, promised to pay one-half of the expenses for the future. Before that time there had been no permanent government for the District of Columbia, and very little recognition of it in Congressional legislation, except during the period from 1871 to 1874, when Congress maintained a full-fledged territorial form of government, with a legislature, a delegate in Congress and a Governor. The Commissioners of the District of Columbia are the successors of the Governor of the District of Columbia and not of the Mayor of Washington, who was the chief ruler of the District of Columbia before 1871. It seems necessary to repeat these facts about the government of the District of Columbia because so many educated people do not seem to know them. It is a constant cause of surprise to Americans, as well as foreigners, that there is no voting for any political officer in the District of Columbia, and comparatively few people seem to understand that the city of Washington has no government except that of the District of Columbia.

The Growth and Beauties of Washington

now includes Georgetown, the old Scotch town that antedates the District of Columbia, and which is the seat of the famous old institution of the Jesuits, Georgetown College. It also includes several smaller places, and has spread out over the hills to the north of the old-time city limits until it is almost coterminous with the District of

Under the present form of government, the District of Columbia, so long retarded in its development by the neglect of the general Government, has greatly improved, and has nearly doubled in population and in wealth. The city of Washington

Columbia. At the present rate of growth practically the entire District of Columbia, outside of the park reservations, will in fifty years be built up with the city of Washington. The rapid transit provided by what is considered the best street railway system in the United States, all underground electric, there being no overhead trolleys within the city limits, has made the suburbs available, and, in some respects, the most desirable residence quarters, especially in hot summers when the elevation of one or two hundred feet above the old city, which is almost at tide level, makes a delightful difference.

Besides the suburbs within the District line, there are a dozen prosperous towns and villages a few miles out, along the lines of the railroads entering Washington, which are practically part of the District; while Alexandria, and even the city of Baltimore, which is only forty-five minutes away on the railroad, are used as places of residence by many people in Government employ or in private business.

The official reports of the United States census taken in June last give the population of the District as 278,718, but there is every reason to believe that this is at least 10,000 less than the real number, for fully that many people would be away for the summer on the first of June. The census of all large cities ought to be taken on the first of January.

While the District of Columbia is primarily a place for government and residence uses, it has considerable manufacturing and commercial interests, although it sells very little to the outside world.

An Industry that no Panic can Affect

The great industry, so to speak, is that of the United States Government, which gives employment to about 20,000 persons, to whom is paid about \$23,000,000 a year, which gives the unique economic condition of practical commercial stability. No matter what panics or industrial depressions may occur in the country, the business of the Government goes on and the steady stream of Government expenditure continues, increased in volume from time to time when any new public building is erected or any other unusual outlay is made. It is estimated that, besides salaries, the Federal Government expended in the District of Columbia during the century just closed about \$200,000,000, the greater portion for Government buildings, Government parks and other things owned absolutely by the Government, although since 1878 it has paid on an average about \$3,000,000 a year as its share of the general expenses of the government of the District of Columbia. It is interesting to know that the total valuation of all property in the District of Columbia is about \$410,000,000, of which about forty-seven and one-half per cent. is taxable, the rest belonging to the United States, and being, therefore, exempt. These figures represent a considerable amount of capital invested in commercial and manufacturing enterprises demanded by the local needs. The 2295 manufacturing establishments reported in the census of ten years ago produced a product valued at \$39,296,259, on an aggregate capital of \$28,876,258, and it is believed that there has been a large increase since that time.

PHOTO BY CLINEHIST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

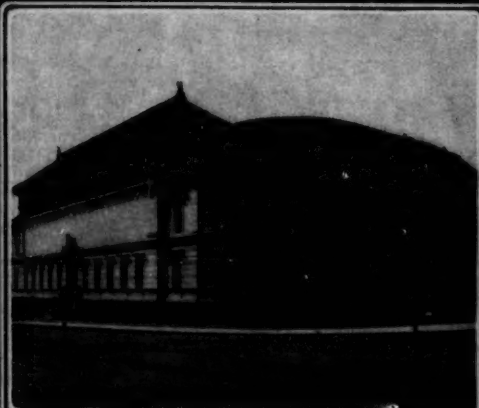
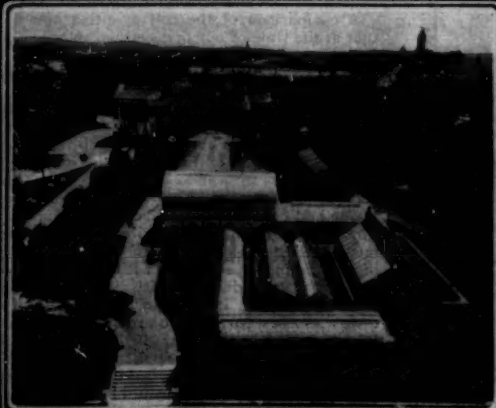
The White House Conservatories

PHOTO BY CLINEHIST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Corcoran Art Gallery

PHOTO BY CLINEHIST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Pennsylvania Avenue, looking east from the Treasury Department



By **HENRY B. F. MACFARLAND**

President of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia

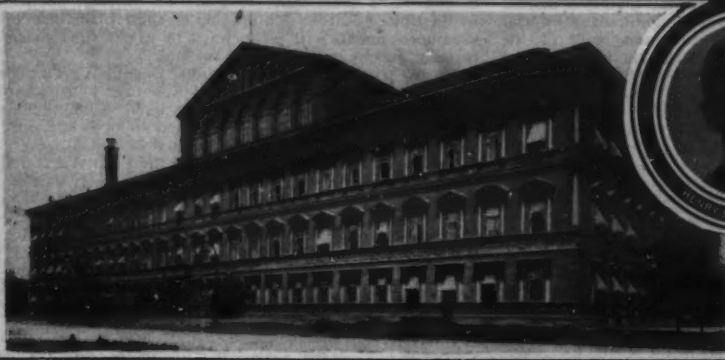


PHOTO BY OLIVERHUNT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Pension Bureau



PHOTO BY OLIVERHUNT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Treasury Department

But Washington is not the place to make fortunes and people do not come to Washington for that purpose. It is rather a resort; first, for the winter months, and then for most of the year, of people who have made fortunes, small or great, in the distinctively commercial or manufacturing cities elsewhere. Since, under the Civil Service Act of 1883, as administered with more or less fidelity by every President, the tenure of the civil servant in the executive departments has been made stable, it is probable that more people come to Washington merely to reside than come to seek or to take offices, except when the Census Bureau is organized, once in ten years, when, for a short time, a large temporary force of clerks is employed. The heads of the departments and the higher officials change with the political complexion of the Administration, but the great majority of the subordinates remain from one Administration to another, and, with their families, amount to something less than a third of the entire population of the District of Columbia. The other two thirds are made up of the people of leisure, those engaged in commercial and manufacturing enterprises, and the servants and laborers.

A Government Without Rings or Bribery

The government of the District of Columbia is the best in the United States, since there are no political bosses or rings, and neither bribery nor corruption. The cosmopolitan character of its social life is due to the presence of the Government, the Diplomatic Corps, prominent officers of the Army and Navy, and visitors from all over the United States and the world. Intellectual opportunities are afforded by the Library of Congress, by the great scientific collections of the Government, by the colleges, and by the scientific societies, which are maintained by scientists in Government employ, who are more numerous than in any other city in the United States, if not in the world. The opportunity of hearing the debates in Congress, the frequent interesting spectacles and gatherings of distinguished men, the mild climate and the peculiar attractiveness of the beautiful city and its surroundings, bring to Washington every year an increasing number of most desirable citizens. They find that it has admirable churches and a fine public school system, besides excellent private institutions of learning, first-class newspapers, good clubs and all the other necessities of a modern city. They find that it has efficient municipal service—street, fire, police and scavenger; good lighting arrangements, and a fairly good water supply and sewage system. Its parks and its hundred thousand trees, the noble Government buildings and the fine private residences, all free from the soot and dirt which make some cities so unattractive, are always praised. Yet Washington, beautiful though it is, can be improved, and those who love it best are the most anxious to see improvements made.

Some of them, long desired, are already under way. Mr. Andrew Carnegie's gift of \$350,000 and the appropriation by Congress of part of a small park in the centre of the city make possible the free public library which Washington has never had. It is now under

construction and will be ready for use in March, 1902, when, for the first time, the residents of Washington will have a first-class circulating library; for except for the use of Congressmen and a limited number of officials, no books are allowed to leave the Library of Congress.

Millions to Abolish Grade Crossings

The abolition of grade crossings on the steam railroads within the District of Columbia, for which the citizens and the Commissioners have been laboring so long, will probably be provided for at this session by act of Congress, and soon be begun under plans whose carrying out will cost about \$11,000,000, including the expenditure on two new railway stations. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has had a station near the Capitol for over half a century, and has occupied, in a great Y, a good deal of the northeast portion of the city and the District. The Pennsylvania Railroad, or, rather, the Baltimore and Potomac, which it operates, has had, since 1876, a station on the Mall just south of Pennsylvania Avenue, and its tracks have occupied streets in southeast Washington, while the Southern railroads, connecting with it over the Long Bridge, have occupied streets in southwest Washington. The "servitude" thus imposed upon the streets of Washington has been more than a legal term. It has cost human lives every year; it has hindered the advancement of large sections of the city; it has caused vast annoyance and inconvenience. Of late years the railroad companies have shown a desire to change all this by doing away with the grade crossings, and after much discussion and negotiation between their representatives and those of Congress and of the District of Columbia, plans have been agreed upon which have been embodied in legislation. Under these bills, all the tracks are to be either depressed or elevated so as to abolish grade crossings within the District of Columbia, and two handsome terminal stations are to be erected. These features of the legislation are, of course, very popular in the District of Columbia. But the provision made for partial compensation to the railroads is not so generally approved. Under this provision, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is to receive a million and a half in money; half to be paid by the United States and half by the District of Columbia; and the Pennsylvania Railroad is to receive rights in the park known as the Mall, and in certain streets, which are estimated to be worth two million dollars. The railroads, of course, contend that they are making the changes in response to public demand and not primarily for their own advantage, and that this is only just compensation.

Pressing Need for a New Water Supply

Perhaps the most pressing needs of the District of Columbia are a better water supply and a better system for the disposal of sewage. Plans for the extension of the water supply service, and for a filtration plant in connection with it, have been matured by the United States Army Engineers charged with the task, and work under the plans for the former has been begun. A scientific

The Smithsonian Institution

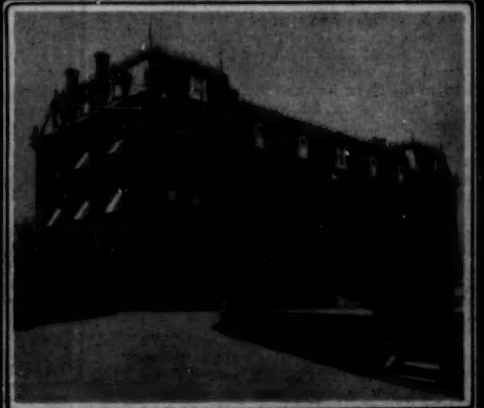
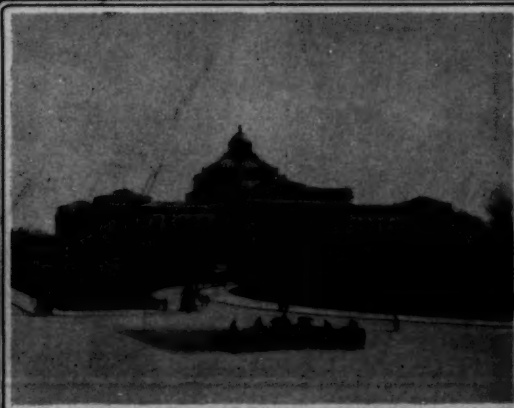
PHOTO BY OLIVERHUNT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Congressional Library

FROM THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM V. BAY, PHILA.

The Agricultural Department

PHOTO BY OLIVERHUNT, WASHINGTON, D. C.



system for the sanitary disposition of the sewage of the city has also been planned by the United States Army Engineers, and is partially completed. But it is regarded by everybody in Washington as very desirable that all these plans should be executed more expeditiously than the appropriations made by Congress have hitherto permitted, and in the name of the health and comfort of the city the Commissioners of the District have asked Congress to provide means for larger annual expenditures on this account, so that the work may be completed at the earliest possible day. The Commissioners coupled with these two projects the great need of the government of the District for a building for its offices. The District government has never had a building of its own, but since the organization of the Territorial government, in 1871, has gone from one rented building to another, and is now paying a large annual rental for inadequate quarters, which are not fireproof, and in which are necessarily stored archives and records (including all the records of the underground constructions) that could not be replaced except at a great cost, if at all. The need for a District government building has been admitted for years by Congress after Congress, but lack of money, or, perhaps, lack of interest, has prevented Congress from providing for it. Now, however, there is, apparently, a desire on the part of Congress to meet this need, and it is hoped that the purchase of a suitable site and the erection of a worthy building will soon be authorized.

The very successful celebration on the twelfth of December, 1900, of the centennial of the establishment of the seat of government in the District of Columbia, in which the President, his Cabinet, the Supreme Court, Congress, the Diplomatic Corps, the Governors of the States and Territories, and the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, with others, participated, strongly drew the attention not only of the National Government but of the entire country to the District of Columbia, and gave it an interest which it has never had before. This was apparent in the new vigor infused into all projects for the beautification of the city of Washington and its surroundings. The intense pride of the nation in its capital, and its generous purpose to make it all that it ought to be, were brought out clearly by this celebration,

which gave a great stimulus to all ideas for the improvement of the District of Columbia, especially on the aesthetic side. The speeches delivered during the celebration, at the Executive Mansion and at the Capitol, dwelt on this, and immediately afterward propositions were broached in both houses of Congress for the creation of a commission of experts to form plans for the enhancement of the beauty of the District on a more comprehensive scale than ever before. The construction of the proposed magnificent memorial bridge to connect the city of Washington, west of the Executive Mansion, with Arlington, across the Potomac; the improvement of the parks, and especially of the Mall, extending from the Capitol to the White House, and of what is called Potomac Park, a great tract of land reclaimed from the former "flats" or marshes; and suggestions for the sites of future Government buildings with regard to their relation to other architecture, are among the subjects which, it was proposed, such a commission of experts should consider, together with the question as to whether the Executive Mansion should be enlarged, and if so, how, or whether some other provision should be made elsewhere for the better accommodation of the President of the United States, whose private quarters in the Executive Mansion are entirely too small, and who also needs larger apartments for the exercise of official hospitality.

The experts might also take into consideration the grouping and distribution of a number of Government buildings which have long been urgently required. Indeed, every one of the great executive departments has had to rent buildings, and ought to be provided with new ones. The rentals paid by the Government in the District of Columbia are more than the interest on a sum sufficient to construct all the new buildings that are needed by the Government.

It is evident that the improvements which might be called local to the District of Columbia, including, besides those which have been enumerated, the completion of the harbor work on the Potomac River and the proper treatment of the Eastern Branch, or Anacostia River, on which the United States Navy Yard is situated, cannot be made promptly and properly with the annual revenues of the District of

Columbia and the corresponding appropriations out of the National Treasury. The Commissioners of the District of Columbia have recommended to Congress that one of two plans be adopted for providing the necessary money: first, that it be advanced from the United States Treasury, the District's half to be repaid in annual installments without interest; or, second, that two per cent. bonds be issued for the District's half, with principal and interest guaranteed by the United States. Unless one of these plans be adopted the improvements will go forward in a very unsatisfactory manner, and be more costly in the end.

The District of Columbia is, to use Senator Vest's phrase, "the eternal capital of the eternal Republic." It is hard to realize now that the removal of the national capital to Senator Vest's own State of Missouri was talked about as late as thirty years ago. The removal of the national capital, however, has never been seriously considered since the Civil War. As the nation expanded across the continent in the early part of the century the proposition to remove the capital to a more central point, in order to provide for better communication, seemed entirely natural, especially as the District of Columbia was not then attractive. But the steamboat, the locomotive and the telegraph destroyed the argument for removal based on distance in time and space. Then, when the North and South had contended in the Civil War over the national capital, it became impossible to remove it. Washington had become not only the seat of the Government, but of the sovereignty of the nation. It symbolized the preserved Union.

The future of the national capital is as bright as the future of the nation. It is certain to grow in size and beauty, and to have continued prosperity. At the end of its second century it may have a million inhabitants, and it will certainly have such wealth and attractiveness as can hardly be imagined now. It may become necessary to enlarge the present District of Columbia, not only by securing again what Virginia gave and then took back, but perhaps by enlarging the original boundaries, with the cooperation of Maryland and Virginia. It will be the most splendid capital in the world.

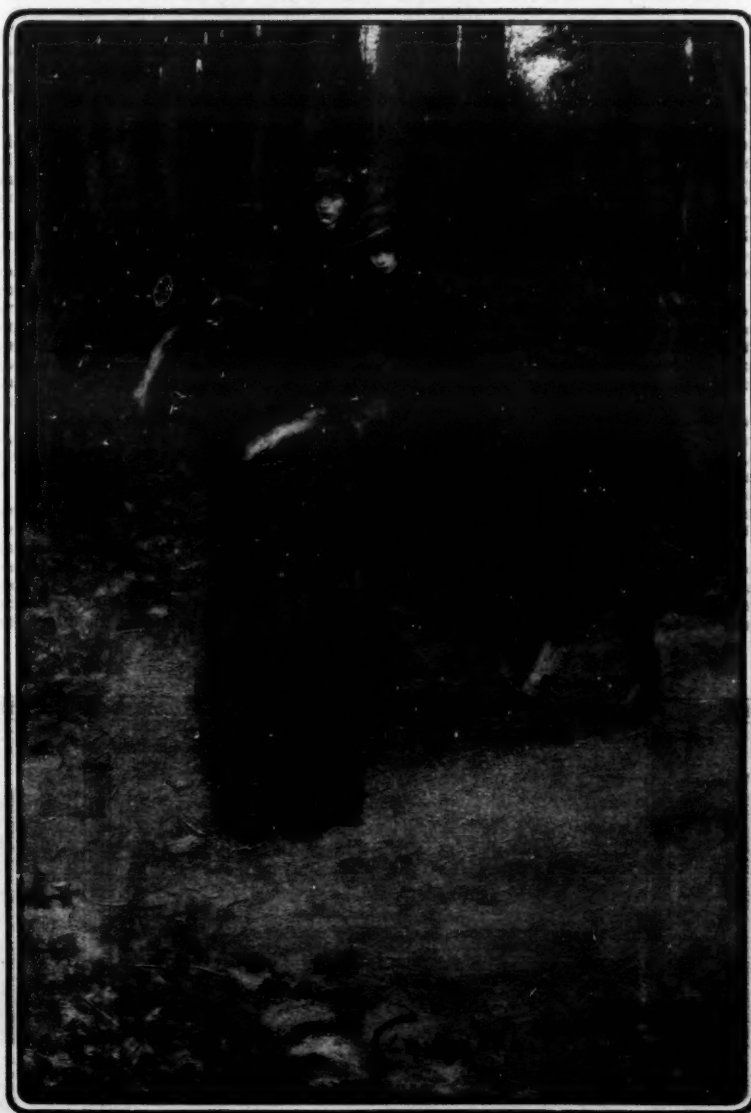
Former-Lieutenant Lestrelin By Vance Thompson

HE CAME down the steps of the "Elevated" slowly, his hand on the rail. He had not got his land-legs yet, and then he was ill. There were seeds of old fevers in his blood. He stepped out into the little eddy of noise and motion that gathers at the point where Broadway and Sixth Avenue cross. No cabman raised his whip with a respectful, "Cab, sir?" Lestrelin flushed a little. In other days he was not the sort of man that cabmen overlooked as he strolled in Broadway. He was in a weak, black mood. He said to himself: "This is the beginning; I might have known what would happen if I came back to New York." For a moment he stood looking about him fretfully. Not even the newsboys approached him. The cheery, windblown old woman who sells papers under the shadow of Greeley's statue did not give him a second glance. He had never felt quite so much alone. Even on the steamer that brought him from Manila to San Francisco it was better, for though no one had spoken to him, there were always the "bos'n"-birds or the gray albatross flapping down and then wheeling away as from a plague-ship. He was alone; and yet of all the faces that passed him it seemed to him there was not one he did not know. Everything spoke of home. The clang of the cable car, the dull rush of the overhead trains, the cries of the newsboys—all this was New York; all this was home. How he had dreamed of it, thought of it, longed for it—the great iron city, with its clanging highways and bustling life.

Well, he was home. Lestrelin tossed his head with a hint of his old jauntness and turned on his heel. He crossed Broadway and walked down to a familiar hotel. His hat over his eyes, he traversed the white marble corridor and turned to his right into the breakfast-room. The old head waiter, fiddling his gray side-whiskers, watched him in a puzzled way for a moment; then he came forward smiling: "Mr. Lestrelin!" he said, "it's good to see you again, sir—the old seat by the window, sir? Yes, sir."

He bustled about, taking hat and coat, preparing the choice table at the corner, which faces the windows on Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street. Lestrelin sank glumly into the big leathern chair and rested his elbow on the table.

"It's good to see you back, sir," said the old waiter; "from the war, sir? We heard you'd been wounded, sir, or killed—soup, sir? No? Try the sole, sir; it came by the French steamer this afternoon; I can recommend it, sir. And a flet? And your own claret? Not too warm, of course,



DRAWN BY ANNE WHELAN SETTS

"Long years and great happiness—great honor and great riches—a husband who loves you better than his life"

sir—merely a hot napkin to take the chill off; yes, sir. It's good to see you, sir," said Fritz.

Lestrelin stared at the white tablecloth. He could not get his thoughts together. He took from his pocket a leathern tobacco pouch and rolled a cigarette. As he lit it he caught a glimpse of his face in the gilt-rimmed mirror opposite him. He studied it—a thin, pale, boyish face. The eyes were steady and brown; the mouth was kind, the chin and nose were strong. It was a sad young face, well-bred and handsome, in a frame of thick, dark hair. The smoke from his cigarette made a little blur between his eyes and the mirror.

"I wonder if that's the type of a coward's face?" he said to himself.

And so his thoughts were back on the old problem—they quested it like hounds—worried it like cats. He remembered the beginning. Every one had said he would never have got his commission had he not been old "Dave" Lestrelin's son. The newspapers had jibed at him; they said he was "a rich man's son," a "college dude." In this pen-and-ink warfare he had become a party issue. And the fellows at the club had given him a banquet before he went away to the war. His stepmother, the tears in her eyes—for she knew what war was—had kissed him, saying: "You will always remember that you are your father's son—and think how proud he was of his name."

"And am I not proud, mother—to be David Lestrelin's son?" he had said. Very brave, too, he looked in his new uniform—Lieutenant Roger Lestrelin.

His cigarette had gone out; his fish on the silver dish in front of him was chilling in its sauce; his thoughts were far across the world. He saw a little valley, a muddy stream going down it; at the bend of the stream a cluster of houses made of yellow bamboo, twisted into a kind of wicker-work; beyond, green hillsides with a little moon glimmering over them like a candle; he saw his men—eighteen of them—grouped near the doorway, joking, heard old MacFeredith's cry as the death-bullet reached him, felt again the blood splash in his face, heard the bullets whistling in the air and zipping the grass, felt again the horror that choked him as he turned and ran blindly—

Then the court martial; the disgrace; the clamor of the newspapers—and this pitiful home-coming. He was David Lestrelin's son, and they would not even shoot him. Mathewson, a West-Pointer, had consoled him: "Don't worry, my prince; you can still lead a cotillon."

"Nothing else, sir?" said the waiter. "No, sir? It's your wound, sir, I suppose—you must take care of yourself, Mr. Lestrelin."

Lestrelin laughed.

"I do," he said grimly.

He tossed some money on the table and went out, feeling a hint of new strength. "I must go and face mother," he said as he walked along. A few streets up the Avenue brought him to his mother's house. He rang. The maid who opened the door was new to him.

"I am Mr. Lestrelin," he said; "tell my mother I am here."

The maid hesitated.

"Mrs. Lestrelin is at Newport," she said, "and I don't—"

"Are none of the old servants here?"

"Only cook—"

"You can tell her I've come home," Lestrelin said, pushing past her. "I'm going to my room."

He caught a glimpse of the drawing-room, the floor and the furniture all sheeted with linen, and climbed the familiar stairs to his room. When he had turned up the electric light he saw his trunks scattered about the floor, his pictures and odds and ends from the club. On the tables were letters and cards—the accumulation of happier months a half-year ago. There was dust everywhere; in his dressing-room there was dust, in the bathtub, and dust on his sponges and brushes. It was as though he had stepped into a house of the dead. And it seemed to him as though he had neither life nor feeling in him, as though there were dust on his heart and dust on his brain.

The maid knocked at the door.

"Mrs. Lestrelin did not expect you, sir; but there is a letter for you that she left. Can I do anything for you, sir?"

"Clean up here," Roger said; "I'm going to dress."

He walked over toward the bureau, where the light was brightest, to read his stepmother's letter. And he read:

Oh, Roger, how could you! You have broken my heart and disgraced us forever. You must not come to Newport this season. It is all I can do to bear it alone. You had better go abroad until this blows over. Mr. Buckworth says that you have been badly treated and that it is all politics, but that won't help you at Newport at all. I always told your father that he was bringing you up wrong, and if he were alive now and could hear what people say, I'm sure he'd agree with me for once. And before you went away you promised to remember the name! I can't say anything, Roger. You have broken my heart! If your poor father knew! K. E. L.

Roger put the letter back in its envelope and laid it down on the bureau.

"She's right," he said wearily.

He paced the long room to and fro. He stopped now and then and glanced up at his father's picture. The face was curiously like his own: strong and narrow and dark—the face of this man who might have been President. Roger tried to think what his father would have done had he been in his place that moment when old MacFeredith's blood had splashed over him. With a gesture of repugnance that had come to him scores of times—that had grown almost a daily habit—he rubbed his eyes with the flat of his hand. And always he walked to and fro, a dull pain in heart and head.

"I've finished, sir," the maid said. "Is there anything else?"

"No," he said; "leave a latch-key for me on the hall table—that's all."

"You will not dine, sir?"

"No—nothing—I want nothing," he said.

When the door was closed he took off his clothes—stained and travel-worn they were, and flecked, it seemed to him, with shame as well as dirt. His bath put courage into him. He felt some of his youth coming back to him as he fretted his skin with the rough towels. It was pleasant, too, to step into the cool, clean linen and to feel the black propriety of evening clothes once more. He slipped on a long overcoat and looked at himself in the glass; he was all right—very pale, perhaps, but otherwise the Roger Lestrelin of other days. He snapped open his opera hat and brushed it. Then—it was an old orderly habit—he searched the pockets of the suit he had been wearing. Soiled handkerchiefs—he threw them to the floor; his tobacco pouch—he thrust it into his overcoat pocket; his money—still a few pieces of gold, speaking of San Francisco; his little gun-metal watch with a leathern thong—he slipped it into his trousers' pocket; a letter—it must have been one forwarded from the club, Lestrelin thought; he looked at the envelope—John Buckworth's sprawling handwriting.

"I can't read that now," he muttered; "not after mother's letter—not now."

He doubled it into his pocket and went out.

Roger Lestrelin walked down Fifth Avenue, crossed Forty-second Street to Broadway, turned down past the opera. The lobby was crowded with correct and impassive men; little women, trussed up like fowls, scurried across the

sidewalk from their carriages; some of them Lestrelin knew. There was Ryle, for instance, who was standing near the door smiling.

"How d'you do, old man?" Lestrelin said.

Ryle tossed his cigarette into the street, turned on his heel and walked into the lobby. He said never a word; he did not even look at the young man. Lestrelin stifled a fierce

along by the river, the rhythm of the wheels made a little song for him, and over and over again it sang in his brain; now the words of the song were: "Be your father's son and fight it out, fight it out."

Benhill-on-Hudson; no town, merely a little stone station in a curve of the Hudson under tree-clustered bluffs.

Lestrelin stood on the windy platform, his traveling-bags at his feet, watching the twin rear-lights of the train vanishing around the curve. The station was closed. There were no lights save a windy lamp that flared from a wooden pillar. With one exception, he was the only passenger who had alighted. There was a woman, bundled in furs. As she passed under the lamp he saw that she was very young and that her face was white and small like a flower—then she stepped into a carriage and was driven away into the night.

Lestrelin knocked at the station door and called aloud; there was no answer. He turned the corner of the building and saw a little house with lighted windows. He crossed a space of cinders and clay and rapped at the door. From somewhere a little fox-terrier came and barked at his heels. Finally the door opened and a man, big and smiling and sleepy, appeared, holding a lamp.

"I want to get up to Mr. Buckworth's house," Lestrelin explained.

"Peter's in the stable," the big man said. "If you'll go over to the station and wait, I'll send him."

Lestrelin had waited only a little while—hardly long enough to fix in his memory the face he had seen in the lamplight (a face small and white like a flower)—when a dingy yellow wagon, drawn by a dingy yellow horse and driven by a confident young man, drove up.

"Mr. Buckworth's," said the man; "get in—but the road's bad since the thaw. I didn't expect nobody by this train," he added, as the dingy yellow horse trotted away smartly on three legs.

"Yes," said Lestrelin carelessly; he fished for his leathern pouch and, having found it, began to roll a cigarette.

"Miss Cranston came, of course—the carriage had been waiting for two trains," Peter went on. "I suppose you're up for the wedding?"

"Mr. Buckworth's wedding," said Lestrelin shortly. He was not familiar with the friendliness of country-folk.

"Up here," said Peter, "we call it Miss Cranston's wedding."

He laughed and flicked at the lame horse with a broken whip. They had climbed a stiff hill and now clattered along a gravelly road, passed a lonely, stately church—a cynical monument to some dead millionaire—and swept suddenly up an avenue of fir-trees to a new brick house. Lestrelin, as he went slowly up the steps, said softly, "And that was she." And he saw again a little face like a flower—a vision that passed.

SECOND CHAPTER

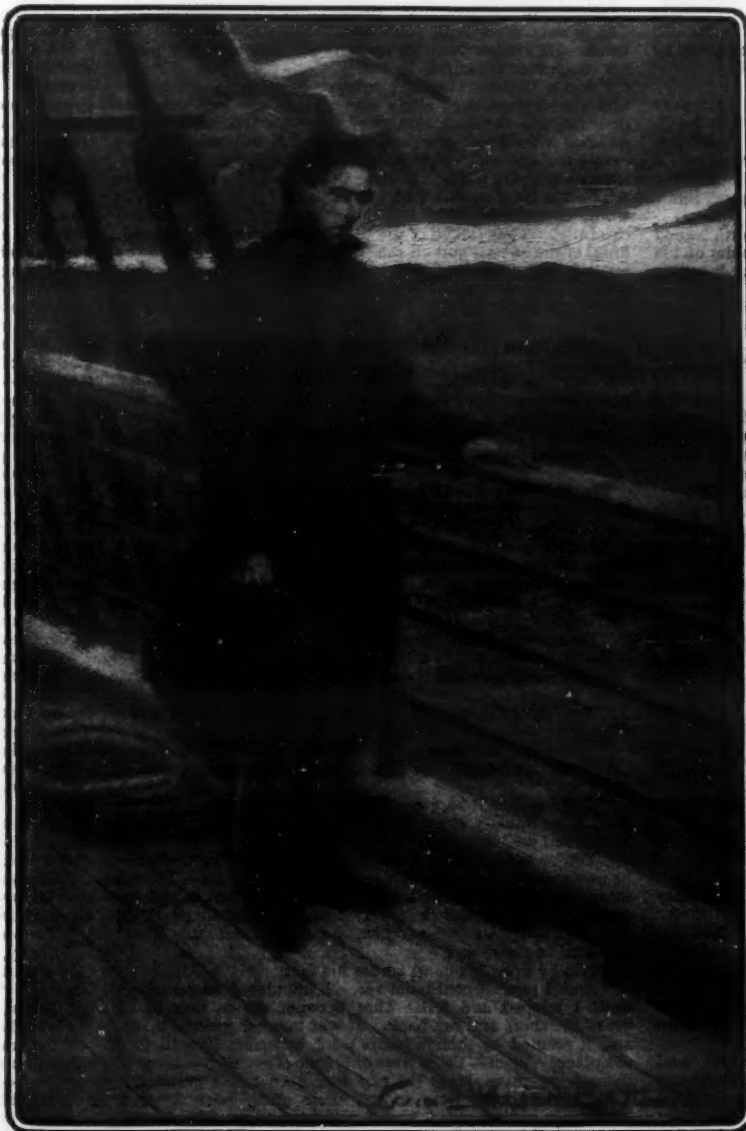
JOHN BUCKWORTH had dined alone.

At that lonely meal he had worn evening dress, but now, in the library over his pipe and coffee, he had taken off his coat and sat unabashed in his shirt-sleeves. His patent-leather shoes he had replaced by comfortable slippers. Lolling back in a big willow chair he took his ease. And why should he not? If he had slipped ease he had fought for it. It was that long battle that had put the white into his hair and beard and the lines in his grim, square face. Not lightly does a man come up from the slums—from the tenement and the groggery—to rule a city and dictate the policy of a great national party; not lightly. Behind such a success there lies a long, dark stretch of battle—many battles, in which friends go down as well as enemies. What a long record of dirty intrigue and desperate daring that was! The early battles with street ruffians, the more deadly battles with Wall Street millions. The victories—and the failures that were the stepping-stones for future victories. All this was vaguely in John Buckworth's mind to-night as he lolled there—rough, masterful, adroit—looking at the son of his old friend, "Dave" Lestrelin.

"Rodge," he was saying, "your father had the chance to do me dirt once—an' he didn't. He stood by me clean and straight. It cost him the Presidency of the United States. That's right. Now I don't go back on my friends, and"—he laughed grimly—"I don't forget my enemies. If a yellow dog was to come in here and tell me his name was Lestrelin, I'd give him the best in the house. No, no, don't get hot, Rodge, you ain't a yellow dog. You're clean-bred. Now tell me about that Filipino business. Talk up."

Young Lestrelin did not speak for a moment. He stared at the velvet carpet under his feet—stared, too, at the little fleck of tobacco ash near John Buckworth's chair—stared, it may be, into his own conscience.

At last he said: "I suppose the newspapers have it pretty nearly right, Mr. Buckworth—I saw the Examiner in San Francisco—that's the only one I dared to read. I ran—that's



DRAWN BY ANNE WHELAN BETTS

The "boon"-birds or the gray albatross flapping down and then wheeling away as from a plague-ship

desire to cry aloud—to rush at him—to end all his ignominy in some act of savagery. But he had not been bred to that sort of thing. Years of social propriety had schooled him into a fear of making himself ridiculous. And then, what could he do? Ryle owed him money. He crossed the street to a hotel café. He was not thirsty, but he had eaten no dinner, and the weakness of an old fever was on him; he felt faint.

"Give me a glass of hot milk," he said, "and shake some cinnamon in it."

And there, leaning against the marble bar, the cigar-lighter throwing a light on the paper, he read John Buckworth's letter. Twice he read it.

These words:

Dear Rodge: You'll get this letter somewhere. I sent copies to your house, your club, and wired you to Frisco. Buck up, my boy. There's one man who don't go back on Dave Lestrelin's son, and that's me. I know you since you had teeth and I'm sure of you. That Filipino biz must have been crooked, and I know it and I'll set it straight. Don't worry. Come straight to me—at my place at Benhill-on-Hudson. Come at once. Peter, at the station, will drive you up. Don't wait for anything.

Have you seen it in the papers? Then you know what's on. The wedding is set for the 17th—and Dave Lestrelin's son is to be my best man. You can't refuse. The future Mrs. B. says you are the man. So come on. After the wedding we'll see what they dare to say. If you want to be your father's son, fight it out, and I'll see you go to the Assembly this year. Don't crawl. I'm with you to the finish.

Yours truly,

JOHN BUCKWORTH.

A scrawl of a letter, but there was wine in it. It lifted the young man out of his gray mood; it put heart and fight in him. Within half an hour he had packed up a couple of bags of clothes and had caught the express for John Buckworth's country place on the Hudson. And as the swift train whirled

all true. I was frightened, I suppose." And with this Lestrelin brought his teeth together and took a long breath. "That's all," he added.

John Buckworth had watched him shrewdly under his black-and-white eyebrows. Now he said:

"Sort of stage fright?"

"I ran," said Roger Lestrelin slowly.

"Yes," said John Buckworth. He puffed at his wooden pipe. In his ordinary speech with men John Buckworth used a sort of London-English which covered up well enough his "ate"-ward accent; to-night he dropped all this affectation; when he spoke to Roger Lestrelin it was in the old speech that was common to him in the long ago, when he first knew "Dave"—even then Senator—Lestrelin.

What he said was this:

"They didn't give ye a fair show, boy. That's right, see? I know the man that done it, and I'll have his hide for it. The man who runs away ain't always a coward! They was one night in Fourth Avenue. I wasn't no older'n you. I was alone, and a fellow slugged me—I run. Why? I dunno why I run. I was no kid, an' I was a good scrapper, but I run."

The boy stared at the fireplace; old John Buckworth leaned forward in his chair and knocked out into the palm of his hand the red dottle from his pipe; the hard, grim face was harder now; the black-and-white beard bristled.

"Well," he said harshly, "there was one man, an' he was the worst of the gang. He came for me one night and I done him up for fair."

John Buckworth paused. He laughed a little and sat back in his chair.

"You know that anecdote," he said quietly, feeling for the more English accent; "it has been repeated often enough at every election. And it was your father who got me out of that—difficulty. Yes, your father. Had I been in your position, Roger, I might have acted precisely as you did. I ran the first time. The second time I did not run—nor will you. You are no more a coward than I am. Stay here and fight it out—don't run the second time"—he stood up and laid his hand on the boy's drooping shoulder—"and between us we will make it all right."

"Thank you, sir," said Roger, and he, too, arose; "but I'm afraid I'm not much good—if I had been a decent sort of fellow I should have remembered my men."

"Yes, you should have remembered many things," said Buckworth; "that's right. They'll be plenty of people to remind you of it. It will not be easy."

Lestrelin thought of Ryle—

"No, not easy," he said.

"You're just as I was when I felt I couldn't live in the ward. But I lived there," Buckworth added, his square jaws set like a vice, "an' you've got to live in New York and make 'em take you, too. An' you'll do it!"

"Yes," the young man said slowly, "I'll do it—I meant to do it, and I will."

They shook hands in a grip that was a treaty and an alliance.

"And now—"

The politician smiled vaguely and sat down in his easy chair.

"You're going to stand up with me Saturday," he said; "my best man—and the best man I want—at my wedding."

Over the coarse, cold face there had come a reflection of youth, and the keen, cold eyes that could look down a mob of men—a herd of millionaires—were veiled with tenderness. Young Lestrelin wondered. In his boy's way he had often dreamed of love; now it seemed to him that he saw love, real, alert and visible, shining on that implacable face. And this, then, was love—the power that could make gracious as spring the life-scarred face of a man of fifty, that could draw a film of tenderness over those keen, preying eyes. Lestrelin wondered. Then with a little pang—and he was angry that it should have hurt him—he recalled the face he had seen in the flare of the station lamp. (A small face, white and wistful, like a flower.)

"And Miss Cranston is willing that I should be her best man?" he said slowly.

With himself, with his friends, John Buckworth was unflinchingly honest. "Cicely don't know you, Rodge," he said, "and—she's read the newspapers. No—at first she was—not pleased. But I told her I wanted that day to be the best in my life. It would give me her for my wife—and help me pay my debt to Dave Lestrelin all in one. And she agreed. You see, Rodge, she loves me."

Again the boy wondered; the eternal April of love was like a benison on John Buckworth's rugged face.

"Whatever you wish," Roger said; "and whatever she wishes, sir."

A second later they were shaking hands again.

"We'll fight it out together, boy," said John Buckworth; "you and Cicely and me."

The boy's hand almost melted in the grip of that brawny paw, and there was a mist in his eyes—a mist across which he saw a lamp flaring, and a white face, pathetic as a flower.

The next day they rode over to the Cranston place. The old house with its huge Colonial pillars, its broad porches over-clambered by wintry vines, its high windows and spindling chimneys, had an air of genteel decay. The broad park that circled the house was naked, save for the time-old elms and a ruined summer-house. As they rode up to the door three ravens fluttered down from the trees and went cawing riverward.

"I know men who would call that a bad sign," said John Buckworth, laughing, "but I haven't got any superstitions; have you?"

"I don't know," said Lestrelin.

A boy took their horses and they were shown into a small room off the great hall that bisected the house. A wood fire glimmered pleasantly on the hearth; there were many easy

chairs, an old-fashioned piano, pictures of a bygone fashion; and though the room was old and faded in look, there was a homely air about it as if it were lovingly lived in.

"It's one of the finest places in the country," said John Buckworth, "but not kept up—you see, there's only Cicely and her mother—but I'll change all that. You see, it needs moiey. These big places always do. That's her mother's picture you are looking at—when she was young. Looks like her—but Cicely's hair is much darker, pretty near black."

Mrs. Cranston and her daughter came in together, and Cicely went directly to John Buckworth and gave him her hand. He smiled down at her with a tenderness that made his rough face beautiful.

"Little Cicely," he said softly. Standing there beside him she seemed very slight and young; her face was very delicate, and the dark masses of hair that framed it lent it unusual whiteness. But the lips were full and red, and her eyes were not sad. For Roger Lestrelin the first few moments were very difficult. Mrs. Cranston had received him with a kindness in which he felt a touch of pity. Cicely was coldly correct; he could feel the antipathy she concealed so carefully. They talked of the people they knew, of the wedding, of the guests, and all the little formalities that had to be settled with the best man; they talked—all, that is, save Cicely, who sat in a low chair by the window, cold and aloof. John Buckworth went to her and whispered: "I can't ride with you this afternoon, Cicely, and—"

"Lsee," she said calmly; "and you wish Mr. Lestrelin to accompany me."

"Don't be hard, girl," he answered; "I want you to know him—we two mustn't go back on him."

"I don't like a coward," she replied.

"Nor I," he said; "but when I say he isn't—"

And what she said was meant only for his ear.

The afternoon was already darkening faintly when she and Roger Lestrelin rode out into the highway. A red Irish setter ran ahead of them or made short excursions into the hedges, drawn by good, doggy smells. The road dipped down toward the river, then mounted a hill and swept away down an avenue of elms. At first they rode slowly, hardly speaking to each other. Now and then Cicely called her dog.

"Come here, Shan," she cried; "don't run away, sir."

Roger drove the spur into his horse.

"You don't think I meant anything?" she said eagerly, when she had ridden up alongside of his galloping horse.

"No," he said, and they swung on in a gallop. A moment later she reined in her horse.

"You might say more than that," she cried angrily.

"What can I say?" he asked. "In Heaven's name, what can I say?"

"Tell me how it happened," she said. "I want to hear it from your lips—you are to be our friend. Is it not fair you should tell me?"

"You've read it all. I was talking to old MacFeredith—he was a good man—the only friend I had out there—I cared more for him than any man I knew—and then that thing happened. I did not hear the shot. I was just standing talking and suddenly he went down, groaning, and the blood splashed in my eyes."

Again he drew his hand across his face.

"And I ran. I could not see. I blundered on somehow until I tripped and fell. That brought me to myself. I heard the shots and ran back. It was tangled ground there, and it seemed as though years went by before I could find the place. Then—there were only four of my men—three of them lying there dead; the rest had been taken prisoners. They hadn't even time to get their guns, poor fellows. There was one wounded, and I managed to get him in and told them I'd run away—that's all."

"But you went back," Cicely said, and her voice was very kind.

"Yes," he said bitterly, "after it was all over. When there was no more shooting. And yet—God knows, I wanted to die. I wanted to die, Cicely—"

Her sympathy was the first he had known; neither of them noticed that he had called her Cicely; together they were trying to understand that tragedy on the other side of the world.

"As I ran back, shouting to my men—calling on them to stand—my only hope was that I might get there in time to die first—in front of them all. That was what I wanted."

She looked at him with wide eyes.

"You are a hero," she whispered softly.

"It was his blood—there in my face—he was my friend, and—I had never seen any one killed."

"And you did not tell them at the—trial?" she asked.

"What was the good? I told the truth. I'd run away. That couldn't be explained."

"You have made me understand," Cicely said softly, and she laid her slim, gauntleted hand on his arm. "It was braver to go back—braver than if you had never run away—and I'm so glad," she added. He pressed her little hand, but did not speak; they rode on in a silence that was neither cold nor uneloquent. About them was the winter twilight. Their ride had carried them far, into a wilder country, where there were few houses. They passed a stretch of woods and beyond saw the fires of low-lying lime-kilns.

"We must go back," Cicely said, and called to her dog. Shan, however, dashed ahead and planted himself in the middle of the road, barking fiercely—a joyish, doggy bark that made him quiver with pleasure to the tip of his feathered tail. From somewhere a brace of lean curs came and answered him in ill-bred canine slang. When Roger and Cicely cantered on they saw two vans resting at the roadside. The lean horses, hobbled, were grazing near by. Between the wagons a little fire had been kindled, around which sat a group of brown and ragged people, eating.

"Gypsies," said Roger, and laughed; he felt curiously light and happy now.

A woman arose from the fire and came forward with the light, free step of her race.

"Let me tell the beautiful lady's fortune," she whined in a slow, sing-song voice.

"Yes," Roger said quickly.

Cicely, smiling, drew off her long gauntlet and held down her hand.

"I must cross it with silver," the gypsy said.

"With gold," said Roger. He gave her an eagle.

The gypsy bent over the little hand and studied it.

"A beautiful hand, dear lady, a high-born hand, and wonderful is the fortune. A wonderful fortune the poor gypsy must tell. Long years and great happiness—great honor and great riches—a husband who loves you better than his life. She stole a sly, comprehensive glance at Roger and then bent over the hand. "A noble husband, very young—"

"Oh, enough of this nonsense," Cicely said; she tried to withdraw her hand, but the gypsy held it fast.

"Very young, with a beautiful, white face and dark eyes like your own, dear lady. You will ride with him the first time you meet him, and he will tell you that he loves you, and you will learn to love him, and then you will ride with him through life. A wonderful fortune, lady—"

"Oh, come, come!" Cicely cried suddenly.

She whirled her horse and sent him flying along the dim road. In a moment Roger had overtaken her. Side by side, swing for swing, breath for breath, they galloped on. The madness of speed, that fierce onward rush that seemed to make them one—the madness of the young night, that seemed to shut them off from all the world, was upon them.

"Cicely!" he cried, and swept his arm around her, then her lips found his; and in that first kiss there were confessions and promises.

It was not until they breasted the last hill at the gates of the Colonial house that the horses, weary of rivalry, fell into a walk. Until then Roger and Cicely had hardly spoken—a few words, perhaps, in which there was meaning only for them. But now thought came back with a rush.

Lestrelin swayed a little in his saddle and, with an old, familiar gesture, drew his hand across his face and eyes.

"What have I done, Cicely?" he asked with a little gasp.

"What have I done?"

She turned to him with eyes like stars.

"Forever—to ride together, through long, happy years," she repeated.

He felt her hand on his arm; it seemed to burn into his flesh—that he should love her so, that he should love her so! That there should be nothing in all the world for him but her dear face! That it should be this!

Then her voice, sweet and broken:

"Roger, now I understand! You have saved me from a great sin. I was going to marry a man I did not love—think of it. But I did not know what love was. How could I know? How could I, dear, until you taught me? I knew only ambition and pride. But love came to save me."

And always his brain rocked with the agony of it—that he should love her so! That she should love him! Then her voice again, bright and proud with love:

"To ride with you forever—all our lives!"

"Cicely," he said brokenly.

She started at the sound of his voice and reined up her horse.

"Roger, you do not mean—"

He spoke her name in a half sob of agony.

"I cannot, I cannot," he groaned; "oh, my heart's love—think of him—my friend—"

"You—you will leave me, Roger?"

"Think! Cicely—you know I must."

For a moment she sat there, very white, very still; then she said: "You do not love me?"

"I do not love you," he repeated, and the words burned like blasphemy on his lips.

"You have lied!" she answered proudly. "You love me—but you are a coward!" She struck her horse and rode swiftly up the avenue that led to her house. A storm of sob, a clatter of horse-hoofs dying away; that was all—only three ravens sailed down from the time-old trees, cawing.

From the little railway station Roger sent Peter back with the horse and this note for John Buckworth:

I cannot face the people here. I am going to Europe by the first steamer. The best you can do is to forget me.

R. LESTRELIN.

And John Buckworth, when he had read the note, tossed it into the fire.

"I can't understand how he's Dave's son," he said. "Poor fellow, I suppose he can't help being a yellow cur. But trust a woman! Cicely always said he was a coward."

Who Will be the Decade's Diarist?

THE good diarist is rare and often rather contemptible. Is there any one taking notes at the present day? Is there a Pepys or a Charles Greville walking up and down Piccadilly and turning in to lunch at the Carlton? There are, of course, many on the fringe of the inner circle who catch rumors and print them. But one may hope that there is some one on the inner track who knows the ins and outs of political and social movements of the past few years and is not ashamed to chronicle them. But is there a man among us who can observe and write—a man who does not mind writing his observations?

One wonders whether the Honorable Schomberg McDonnell—a private secretary who has served Lord Salisbury for many years—is keeping a notebook. He has certainly seen the past decade from the inside; and if he should publish what he knows it would be as interesting as it would be indiscreet.



Getting Even with Senator Spooner

Senator John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, when a young man, was attorney for two men charged with stealing.

The prisoners stated that they had been strolling along the river bank when they espied a boat, and for a little amusement jumped in and rowed out into the stream. The owner of the boat saw them and hurried for a constable, who arrested them as soon as they returned to the shore.

It seemed a very easy case for the young attorney and he left them with a word of encouragement. He saw the jailer and asked if anything suspicious had been found on the prisoners. From him he learned that there had been



Senator John C. Spooner

taken from the men a well-worn Bible and a small drawer, such as can be seen on any old-fashioned bureau. On the fly-leaf of the Bible was the inscription: "To my darling boy, from Mother."

The trial was held next day and the future Senator made a brilliant speech to the jury, portraying his clients in such a light of martyrdom that one of the jurors wept. He exhibited the Bible and pointed to the inscription, and without leaving their seats the jury rendered a verdict of "Not guilty."

After the trial the young men gave the lawyer fifty dollars. "Boys," said Mr. Spooner, as they were about to separate, "I am curious to know why you carry that Bible and the empty drawer." Then the Senator listened with astonishment to the history of his erstwhile clients.

"We are professional safe-blowers and have been for five years. We were arrested in Chicago not long ago and convicted of burglary. A few weeks ago we broke jail at Joliet and escaped across the country. We were pretty tired and footsore when we struck this town and so stole the rowboat. This Bible has a double cover and opens like this" (here the self-confessed criminal pressed a hidden spring in the thick cover and disclosed a hollow in which there lay two steel files and a small saw); "and this old drawer has a secret bottom where we keep our operating tools."

The future Senator thereupon confiscated the Bible and the drawer, warning his former clients to be more careful in the future how they should appropriate the property of others.

The thieves watched him in great amazement and indignation. Finally one of them shouted angrily: "We'll get those things back yet; you mark my words!"

Several years passed and then the incident was brought back to Mr. Spooner's recollection in the following manner. One evening he and his family attended an entertainment, and no one was left at the house. When they returned at a late hour they found that the house had been entered by burglars and ransacked, but that nothing, apparently, was missing. The next day's mail brought a letter which read:

Dear Sir: Please excuse the way we came in last night, but the door was locked. We never did think you treated us square by swiping our outfit, and so we came back after it and found you were not at home. We always keep our word.

Yours truly, Jack and Jim.

Mr. Spooner looked in an old cabinet in which for years he had kept the souvenirs. They were gone.



Mr. Harlow N. Higinbotham

How Mr. Higinbotham Helped a Friend

Mr. Harlow N. Higinbotham, who has just retired from membership in the firm of Marshall Field & Co., belongs to the group of men who have attained celebrity in a line of effort quite different from that to which the voice of youthful ambition called them. At the time when the future merchant and financier walked from the home farm into Joliet each day in order to attend "town school," the era of railway building in the Middle West was beginning. He came into contact with some of the men doing the survey and construction work and at once became infatuated with the possibilities of the civil engineering profession. To have even a humble part in planning or building a railway seemed to the lad the only career that could afford him satisfaction. He went to Galesburg, Illinois, joined an engineering corps, and started out to win fame and fortune in the way of his choice. Exposure and hardship were routine experiences in this work, and were too severe for the novice, who was far from rugged. He would not give up, however, until an attack of typhoid fever effectually demonstrated that he must resign his cherished labor. Almost heart-broken from disappointment, he went to Chicago and began a course of study at a business college in that city.

His companion at that time was a boy named Edward Bailey, who was also making his way in the world. Young Higinbotham spent each evening giving to his companion the instruction he had himself received at the school during the day. On the completion of his course in the business college the future partner of Mr. Marshall Field returned to Joliet feeling that he was a full-fledged accountant.

He soon found employment in the office of a bank; but this institution closed its doors within sixty days after he became connected with it. Another Joliet bank then gave him work at a very small salary.

The future millionaire, however, had no idea of being content to watch the clock for quitting time, and to spend his hours outside the bank in mere pleasures. Instead, he found a real estate firm that engaged him to open a set of books, and to do their accounting after banking hours. Later, when young Higinbotham was sent to Oconto, Wisconsin, in the interests of the banking firm, he turned his real estate books over to the care of his friend Bailey.

These boon companions were separated for a time, but the opening of the war found them enlisted in the same regiment. They parted company at Knoxville, Tennessee, at the end of the Civil War. Mr. Higinbotham returned to Chicago, was employed by the old firm of Field, Palmer & Leiter, and soon became the head of the credit department. In this position he displayed the talents which have won him recognition as one of the greatest credit men in American commercial life.

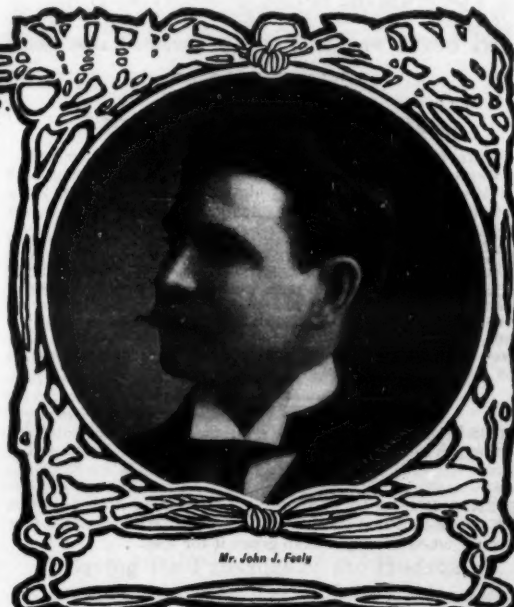
During the eight years following the close of the Civil War Mr. Higinbotham was in complete ignorance of the whereabouts of his friend Bailey. Then he learned that his former companion had become credit man for the firm of A. T. Stewart & Co., in New York.

One day the late Mr. Coonley, the pioneer of the malleable iron industry in Chicago, came to Mr. Higinbotham and asked him to recommend a big, broad man of unimpeachable integrity and large financial ability for the position of his chief lieutenant—a man upon whom he could lean heavily. After mature deliberation Mr. Higinbotham said: "Edward P. Bailey is your man if you can get him away from New York." This was accomplished just as Mr. Higinbotham was leaving on a vacation. Returning, a few weeks later, he found that Mr. Coonley had died and that the Eastern

Women Hour

stockholders in the iron industry were about to replace Mr. Bailey with one whom they deemed a "more practical iron man."

"Don't do it," said Mr. Higinbotham; "I am sure of my man, and you'll make a mistake if you let him go. I will go on his bond for any amount in human reason, as a guarantee that he will be satisfactory." So emphatic an indorsement was accepted by the capitalists, and Mr. Bailey is to-day the executive head of the Illinois Malleable Iron Company. Incidents of this kind are thoroughly characteristic of Mr. Higinbotham, who is a shrewd judge of character and takes pride in his ability to form quickly a correct estimate of any man.



Mr. John J. Feely

The Youngest Congressman's Campaign

Mr. John J. Feely, the youngest member-elect of the National House of Representatives, is not a political accident. The manner in which he planned his first political contest, and won a seat in Congress when only twenty-five years old, has a touch of romance about it which cannot fail to compel the respect of his colleagues in the House. Shortly before his graduation from the Yale Law School young Feely took a careful account of his inclinations and ambitions with a view to mapping out his future. This stock-taking resulted in the determination that he would become a member of the Lower House of Congress, and that with as little delay as possible. This settled, he showed his practical bent and his cool determination and foresight by making his choice of a location for a law office conform to his political plans. Having spent his boyhood on a farm not far from Joliet, he naturally concluded that Illinois was the best State in which to begin his professional and political career. He collected statistics showing the vote for Congressmen in all the districts of his native State for the preceding ten years. These figures were studied and analyzed from every possible viewpoint, but with this question always foremost: "What district offers the best chance for a young, unknown Democrat to secure the Congressional nomination of his party, and at the same time offers a fair opportunity for him to win out at the polls?" Careful study indicated that the Second Congressional District, embracing a large section of the South Side of Chicago, most nearly met these requirements. Mr. Feely concluded that this district was normally Democratic and that it offered the best "fighting chance" of any in the State. Therefore he located there and at once became popular.

Steadily working out the plan formulated in his scantily furnished room at college, he extended and solidified the circle of his influence. In the campaign of 1900 he was nominated for Congress. Even Mr. Feely's closest friends believed this an empty honor, and plainly told him he was "marked for the slaughter." Mr. Feely's first aim was to push to a high degree of development the political organization which he had begun to build on his first day in the district. When the election was over Chicago was astonished to learn that the election had been won by a boyish-looking young man only three years out of college, only twenty-five years old, and lacking the "sinews of war."



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The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company. It now has a paid circulation of more than 300,000 copies weekly.

IT IS a lonesome city nowadays that does not have its own reform movement.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S autograph brought forty dollars in Boston last month. There were times in the past century when he might have given it for less.

NATIONAL legislation is constantly creating new offices. The Army bill has something like a thousand to its credit and other measures are adding to the total. And yet some say there are fewer opportunities than there used to be.

ONE of our ablest statisticians, Mr. Carroll D. Wright, presents figures to show that the United States is not living beyond its means. He fails, however, to mention a few of the reasons. Uncle Sam buys his groceries at wholesale prices, gets the provender for his stock on contract, pays no taxes on his real estate, and even has his clothes and blankets made by the lowest bidder. No wonder he can get along! Of course he has a war or so occasionally, but then everybody has troubles of one sort or another.

ONE of the interesting facts of the early part of the year was the grip epidemic. It counted its victims by the hundreds of thousands, and while the rate of death was low, the average of distress was great. Grip is an entirely unreasonable affliction which is best described by the old negro phrase of "misery." It is malaria modernized and enlivened by germs—a sort of dull suffering with exquisite pains to make it interesting. And the worst of it is that nobody ever sympathizes with the sufferer. There is so much of it that there is not enough sympathy to go 'round.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S trip West to shoot lions and bears and big things generally was attended by more publicity if less state than a hunting tour of the Emperor William. It was a news sensation of the day—of several days, in fact. We shall probably get the photographs some weeks hence in the sporting publications. One nerve-tearing description pictures him as getting too close to a bear. The poor beast, cornered by a goodly regiment of sportsmen, made a brave fight, but finally sank down under the load of lead which was poured into him from many guns. It is rather appalling to think what might have happened if the bear had won. With President McKinley down with the grip and the Rough Rider Vice-President in the accident ward, March fourth would be a lonesome day.

The Must Power

VERY interesting is the study of human motives. When a man achieves preëminent success in an honorable vocation the world is anxious to know what has been the source of his highest inspiration. With one, we find that a particular friendship has had much to do with shaping his career. With another, unbounded ambition has impelled him to strenuous effort.

There is, however, another force which operates more generally than we are wont to think, a power not often reckoned among the influences that make for success. It may be called the inspiration of necessity.

Many a man plans wisely, works unremittingly, waits with "passionate patience," simply because he must; because failure would mean defeat, and defeat would mean irremediable disaster.

Many a man has constantly before him the vision of an invalid wife, or dependent parents, or a nest of little children to feed, or older ones to educate, and the thought of their possible suffering has been a mental stimulus whose effect is not easily calculated.

The rich man's son knows that if he fails in college some other door will open to him—he can have private tutors and foreign travel. But the young fellow from the farm, who is paying his own way through school by keeping furnaces or waiting at a boarding-house table, knows that if he fails there is nothing before him but to return to the farm. So he trims his lamp and girds his loins anew.

An American soldier in the Philippines had cut his way out of a squad of bolo-men who had taken him prisoner. The captain of his company said: "Man, how on earth did you get out of that scrape? I thought you were as good as dead." The Hoosier replied: "I don't know, sir, except that I just had to!"

The very desperateness of our condition is sometimes the best spur to heroic endeavor. The greatest deeds of the greatest men have been done under the pressure of circumstances so emergent and critical that they called forth from the interior depths of character all possible strength and persistence. Back of Leonidas, and Charles Martel, and William of Orange, and Columbus, and Washington, and Wellington, and Lincoln, was the eternal Must of destiny.

The early blue bird catches the spring cold.

What Can Europe Do About It?

IF THE United States had not already a high sense of its own importance in the economic world there would be a general and delightful sense of surprise at recent European admissions that we are in a fair way to distance all other nations in the race for commercial supremacy. That British and Continental authorities on the trend of trade are quite ungracious in their manner of making these admissions is not the least significant feature of the situation, for it indicates that they mean what they say and what they would not say for worlds did they not believe that the time has come in which the truth must be faced.

But what can they do about it? The proposed customs-union and tariff wall to exclude American products and manufactures from Europe and her colonies cannot be effected without the consent of the people, for in the British Isles and the western half of the Continent the masses far outnumber the classes at the ballot-box and are persistently suspicious of everything that their employers may suggest. It would be idle for any European nation but Russia to hope to discover in its home domain any new natural resources or agricultural areas of cheap land. Taxation for the support of enormous armies is often regarded as a handicap in Europe's industrial and commercial contest with the United States, but the truth is that we treat our soldiers so well that our own national expenditure on military account in time of peace, if our pension list be included, is greater than that of Great Britain, France or Germany; the figures are available for comparison, if any one is curious on the subject; most of the "year books" publish them. The heaviest of Europe's military taxes consist of millions of able-bodied men whose time is consumed solely in training to kill and be killed.

Europe's one apparent chance to keep commercially neck-and-neck with the United States seems to be in persuading her agriculturists, mechanics and artisans to conform to the American standard of a day's work, for it is admitted on both sides of the Atlantic that Americans accomplish much more in a given number of hours than their European cousins, except such of the latter as venture to the United States; these usually and speedily become as effective as natives, the improvement being variously attributed to a stimulating climate, better food, treatment and pay, and a better possible future. But to raise the productive capacity of European workers the men themselves would be obliged to come to this country to be taught; by the time they had learned their lesson they would have resolved to remain here.

Congress will be larger—and broader, too, let us hope.

Overpaid Office-Holders

A FEW days ago, Register James R. Howe, of Brooklyn, made a very remarkable statement in the public press. His office derives its income from fees, and there is a movement on foot to change the pay of the Register to a regular salary. Mr. Howe is in favor of the reform. No stronger argument for it could be given than his own experience. "I

do not know," he said, "what the emoluments were of any of my predecessors, but I do know what they have been in my office during the past twelve months. After expending \$20,000 more than was probably ever expended in giving the county a broad and liberal service, and after giving away upward of \$8000 for charitable purposes, there still remains to my credit more than \$45,000."

In other words, this officer, for services requiring no great ability, received more than \$50,000 for his year's work, and he could easily have made it \$70,000.

There are cases of the same kind in almost every large city and in many of the States. The fee system pours riches into the pockets of those fortunate enough to hold the offices. In some instances—that of Mr. Howe is a decided exception—the fee offices are syndicated, so that they become profitable mines for party organizations and for the politicians who control them.

In Philadelphia two men recently elected to office will get from \$40,000 to \$50,000 each during the present year for their services. When in private employment neither of them ever made over \$3000 or \$4000, and they will receive the larger sum for much less work and shorter hours than when they worked for average wages. There are cases in the United States in which the fees have run beyond the \$100,000 mark for the year. Those who hold the offices have the right, under the bad laws prevailing, to pocket these enormous sums. There have been two or three holders of these big offices who have refused to take more than an average salary, but they have been so few and far between that they have simply been the exceptions proving the general rule.

It seems almost incredible that, at the very time these local favorites of party factions are getting such wealth, there should be an objection from any quarter to the increase of the salaries of the Justices of the Supreme Court, the greatest tribunal in the world, composed of splendid men who have sacrificed fortunes for their country, and who are, considering their abilities and their work, the worst paid of all our public servants. Of course, the increase will have to be made. Even then the Chief Justice of the nation will receive only \$15,500 and the others only \$15,000.

The whole system of payment for official services in this country, local, state and national, is in a strange state of disorganization. Ward politicians are receiving more than the President of the United States, the dependents of party factions more than members of the Cabinet or Governors of States.

It is hard, of course, to bring about a reform at once. The taking away of any of these privileges is always bitterly fought. The readjustment of remuneration in national life brings forth a host of influences that make the work difficult and frequently impossible. But the good work must go on until a common-sense average is struck in the spending of the people's money for the payment of public services.

Within two years the cost of our navy has more than doubled. Uncle Sam still paddles his own canoe, but in these days paddles are expensive.

Better Let Republics Alone

WHATEVER may be the final outcome of the war with the Boers it will stand as one of the strongest examples of the danger that lies in combating a republic, and especially in forcing a conflict with a republic in the hope of gaining territory.

The banding together of men, the feeling among them that each has a direct personal interest in his country and that each has a voice in its government, are factors of potent strength. All republics have not had these factors in equal degree; some have been more or less aristocratic or oligarchic; some have kept disfranchised more, some less, of their population; but in spite of such differences, which have had less influence than theoretically might have been expected, republics have shown a tremendous strength.

Splendid were the successes of Athens under the government of its own citizens. And the Roman Republic!—that stands as one of the most wonderful powers that the world ever saw. It was only after it became an empire that signs of weakness began to be seen.

Venice, as a republic, amassed amazing wealth and won countless victories in naval warfare—and it began to decline only when the idea of republicanism became more and more changed toward aristocracy.

Nearly six hundred years ago men from Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden met in the Rütli meadow, and the republic that resulted from that meeting still exists. The Swiss Republic was merged, or controlled, for a short time by another and stronger republic, that of France, but at the conclusion of the Napoleonic wars it resumed its independent nationality.

The Hollanders—what a conquering republic they formed, and how they won, after losses that seemed irretrievable! Magnificent victories were won by the French Republic of a century ago, and serious disasters came only after republicanism disappeared. Spain—time-honored representative of the conservatism of Europe—was defeated by the Republic of Holland, and afterward lost great possessions in South America through the upbuilding of republics there. More recently, she lost in a war with the greatest of all republics.

England, it would seem, has been as unfortunate as Spain in her dealings with republicanism, but she still refuses to learn. The uprising of a republic lost her the better part of the North American continent. In another war she suffered such humiliating defeats as those of the battles of New Orleans and Lake Erie. And in the Boer War she is still losing in conflicts with an enemy she supposed she had beaten.

There is magic in the idea of a Republic!

"Public Occurrences"



Mr. Foster M. Voorhees

Our System of National Parks

The securing and preserving, as National Parks, of sections of country that are notable for their scenic beauty or for their striking natural attractions is one of the most interesting movements of the day.

One of the recent steps in this direction was taken when the Secretary of the Interior recommended to Congress that the famous Wind Cave in South Dakota be set apart as a park or pleasuring ground for the people.

Of course the Secretary meant no joke, but one cannot help recalling Don Piatt's designation of the Capitol as the Cave of the Winds. The only apposite thing is that shortly after the Secretary made his recommendation there was a renewal in the newspapers of the suggestion that the capital of the country, with Congress of course in the lead, be moved to the West. It is not likely, however, that it would ever get as far as the Black Hills, where the heroic Custer lost his life and where the cave is situated. At any rate, the Wind Cave in South Dakota, which is about twelve miles from the town of Custer, must be well worth seeing.

In the exercise of his authority the Secretary of the Interior has temporarily set aside the cave, and it is quite probable that Congress will add it to the National Parks.

South Dakota's Subterranean Wonder

The Mammoth Cave in Kentucky and the Luray Caverns in Virginia are visited by thousands of Americans annually. They attract visitors from every part of the world.

A third subterranean wonder, according to the official descriptions, is this Wind Cave in South Dakota. There is a descent of 155 feet before the first room, called the Bride's Chamber, is reached. Then follows the Snowball Room, which is even larger and more beautiful; then the Post-office, a long room with curious formations; then the Red Hall, a small room of red stone; then the Opera House, "an immense room, grand in its formations of box work and in the varied colors of the rocks that form the ground overhead;" then the Devil's Outlook; and then room after room until the traveler reaches Capitol Hill, "with its high dome ceiling, in the centre of which Nature has placed a centre-piece of most beautiful box work." Odd Fellows' Hall, which comes next, has three links in the ceiling and a rock goat standing at the side. The Stone Quarry has great slabs of pink stone.

The following is from the official report: "Then we reach the Garden of Eden; here the box work is coated with a pure white frost, and the edges are trimmed with little white balls like pop-corn, and long frost petals, white as snow, and so delicate that a breath will almost destroy them. Noah's Beard hangs from a little point of rock in this frostwork about an inch long, and consists of long strings like fine silver wire fully two feet long. Words cannot describe this place, so we go down Corkscrew Path, a winding trail going down, quite steep, around a deep, dark hole, and are on the brink of Dante's Inferno. Amid a continuous change of formations and constantly changing scenery, on this still lower level of 450 feet, we find the Monte Cristo Palace, the Assembly Room, the Fair Grounds—an immense room, 200 feet long and from 40 to 60 feet wide, with a great dome near the centre. We go down again through Alpine Pass, where we let ourselves down through a hole not any too large, and land in a great black hole, from which we pass on to the Blue Grotto, 500 feet down."

New Parks Selected

John Phoenix used to refer to certain regions of the West where, on beautiful petrified mornings, petrified birds sang petrified songs in petrified trees.

Many stories of petrifications have been told and some of them have been amply substantiated. In Apache County,

Arizona, is the famous petrified forest, and a bill is pending in Congress for its preservation as a National Park.

Each State has its attractions, and certainly Idaho is no exception. In the southern part of the State, on the Snake River, are the Shoshone Falls, the Twin Falls and the Blue Lakes, constituting a region of wonderful beauty. The Secretary of the Interior has set these also aside, so that Congress may form them into another National Park.

Still another instance aptly illustrates the work that is being done by the Government in preserving interesting and historic places of the country. In New Mexico is a tract of land thirty miles long by fifteen miles in width, from 6000 to 9000 feet high, of volcanic origin and seamed with splendid cañons. It is the old region of the Cliff Dwellers, the representatives of prehistoric civilization. An official examination has been made, "with a view," in the words of the Secretary of the Interior, "to its reservation as a pleasuring ground or park for the benefit of the people."

Thus we have a Wind Cave, a petrified forest, waterfalls, and an older civilization, all added or about to be added to our priceless selection of Government grounds.

Giant Trees Four Thousand Years Old

Everybody who has read of California has wondered if the great size of the trees really equals the figures that are given. The writer of this remembers standing within one of them, with over thirty people.

To look at the tops of them is simply a neck-breaking experience. They are beyond all description wonderful! wonderful! wonderful!

But majestic though they were they were not safe from the designs of the commercial spirit of the age, and so the timber cutters got to work, and it was only about a year ago that Professor William R. Dudley, of the Chair of Forestry of the Leland Stanford, Junior, University, California, began a movement for the saving of these giants. President Jordan of the same institution assisted him. The great trees in two other groves of the State had been saved, and energetic action was taken to secure for the Government what are known as the Mammoth Tree Grove and South Park Grove of big trees, which constitute the largest groves and the finest specimens of their kind in the world.

Of the one hundred big trees in one grove many are from 30 to 32 feet in diameter and from 250 to 325 feet high. In the other grove the largest trees soar to a height of 350 and even 380 feet, and are from 25 to 41 feet in diameter. Scientists estimate them to be 4000 years old.

A bill to secure these trees for the Government has passed the Senate and its ultimate success in the House seems certain. It will cost the Government \$125,000, but all agree that it will be well worth the price.

In 1864 Congress presented the Yosemite Valley to the State of California, to be "held for public use, resort and recreation," and to be "inalienable for all time." Under the management of commissioners appointed by the Governor of California this magnificent valley has been protected from vandalism and abuse. Wagon roads and other conveniences, including a regular stage line, have been built or provided, and a trip to the Yosemite is one of the greatest events that can happen in the life of a traveler.

The Wonders of the Yellowstone

We have a few great things in the East that attract the travelers of the world, such as Niagara Falls, the White House, New York's multi-millionaires, Tammany Hall, and probably Independence Square in Philadelphia.

But to see the really great things in Nature, the stupendous scenes that almost paralyze the imagination, we must, except for Niagara Falls, go far West, and it is the general verdict that the climax is reached in the Yellowstone National Park. This is a reserved tract in the northwest corner of the State of Wyoming, lapping over into Montana, and to a less degree into Idaho. It is a district of miracles, spreading over 3300 square miles, and has an average elevation of 8000 feet above the sea level. Surrounding it are great mountain ranges. Throughout its extent are wonderful cañons and lakes, and within it are geysers and hot springs which have no equal in all the world. This park is under the supervision of the Secretary of the Interior.

For three years the Commissioner of the General Land Office, Honorable Binger Hermann, has recommended that the limits of this great park be extended. That matter is now before Congress. If this be done, as it probably will be, nearly 3000 square miles of forest area will be added to the magnificent domain. The reason for this expansion is that the large game from the present park herd to a considerable extent in the areas under consideration.

The protection of this park is most thorough. Two cavalry regiments guard it against marauders. All shooting and the capture of game are forbidden, and though fishing for pleasure and for food is permitted, it is strictly prohibited for commercial purposes. There are one hundred geysers within the park, and there are hotels and good roads managed by the Government.

Once upon a time a Chinese laundryman connected with one of the hotels thought it would be a good idea to do his weekly wash in one of those cauldrons where Nature had provided an abundance of hot water. He began his work, but a few moments after he had rubbed the soap upon the articles a strange thing occurred. The geyser spouted, and the laundry of the week was distributed over many acres of ground.

Thus it was discovered that soap would influence the geysers in their action, and there is now a rule, which is rigidly enforced, against soaping the geysers.



Mr. Binger Hermann

Millions of Acres in National Parks

The tracts mentioned are only a few of the many already reserved by the Government or under consideration by Congress and the General Land Office. Most people will be surprised to know that the National Parks and the thirty-eight forest reservations now include nearly 50,000,000 acres, and that the increase still goes on. Even in Alaska a forest—called an Afognak—consisting of 400,000 acres, has been reserved. In Arizona there are over 4,500,000 acres reserved; in California nearly 9,000,000 acres are reserved; in Colorado over 3,000,000 acres are reserved. In Idaho, Montana and Washington there are over 9,000,000 acres reserved; in Oregon nearly 5,000,000 acres are reserved; in South Dakota and Wyoming there are more than 1,000,000 acres; in Washington more than 7,000,000 acres; in Wyoming 3,000,000 acres; and thus the story goes.

While the nation is doing much for great parks, the States themselves are not behindhand. The most important achievement of the kind is that of New York in the North Mountains, where the great Adirondack Park has been established since 1892. It contains nearly three million acres, and of these nearly 1,600,000 acres are primeval forest.

Saving the Palisades of the Hudson

One of the very best things done recently in the direction of public parks and improvements was the action of New Jersey and New York in appointing commissioners to cooperate in establishing an interstate park to preserve the Palisades on the Hudson River. The commission of each of the two States consists of ten members, appointed for five years without salary. New York appropriated \$10,000 and New Jersey \$5000 for the expenses of the commission. Excellent men were selected. Governor Voorhees, of New Jersey, cordially supported the plan.

It is well remembered, of course, that the owners of certain parts of the Palisades began to blast them for commercial purposes and that their destruction seemed to be certain. But fortunately it has been checked. The commission acquired for \$132,500 the property where blasting was being done.

The cliffs will be secured and forever protected. It will cost probably \$1,000,000, but the results secured will be well worth the money. Then New York City will have one of the most picturesque drives in the world. It will extend through Central Park and along the famous Riverside Drive, thence by ferry to the New Jersey shore, thence up the hill to the top of the Palisades, and thence for miles along the cliffs, with their splendid views of the Hudson River.

A National Park at Valley Forge

Through the efforts of the patriotic societies a bill has been introduced in Congress providing for an appropriation of \$200,000 for the purchase and preservation of Valley Forge, where Washington and his army encamped in those uncertain and terrible days which preceded the victories that led to American independence. Fortunately this section has not yet been despoiled by the changes of modern life. It is a beautiful piece of country with glorious hills, splendid forests, and all those variations of topography and forests which will make a perfect pleasuring ground for the people. In addition the historic points are well preserved, and many of the defenses constructed by Washington's heroes still remain. The zealous students of history often spend days traversing the country following the footsteps of the patriots.

It is held—and rightly so—that Valley Forge was a crucial point of the fight for freedom; that it led to the battles of Trenton and Princeton which changed the ill fortunes of the war, and that to-day it is one of the sacred spots of American territory. The new park will consist of about a thousand acres, and the ultimate success of the efforts of the patriotic societies seems to be certain.

Letters from a Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, D. C. **W**HETHER it was who defined ceremony as the "invention of the wise to keep fools at a distance" could never have been at a White House reception on the first day of the New Year, for while of ceremony on that day there is a plenty, and of fools on that day there are some five thousand five hundred, the old saw fails in its invention by reason of the lack of distance maintained toward the fools. This was strongly impressed upon me when I took the place graciously accorded me behind the backs of the blue sofas in the Blue Room on that day. Luckily I was in a greater state of self-assurance this year than last. In the first place I knew the ropes thoroughly, I no longer had illusions and was not dazzled by the pomp; and, more potent than all else, I had taken care to suit my toilet to the very trying tint of the upholstery of the room, which is known to kill both complexions and gowns that are not carefully tuned up to it; but this was as far as my self-assurance went, for my mind was not tuned up along with my gown, either to the room or the occasion.

Old Seneca says that a "serene mind is a kind of divinity lodged in the flesh." I wonder what he would have said of my mind that day. It was anything but a divinity, for in the morning, when the light of the new century dawned upon me and I was feeling in a serene and uplifted mood, that most hateful and insidious thing known as an anonymous letter was given me with my morning mail. This letter contained a newspaper clipping, cut from Heaven only knows what paper, and ever since I have been going around feeling like an animated dime novel, yellow cover and all. I haven't known whether to laugh or to cry.

Throughout all the time that I stood there in the Blue Room, and afterward when I made the tour of the rooms, and later when I assisted at a reception at one of the Cabinet houses, I was turning over and over in my mind that astounding communication signed "Well-Wisher." Of course I chattered and laughed and exchanged the compliments of the season with those around me, and I listened attentively to the gossip and comments that circulated as freely as coin of the realm, but all the time I was wondering who my enemy was, or who Robert's enemy was, who, perhaps, meant to strike at him through me.

Partly on this account and partly because I was no longer solely the product of Spruce City, I viewed this reception with vastly different eyes from those of last year. One difference noticeable this year was that Mrs. Hay was absent from the receiving line, thus promoting Mrs. Gage to the place of honor beside Mrs. McKinley, and there were no young unmarried women in the receiving party save Miss Wilson; this last arrangement having come about by reason of the old war, ever waged here in Washington, of precedence and etiquette. Also, rather conspicuously missing from the Naval contingent were the retired officers. As I was going to the White House I met Admiral —. I hailed him and asked:

"Why aren't you in uniform and on your way to the White House?"

"I am not expected," said he with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Not expected?" said I with an echo of surprise in my voice.

"No, the powers that be, Mrs. Slocum, forgot us this year. They sent us no notification to appear, and we're going to the club to jubilate over the fact."

And he passed on in high feather at escaping the function.

Otherwise the reception was "as like as two peas" to that of every dead and gone one. Certainly the gossip was just as rife as it is said to have been ever since Abigail Adams held her first "levee" under that roof. The dispenser of all gossip and rumor of this town stood near me, and she poured out a stream of comments that kept me on tenterhooks.

"Oh, Mrs. Slocum! do look at that bride over there with her monogram done in red on the backs of her gloves; where on earth could she hail from, do you suppose? And here comes Mrs. L — in royal purple velvet. I wonder if she means it as a reflection of glory. And, good Heavens! what a strange figure of a woman that is over there. Oh,

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of letters by the author of *The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife*, which appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post* last winter.

here comes General Miles! He doesn't look as though he feared any foe, not even a bovine one with horns and hoofs. And General Corbin does not give any sign of possible forthcoming matrimonial honors that I can see. Goodness me! What a hurry Mr. Dooley's relative, 'Cousin George,' is in! Why, he's half a mile ahead of the rest of the Naval contingent, and where are all the old admirals and commodores, I wonder? Here comes Secretary Root; I wonder if the Senate will make him disgorge the Lawshe report. He looks set enough not to. And oh, dear me! how some of those women are kowtowing to Baron G —! No diplomat ought ever to come here unmarried unless he wants to participate in the chief rôle at a lion hunt. My, but the Diplomatic women are a plain lot!"

"Oh, come now," said I, "I certainly think that Madame W — is really beautiful, and the Viscountess T — is lovely."

"Well, yes, but they are the only two. As for the men!"

"Hush!" said I emphatically, and I edged away from her. All this show and glitter that stalked before my eyes made me suddenly turn my attention upon the Executive to observe his face and bearing, and I was surprised at the glimpse obtained. Just then Mr. Morelos, of the Spanish Legation, in full court regalia, came along and, spying me behind the line, made his way to me, saying gayly:

"What weighty legislative measure is Madame meaning to make or mar, that she looks so grave?"

I was startled by this salutation and said hurriedly as I ignored his question:

"Do take me out of this crowd. I want to go into the corridor and look through the doorway. I have a curiosity to see all this pomp and ceremony from there."

He quickly made a way for me, and I was soon leaning upon the heavy velvet rope which bars the open door from the corridor, and was gazing back into the faces of the receiving party and into the faces of the throng that stalked past.

I turned to Mr. Morelos after a moment and asked curiously:

"How does this sort of thing strike your foreign eyes?"

"Well, Madame," he said slowly, "if I may speak candidly I should say that it seems to me to be the American habit to be rather *triste* on such occasions. Your people are neither at work nor at play."

I pondered this. It seemed to be a very just view. I said:

"Do you do these things any better in your country, Mr. Morelos?" And as I spoke my eyes fell upon the Duke of Arcos in his gorgeous Spanish court dress and then wandered to the order upon Mr. Morelos' breast.

"Yes, and no, Madame. We differ in much. We do not shake, shake, and always shake the hand as in America."

"No," laughed I, "you only bend, bend, and forever bend the knee in your country."

And I glanced back to the figure of President McKinley, who was automatically shaking hands and smiling perfunctorily. It seemed to me that the Executive face was wearing an expressionless mask. Then my eye ran down the entire receiving line. The very same expression was to be found everywhere, and I glanced back curiously at Colonel Bingham, who was making the presentations, and at the gorgeous Major McCawley, who was repeating the names to Mrs. McKinley, and they, too, had the same set, automatic look. My eyes flew over the sea of faces behind the receiving line. Why, what ailed them all, I wondered. The deadly fascination of this neither-at-work-nor-at-play attitude held me mute. I was asking myself if it were possible that the highest form of American society finds its expression in stalking about, continually shaking hands. If so, the end ought to come.

Mr. Morelos interrupted my communing with a melancholy inflection of tone as he said:

"I have never seen a President of the United States at play, Madame."

He spoke much as though it were the custom for our Executives to gambol upon the green when not signing bills or conducting campaigns, and as though he had been cheated out of a diplomatic right to see the President at his games. I smiled and said:

"Well, you should have seen this President at play a few weeks ago, Mr. Morelos. It was a very pretty sight. Little Leonora

P —, a child of five or six, came one day to the White House to see Mrs. McKinley. Mrs. McKinley is very fond of children and she asked Leonora to visit her. Well, Leonora arrived all starched and frilled and with her best and primmest little manners to the fore. Her old black mammy nurse was with her, and it was evident that Leonora had been instructed to be very polite, and not to sit down in the presence of the mistress of the White House unless pressed to do so, and, above all, to answer all questions promptly. Both the President and Mrs. McKinley received the child. They did all they could to make her feel at home, but Leonora was evidently a good deal awed. At last Mrs. McKinley, observing the years of the old black mammy, pressed her to sit down, and the child too, but before the words were out of her mouth Leonora said admonishingly to her nurse in an undertone, and holding herself bolt upright:

"No, mammy; servants must not sit."

"Why, Leonora," said Mrs. McKinley, much amused, 'mammy's an old woman. And you sit down yourself, don't you?'"

"Oh, yes'm," returned the child gravely, 'but, then, I'm people.'

This reply nearly bowled the President over and he and Mrs. McKinley smiled broadly. Then Mrs. McKinley took out her watch, which contains a portrait of the President. She held it out and said coaxingly:

"Leonora, you cannot tell me of whom this is a picture?"

Leonora drew near and scanned the open watch. A bright look swept over her face. She smiled up at her host and hostess and said knowingly:

"Oh, yes'm, I know who it is!"

"Well, who is it, Leonora?"

"It's Dewey."

This was altogether too much for the President. He went off into a fit of laughter so long and so loud that some of the staff from the executive end of the building came hurriedly to learn what had happened. There was nothing too good for that child in the whole White House after her famous recognition of that picture. That, Mr. Morelos, was a time when a President of the United States was entirely off guard and was at play—with a little child."

"I should like to have seen it, Madame."

"The funny thing was," continued I, "the consternation of that old mammy. She said to me afterward:

"Law me, Mrs. Slocum, I was that outdone with Leonora for tellin' Mrs. McKinley she was carryin' the Admiral's picture in her watch I could have whopped her."

"Oh, well," said I, "the President only thought it was very funny. He didn't mind."

"Yes'm," said she, "the President is real true quality."

After this for a few minutes we watched silently the stream of humanity that was being hurried past in the Blue Room, and then suddenly my eyes lighted upon Senator Lodge, just in the act of shaking hands all down the line. I began to smile and finally asked:

"Mr. Morelos, have you ever seen Senator Lodge's famous Botticelli?"

"No, I have not, Madame."

"Well, neither have I, but I have heard about it and its wonderful colors. If you ever happen to run across the now ex-Governor of New York, ask him about Senator Lodge's Botticelli."

"But, Madame, that might not be till after the ex-Governor's inauguration next March, and I should like to hear the story now."

"Well," said I, "the Governor, for he was Governor until to-day, was here visiting some time ago and he dined in a certain smart house. The conversation had ranged over a wide area of topics in which the arts, both of the brush and of the cuisine, had played important rôles. These two things became rather mixed up in the hostess' mind, probably, for she asked the Governor suavely:

"Governor, have you seen Senator Lodge's Vermicelli that he brought over from Europe?"

"Why, no," returned the Governor, adjusting his glasses in a thoughtful way; 'what is there that is remarkable about Lodge's vermicelli?'"

"Why, the wonderful colors, Governor."

"But I thought that vermicelli was always white," said the Governor.

"There was a moment of cloudy silence while hostess and Governor stared helplessly



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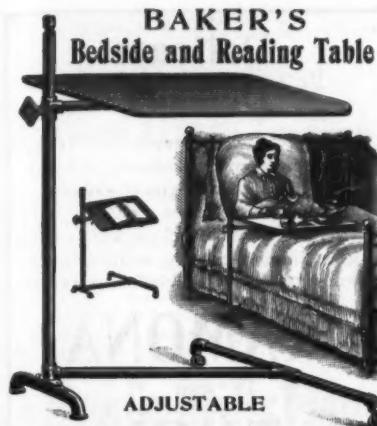
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at each other, and the rest of the table held its breath. Then suddenly some one took up the conversation and remarked in an every-day tone:

"I wonder where Lodge managed to find a genuine Botticelli?"

"There was a profound relief all around that table that was almost audible."

We both were highly amused by this story of mine, and I was beginning to feel much cheered up and to forget the hateful communication at home, when it was all brought back to me by the approach of a group of foreigners along the corridor. They were just leaving to go to the Diplomatic breakfast at Secretary Hay's. They stopped to speak to us, of course, and I was relieved to find that among them was not a certain newcomer to America about whom I was beginning to feel a nervous apprehension. After they had passed on I said to Mr. Morelos:

"Mr. Morelos, you have met a Mr. X—, have you not—a newcomer to America?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Do you happen to know if he is here with any of the Embassies or Legations to-day?"

"I think he would not be here to-day. He is not in the Diplomatic service."

"What is his nationality?" asked I.

"Ah, that is puzzling. No one seems to know. His name might be German, or Austrian, or Prussian. For myself, Madame, I do not know."

"What is he doing here?"

"Well, he seems to be here upon some special mission; probably something to do with the shipping subsidies or—"

"Ah," I said; "I thought so."

Mr. Morelos glanced at me a moment keenly. He went on:

"He brought, I am told, letters of introduction to Madame—, but he is not connected with any Legation or Embassy. I hope this Mr. X— has not made himself in any way—"

"Oh, no, no!" I cried, hurriedly interrupting him. Then I added:

"The crowd is thinning. I am going on to Secretary—'s house to receive, and—"

"You have no doubt an arduous afternoon ahead of you still?" queried he.

"Yes, I shall be at the Secretary's until five; then I shall look in for a moment at the Washington Club to hear what sort of an epitaph they will give to the dead century; then I shall go on to Miss E—'s tea. Have you ever been to the Washington Club, Mr. Morelos?"

"What! a man go to a woman's club? Ah, Madame, in my country we have no new women and new women's clubs."

I laughed at his old-fogy, foreign disdain of women's clubs and said:

"You will look in at the Secretary's this afternoon?"

"Assuredly, Madame."

When I got home that day I found that Robert was dining out, and as soon that night as I could get rid of my maid I gave myself up to a perusal of my anonymous letter and to a thorough going over of the last week or two. As I turned the letter and the clipping over in my hands, I thought of the saying that "there is a Cato in every man, and he that reverences this judge will seldom do anything he need repent of," and I was wondering what had become of the Cato in me that I should have been led into this mess.

Robert would no doubt say that it had all come about because of my absurd mania for rushing around after the foreigners here, and that if I had not been ambitious to hobnob with them I should never have met this Mr. X— at Madame—'s first evening reception. In reality, it had all come about because of my keen interest in all legislative matters, and because I have been hunting the legislative Snark so assiduously.

I picked up the clipping and scanned it closely, but both date and heading were missing. I could not fathom from what paper it had been cut. It was not from the Flapjack, for neither the type nor texture of paper was that of the Spruce City luminary, but how long would it be before it would be in big type in the Flapjack? This idea made me ill, for my mind flew to the possibility of its being used to hurt Robert before the caucus in Spruce City. Of course, my mind ran back over every incident in connection with the first political dinner I had given in December to Robert's fellow-politicians, the night when I had started Senator P— talking of the Subsidy bill. I remembered that I had been curious about the bill because of the attitude of certain men in Congress toward it. I had been trying to get to the bottom of things political. I had wanted to

know why men spoke and even voted in direct variance with their inner convictions, and I was curious to know what strings pulled them to such action. I remembered that I had started the ball rolling and had talked against the bill.

It was just before that dinner that I had had an experience which had startled me a bit and which had led me to mention that there was a foreign lobby at work against the bill, but I had not intended to convey any significance by my words, though I well remember that both Robert and Senator P— questioned me at the time.

I remember I did think of mentioning this Mr. X— and his ambiguous words, but I was so egotistically innocent that I never dreamed at first that he was trying to influence me to any action. Conscience, when it first smites, is said to be "an admonition."

I ought to have realized that this first conversation, vague as it was, was an admonition. A second smiting of conscience is said to be "a condemnation." Well, this anonymous letter that had smitten me that morning was my condemnation. I had met this Mr. X— first at Madame—'s, and I supposed, of course, until Mr. Morelos informed me to the contrary, at the White House, that he was some newly arrived attaché of the Diplomatic Corps. His manners were perfect, but his English was monstrous.

However, our conversation then and after was always in French, for my French had recovered from its broken, halting condition of last year, and now I can converse in two languages, though, like the cautious general, I am still silent in eight of the other tongues. I wondered a little at this man's remaining so persistently at my side. I did not make the mistake of last winter in supposing it was my mature charms which attracted him, for I've been in Washington long enough to know better than that, for it is money, or position, or influence, or dinners—anything, in fact, rather than merit or charms—that attracts.

This Mr. X— began by telling me that he was making a study of our wonderful Government, and he asked me many questions, which, gooselike, I was flattered into answering. He said that he had heard that I was a clever statesman and had everything at my fingers' ends. Fancy my swallowing that—but I did! After that first meeting I seemed to stumble upon him everywhere.

I remember going to a fashionable wedding and, when about to be seated in the pew at St. John's, found that he was standing in that very pew with deferential quietness, awaiting my recognition. Before the arrival of the bridal party there had been a great commotion and the whole church had risen and remained standing. He had glanced at me in puzzled questioning and I had whispered:

"Monsieur le Président est arrivé."

He raised his eyebrows, and almost his shoulders too, and whispered back:

"Comme la royauté."

Then I recalled that some one had brought him to my house on my reception day and that he had spoken of my wide acquaintance and my reputed influence in official quarters, and had talked in a way that made me uneasy, and after that I had tactfully tried to avoid him, but he seemed to be everywhere and always at my elbow. Never could I put my finger upon anything that was out of taste in his bearing or speech, yet I had begun to know there was a deep motive in his attentions, and to know at last what that motive was—and then when the morning of the New Year had dawned I received this anonymous letter and newspaper clipping. The latter read:

It is becoming a matter of gossip in Washington that a certain Congressman's wife, who affects the foreign smart set, has been lending her influence quietly against a particular bill that is before the Senate, under what European promise of reward is not known. This lady has given political dinners to the promoters of this bill, hoping to weaken their support of it, even though such action on her part is not in accord with the interests of her husband's constituents, who control a great part of the commerce of the Great Lakes!

Fancy this bomb being received on New Year's morning. Truly I did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

For myself it would not much matter, but this clipping, if it were picked up and copied in the Flapjack, could be used as capital against Robert before the Legislature. In my mind I saw the vision of the Senate recede and gradually fade out. When I closed my weary eyes that night I felt that at last, after all my hunting for the political Snark, my capture had turned out to be a Boojum.

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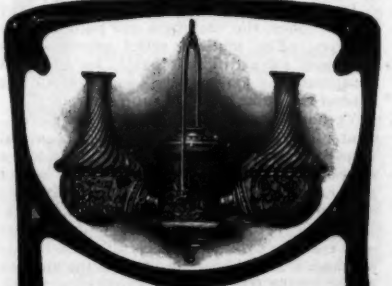
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The Essentials of Polar Expeditions

(Continued from Page 3)



COURTESY OF THE FREDERICK A. STOKES CO.

Baby Peary, born in the Arctic regions

bag and sealed, and delivered up to the Government, and are not returned until the commander has made free use of them in his report. It is at the option of the Government whether the material is ever returned at all.

In Government expeditions, as in many private ones, the members are paid regular salaries. The modern relief expedition is managed on a different basis, for the men contribute not only their own services but give of their means to its support.

Verhoeff, for example, one of the permanent members of Peary's North Greenland Expedition of 1891-'92, and the meteorologist of the party, contributed \$2000. The rest of the men, with the exception of Peary's colored servant, contributed their services. In the Peary Relief Expedition of 1891-'92 each member subscribed a certain sum for his passage. This was in addition to the amount raised by the friends of the expedition. The members of the North Greenland Expedition of 1893-'94 were to receive the sum of \$200, for two years, merely to bind the contract. The author paid to go as an independent member and as the artist of the expedition. Peary's colored servant received a regular salary, as did the nurse of Mrs. Peary's baby—born a few weeks after our arrival in Bowdoin Bay. Eivind Astrup contributed sledge material and foot gear amounting to about \$1300.

The relations of the leader with his men are supposed to be in the line of a friend with his friends. But often his attitude, and actions as well, are entirely selfish, and therefore, on the return of the expedition, the public hears murmurings which are rarely given more than passing notice. The world pays attention only to men of prominence, without much regard as to how they have succeeded.

I am inclined from personal observation and experience to believe that the grievances of those who usually do all of the hardest work and endure most of the exposure, but who, as a rule, get little credit for it, are generally well founded. There are fortunately but few ghastly tales of cruelty to tell of these expeditions. There is no record of self-sacrifice more truly noble than the histories of those heroes at the drag-ropes, or at the oars, who struggled on because the failure of one would compromise the safety of all.

The Cost of Polar Expeditions

Relatively speaking, the cost of Polar expeditions has diminished rather than increased. More than three hundred years ago Willoughby's expedition cost \$60,000, an enormous sum for that day. Sir John Ross' expedition, from the years 1829 to 1833, was a private enterprise, costing \$100,000. Back's successful and difficult trip to explore the Great Fish River, in 1833-'35, cost only \$25,000. An extraordinary example of achievement with small expenditure was Middendorff's Siberian Expedition of 1844, costing only \$8585. According to the report of the English Admiralty, the costs of the various Franklin Search Expeditions from 1848 to 1854 amounted to \$4,166,665.

Peary's plan of employing the Eskimo is well and good when circumstances bring plenty of food, but if Peary gets into difficulty and supplies fail, if the dogs break down under the terrible ravages of madness from exposure or "peh-block-toe," his Eskimo friends will not be able to understand the reason for lingering in a region where there is no food, and will conclude that Peary, too, is "peh-block-toe." The Eskimo, or Innuitt, is a good-natured child and cannot be reasoned with, and some day he may leave Peary, and the leader will know nothing about it until too late, for in true Eskimo fashion it will be "French leave." Never before in the story of Arctic research had a commander been able to make a systematic advance from a base of supplies—with the advantage of having this base renewed from year to year by relief expeditions—until the Peary Expedition of 1898.

Although Peary belongs to the Navy, his expeditions have been fitted out with proceeds from his lectures, sales from his own and his wife's book, contributions from the geographical societies of New York and Philadelphia, and private contributions. The Government has allowed him furloughs with half pay almost uninterruptedly, commencing in 1888, then from 1891 up to 1898, when he was granted an additional furlough of five years.

The heroic, ill-fated "Jeannette" expedition of 1879-'81, under DeLong, was fitted out by the liberality of James Gordon Bennett at a cost of \$340,000, but the officers and men were detailed from the naval service. Nansen's unparalleled voyage in the Fram, across the unexplored Polar Ocean, in the years 1893-'96, cost only \$125,000. The Fram, specially built, cost \$80,000.

The Choice of Vessels for the Work

In these expeditions, with very few exceptions, the vessels used have not been built for the purpose, but have been taken from the ranks of the whalers and sealers, which are pretty well adapted for their own particular work. They are obtained in Great Britain, at Peterhead, Aberdeen, Greenock and Dundee; also at Tonsburg, Norway; and at St. Johns, Newfoundland; Sidney, Cape Breton, and New Bedford, Massachusetts.

Amongst Arctic authorities on the constructive lines of vessels, as well as on certain canons of ice navigation, there is pretty general agreement; and until Archer, in collaboration with Nansen, designed the Fram, the regulation sealer or whaler was always used, with additional strengthening. The typical sealer is generally barkentine-rigged; the whaler a brig or ship; but the Fram was schooner-rigged, and answered perfectly the demands upon her.

The prow of the sealer or whaler is built solid with oak beams, bolted together for six feet aft, and is further strengthened by heavy iron plates fastened on the outside for charging the ice. Besides being braced inside by knees and transverse beams, the hull is covered for its whole length with a sheathing of one of the hardest of woods, green heart or iron-wood, from the water line to the turn of the bilge.

The propeller is made of bell-metal that will bend and not break, and is hung in a well, by which means it can quickly be raised out of danger from the ice. An extra rudder is also provided. Steam power is considered indispensable. The engine is set well aft and protected by the coal bunkers on either side.

The ship is also fitted with a "lookout," near the top of the foremast or the mainmast, called the "crow's nest," which is a large barrel with a trapdoor in the bottom, where the man on watch can better see the leads or open water spaces through which to guide the vessel.

A vessel, to be serviceable in Polar ice, must not be large. From 150 to not more than 300 tons is the limit. Being small they can be built more compactly, are more easily handled at critical periods, and will stand the strain of charging the ice and the jar from the engines. This is considerable, and the rate of speed must be moderate; therefore from three to six miles an hour is sufficient, for it has been found that even a rate of eight or ten miles an hour renders the ship unseaworthy, as in her battlings with the ice she is incessantly exposed to shocks, which tend to loosen her framework. A large vessel in the midst of the ice pack might be crushed or nipped while trying to make for the open water, or while turning or backing; whereas

a small vessel could take advantage of lesser "leads" and thus escape into open water or free ice.

The recent success of the Russian steel ice-breaker, *Yermak*, in making her way through fourteen feet thickness of ice north of Spitzbergen, may revolutionize methods of Polar expeditions.

The question arises, and can only be solved by actual experience, whether enough fuel can be carried for a trip to the Pole. Built of steel, and not in rounded lines like the Fram, which was built of elastic wood, will a ship rise out of the ice under its terrible pressure? Upon this quality depends her safety. There is no construction made by man that will withstand the direct crushing power of the Polar pack.

After careful comparison of the experiences of the different expeditions, it can safely be argued that, as between woolen and fur, the latter is superior. It is claimed for the former that it absorbs perspiration, and thus keeps the body dry, but Nansen found that the perspiration came through and froze on the outside, thus converting it into a suit of ice armor, which, as he moved, broke at the elbows, wrists, and all places where movement occurred; and being stiff, it cut through the flesh.

On lying down to rest the heat of the body melted this ice casing, and he had to lie in cold, wet garments. On the other hand, Peary's experience shows that reindeer skin is absolutely impervious to the searching lower temperatures and the fine, impalpable snow dust, and is very much lighter than woollens. The fur suit is worn over a loose suit of winter underwear, which absorbs the dampness. Everything depends, however, on whether the wearer knows how to make and wear a fur suit properly.

Value of Sledges and Eskimo Dogs

One of the most important items in the equipment is the sledge, the construction of which must be thoroughly understood, for upon its proper building depend in large measure the lives of the party and the success of the expedition. In earlier Arctic work ships were solely relied upon, and it was not until the second and third voyages of Parry and the second voyage of John Ross that sledges were used. Extensive explorations by this means were not seriously thought of until the Franklin Search Expeditions between 1848 and 1854.

Although reindeer were tried as early as Parry's time for drawing the sledge, and Jackson speaks approvingly of the Russian pony, the Eskimo dog or domesticated wolf remains the best draft animal of the Polar latitudes. That most wonderful of all animals, man, has demonstrated a great capacity in this direction as in many others. The advantage of the dog is speed, which means a saving of time, food and strain on the men.

The advantage of the man is that the amount of food he requires can be perfectly calculated, and he can go over any kind of surface, whereas an Eskimo dog is useless over very rough ground or ice. Modern explorers have every advantage over those of bygone days in condensed foods, and a large variety of preserved fruits and vegetables. They thus avoid weight, and the carriage of "salt horse" and other objectionable foods that induce scurvy. The old fellows did not mind carrying with them, however, such items as Davis' brass band to amuse the natives, and bales of silk for the Saracen princes on the route to India by the Northeast Passage.

In the summer season the Polar regions teem with game, but it is an uncertain element, as they change their habitat very unceremoniously, and therefore great care must be exercised in the amount and quality of food taken. Altogether, tea is more healthful and nourishing to the men during the hard working trips than coffee, and is compressed into quarter-pound tablets which are wrapped in tin-foil. Pea soup is packed in the same manner.

Pemmican is not to be omitted, as it contains a greater amount of nourishment for the space it occupies than any other food. It is made as follows: Beef of the best quality is selected, from which the fat and membranous parts are melted away. It is then dried in a malt kiln over an oak fire, until the moisture entirely disappears and the fibre becomes friable; then it is ground in a malt mill into fine grated meat. It is next mixed with a nearly equal weight of melted beef suet or lard. In order to render it more agreeable, it is sometimes mixed with currants, or partly sweetened with sugar or chocolate. It

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Explorers who have adopted the methods of the natives with intelligent discrimination have been better able to stand the climate, and much of Hall's and Peary's success is due to such a course. When Nansen and Johannsen had killed their last dog and found the longed-for land, they built a rude hut of stones and turf, and lived through the long winter on bear meat and walrus meat; and, in spite of this restriction to a meat diet, they emerged out of the Arctic night healthy and strong, and ready to make their way back to civilization.

From the ignorance generally displayed by even cultivated people in their questionings as to Polar matters, one is constrained to believe that they only read a headline in the papers—or at best a paragraph or two by persons incompetent to write about Polar expeditions—and I shall therefore close this article with an endeavor to meet some of these queries, although they have been answered time and again by different explorers.

What does the explorer get out of it? If he has been successful he obtains the coveted distinction of a medal from the learned geographical societies, besides the decorations bestowed by royalty, and if he be in the army or navy is frequently advanced to high rank. He is often knighted. Queen Elizabeth presented Sir Humphrey Gilbert with a jewel consisting of a small anchor of beaten gold, with a large pearl on the peak, which he evermore wore on his breast. The renowned Captain Cook received the Copley medal in 1776, and a medal was specially struck in his honor.

Peary has received the first medal awarded by a geographical society of this country—the Cullom medal from the Geographical Society of New York—besides the Patrons or Victoria medal from the Royal Geographical Society of England.

An explorer always publishes a book which in some instances nets him substantial sums. But whether he be successful in his quest or not, he has the consciousness of having performed his duty in surmounting great difficulties.

What do the men get out of it? As we have before stated, the majority of the expeditions have been sent out by the different Governments, and the men were paid regular salaries. In order to stimulate the search for the much-coveted Northwest Passage, the British Admiralty offered a premium of £10,000 to the expedition or whaler that should be successful. Parry and his associates were awarded £5000 for passing meridian 110° west longitude. The Admiralty awarded to Doctor Rae and his companions £10,000 for the first clue of Franklin. McClure was knighted and £10,000 was voted him and his comrades by the House of Commons for the discovery of

the Northwest Passage. During the Franklin search the British Admiralty paid to the most deserving ships of whalers who joined in the search £400.

Aside from the crews of whalers and sealers who, in their quest after commercial gains, really discovered more new lands and seas than, on account of their carelessness in reporting, they will ever get credit for, the men, outside of their wonderful experiences, get, as a rule, very little out of it. They are under such strict contracts.

Much of their reward—and they don't often get it—is a sort of immortalization from being mentioned in the narrative of the expedition. Some of the leaders give just and full credit to the men, as instance Doctor Nansen in his First Crossing of Greenland: "But my chief thanks are nevertheless owing to my five comrades, to whose combined efforts the success is of course mainly due."

When Doctor Nansen received the special gold medal struck in his honor by the Royal Geographical Society of England, on his return from the Fram expedition, his officers, at the same time, received a replica in silver and each of his men one of bronze. This was repeated by the Société de Géographie of France and that of Berlin.

What the world gets out of it: The rediscovery of the American Continent was a result of the search for the Northwest Passage. Most people will be surprised to learn that in a little over two centuries \$1,000,000,000 in value have been yielded to the world by these so-called barren, unfruitful wastes of snow and ice. The Dutch Whale Fishery, from 1668 to 1778, aggregated in value over \$100,000,000. Scoresby, in thirty voyages, caught fish to the value of \$1,000,000. The British Whale Fishery \$250,000,000. The product of the American Whale Fishery from 1804 to 1877 was \$332,000,000. The aggregate of these three nations is \$680,000,000. In this estimate no account has been taken of the wealth accumulated from the fur seal, the millions of common seal, the great cod fisheries of Newfoundland and Labrador, the walrus and shark fisheries, and again the immense products from the establishment of the ancient Hudson Bay Company.

We are all familiar with the fabulous mineral resources of regions that have been supposed to be utterly worthless—as Alaska and Siberia. Labrador, too, is very rich in this respect. There is no real reason to believe that Greenland is destitute of rich mineral ores. As Nansen has truly said: "There is as much reason for asking, what is the use of science, as to ask of what use it is to explore the Polar regions."

So if we ask of what benefit is Polar exploration, we must also ask of what benefit is science. Men of the highest scientific attainments state that until the ellipticity of the world is measured no boundary line can be run with precision, maps will be uncertain, and shoals and dangers cannot be charted with accuracy. In order to overcome



this difficulty a Northern Arc must be measured near the Pole.

A complete knowledge of the great Polar regions, with their vast ocean and air currents, will be necessary to the unfolding of Nature's secrets, whereby temperature and storms can be actually foretold, and perhaps other mighty forces discovered. After casting a glance over the whole course of Polar exploration, with its array of undaunted hero souls, one cannot help coming to the conclusion that the one essential to success in this most hazardous field is a fit leader and fit men. All honor, then, to those whose purpose held to sail beyond the sunset.

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Forestry, the New Profession

By René Bache

TO THE young man freshly provided with an education who is puzzled as to how to utilize it, a new profession offers itself, possessing the advantages of good pay, healthfulness and variety of work, and a demand far exceeding the supply of persons available for service. It is the occupation of forestry, which is beginning to assume a remarkable development in this country, owing to an awakening of the people to the fact that the forested areas of the country are a great source of present and future wealth and that their preservation is a vital necessity. With the birth of this idea has come a demand for the adoption of proper methods for the management of this wealth in woods, and the Government is taking measures of wide scope and important effect in that direction.

The business of forest management on a great scale cannot be conducted without a large number of intelligent and specially trained men, and, with this fact in mind, the Government is now educating in the art a considerable number of young college graduates and paying them for their services. Sixty-five of them were maintained in the field last summer, and about twenty-five are at present kept busy in Washington. Eventually they will become full-fledged foresters, and, having learned the business, will readily command good salaries, either in Uncle Sam's employ or elsewhere, as will presently be explained.

The Government work has hardly more than begun, but it is growing fast. There are nearly 50,000,000 acres of national forest reserves in this country, and for their conservative management Uncle Sam's Forest Bureau is making working plans. The States are taking a most active interest in the matter, especially New York, in whose behalf the Bureau is preparing working plans for about 1,250,000 acres. In addition, the Bureau has applications for similar working plans for 2,500,000 acres belonging to private owners.

From 20,000,000 to 40,000,000 acres of Government forest in the Philippines require attention, and the office in charge of forestry work at Manila, under Captain Ahearn, of the Ninth Infantry, is anxious to obtain the services of competent experts in this line.

The Growing Demand for Foresters

While other occupations, and particularly the professions, are desperately crowded, there is such a lack of foresters that there is no prospect of supplying the demand for a long time to come. They cannot be obtained because they are not to be found in this country. The Forest Bureau in Washington now has in its employ every expert of this kind in the United States, barring perhaps half a dozen, and is looking vainly for more. The force now available has work ahead of it, already outlined, which would fully occupy it for fifty years to come. Applications already received for working plans cover more than 50,000,000 acres, and these alone would take the entire time of the present working staff for twenty years.

The demand is far beyond the supply, and the opportunity offered to young men who are looking for an occupation in life is proportionately great. There is a chance for a good many to learn the business under Government auspices, but it ought to be explained at the start that only college graduates are accepted as pupils by the Forest Bureau in Washington. This Bureau is a division of the Department of Agriculture, and the head of it is Mr. Gifford Pinchot, who, aided by other members of his family, recently secured by endowment the establishment of a forest school at Yale University. Any young man who will go through that school, the course at which requires two years, may count with reasonable certainty on getting regular employment in the Forest Bureau, which is eager to obtain the services of persons so trained.

For a young man of the right sort there is some prospect of obtaining employment with the Forest Bureau without going through the school as a preliminary. He should write to Mr. Pinchot, making his application, and in reply he will receive a blank, which he is to fill out, telling all about himself and what his training has been. Under ordinary circumstances he will stand about one chance in five of being accepted. Should he be fortunate, he will be assigned to a field party—probably in Tennessee, or Washington State,

or South Dakota, and will be instructed to proceed to his destination direct, reporting in camp. He will be required to pay his own traveling expenses.

From the time of his appointment he ranks as a "student assistant" in the Forest Bureau, and it is understood that he is in the field for the purpose of rendering what service he can to the party, while acquiring the rudiments of the art of forestry. It is experience of the most practical kind, and only in such a way can the beginner find out what forestry actually is. He gets twenty-five dollars a month, and pays his own traveling expenses when he goes home at the end of the season. But if he is a capable fellow he has a fair chance of being taken to Washington for the winter and kept on the pay-roll, in which case Uncle Sam will probably buy his railroad ticket. As already stated, twenty-five student assistants were thus maintained at the Capital last winter.

The Forest Bureau would employ a much larger number of student assistants if Congress would provide the necessary money. As it is, each young man costs the Government about forty dollars a month while in the field, including expenses for the transfer of the parties from one place to another. A field party may restrict its operations to a small extent of territory, covering only fifteen or twenty square miles, or it may range over distances of 400 or 500 miles. It has two main lines of work, the first being to find out the "stand" for each acre—that is, the number of feet of merchantable lumber available; and the other to ascertain the proportion of different kinds and sizes of trees in the forest.

How Trees are Studied Practically

For illustration, suppose that there are one thousand trees, ten inches in diameter, of a species which will gain one inch in seven years, and that there is no good market for ten-inch trees in that region, although there is a demand for twelve-inch trees. At the end of fourteen years those one thousand trees will be merchantable, and will offer in effect so many board feet which were not there before. This represents in a nutshell the idea of the forestry business, which is purely economic and practical. In order to find out how fast a tree may be expected to increase in diameter the expert makes what is called a "stem analysis," and is thus enabled to determine the rate of growth in height and girth at different periods in the tree's life.

When these results are worked up it is known what a particular forest is capable of producing. Then the field party studies the "silvicultural characteristics" of the forest, which have to do chiefly with its reproduction and the kind of measures that must be taken in lumbering to secure the safety of the young growth and the future productiveness of a given area. Also, a study is made of markets, taxes, transportation facilities, and other matters that go to determine whether or not it will pay a man to cut off his timber by conservative lumbering—which is another name for forestry—and to hold the land for a second crop of timber. This second crop may be ripe in fourteen years, or in forty years, according to circumstances; but the important thing is to decide whether the growth will exceed in value the outgo for taxes, protection and interest.

When a young man goes to the forest school at Yale—altogether the best way to begin—he devotes the first year of the course to learning about the life of the forest, the ways in which to study it, the art of making forest measurements, and how to carry on the routine work of the forester. Also, he perfects himself in auxiliary studies, such as those of soils, botany and physical geography, which have an important relation to trees. In the second year he studies the application of all these things to the practical handling of forest lands and the making of working plans for conservative lumbering.

If only one application out of five for employment in the Forest Bureau may be expected to be successful, what, it may be asked, are the four unsuccessful young men to do? The answer is that they must go to some school of forestry. The best one is at Yale, but there are others. Beginning next July, there will be a summer school of forestry, with annual sessions, at Milford, Pennsylvania, especially intended for learners just starting in at the work, for teachers

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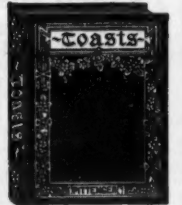
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In the countries of Europe forestry is an old story, and its objects are well understood.

Here the people are only just beginning to grasp the fact that it is wholly economic, and distinct from landscape gardening, fruit-culture and the planting of trees in cities. But, though public interest in forestry is of such recent birth in the United States, its growth has been astonishingly rapid. The time has come when, with the development of an American system of forestry, the adoption of a general system of conservative lumbering and of proper management of the wooded areas must follow.

The young man who is graduated from a forest school is likely at once to find employment with the Government, or in work for one or another of the States, which, as already said, are beginning to take great interest in the future of their own forest reserves. Presumably, there will be no lack of occupation for experts in this line during a generation yet to come. And in conclusion it may be mentioned that the creation of great game preserves in this country is going to make a demand for many foresters, as every tract set apart for such purposes requires the active management of a man thoroughly trained in this craft.

Food from Coal Tar

RECENTLY many prophecies have been offered as to the prospects for supplying food for man from the chemical factory. M. Berthelot, a famous French savant, declares that the laboratory of the not distant future will be able to furnish not merely all of the articles of diet now familiar, but also many that are as yet unknown. Unfortunately, it must be acknowledged that as yet chemistry has not learned how to counterfeit a raw potato successfully. It has not even achieved synthetic string beans. There has been scarce a reaching-out in the direction of the imitation watermelon; that is on the other side of the molecular snake-fence.

Nevertheless, while the feeding of mankind from the laboratory may still be some distance away, some notable results have been obtained.

Chemistry has evolved sugars artificially—not cane sugar as yet, but glucose and fruit sugar, which are valuable food products. These have been obtained from coal tar, the most important work in this line being credited to a German named Fischer, who has manufactured a number of kinds of sugar never heard of before, and which are unknown in Nature. Saccharine—a substance three hundred to five hundred times as sweet as cane sugar—has been made from coal tar. Practically all of the colors used in the arts and industries to-day are got from aniline—a compound extracted from coal tar. It is colorless, but its salts have all the hues of the rainbow. From coal tar, also, are produced numerous valuable medicines, particularly anti-febrile remedies.

That synthetic foods are not a mere dream was evidenced by the actual manufacture of certain edible fats many years ago by Chevreul, a French chemist. A sensation has been created recently by the building up of an artificial albumen, made by Professor Lilienfeld, of Vienna. This is a synthetic product, and it may be described as a substance possessing some of the properties of white of egg. If it has the nutritive properties of white of egg it is extremely valuable, and may be considered as representing a long step toward the solution of the laboratory food problem. However, a suspicion exists that it is non-fermentable, which would imply that it cannot be digested. If that is true, the substance would be like so much dead matter in the stomach.

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Literary Folk—Their Ways and Their Work

China from Divergent Viewpoints

Here are two little books which stand in strange, almost terrible, contrast—the one (*China's Only Hope*; by Chang Chih Tung; Fleming H. Revell Company) written by one of the highest officials of China, the Viceroy of one of the provinces, progressive, courageous and of prime ability, yet in the grasp of a conservatism so strong that he holds an event or a saying which happened one or two thousand years ago to be precisely applicable to a present situation; the other (*The Siege in Peking*; Fleming H. Revell Company) by Dr. W. A. P. Martin, President of the Imperial University of China, or Tung Wen, author, man of affairs and doctor both of law and divinity. More than seventy years of age, Doctor Martin survived the terrors of the Peking siege, acting for many hours a day as inspector of passes at the gate-house of the British Legation. Conversely as Chang Chih Tung represents Chinese progress—a sort of Tory Radicalism, as it were—so does Doctor Martin embody the restraining wisdom of years and prudence in a fierce and sudden movement destined to carry civilization to its farthest possibilities by religion, commerce and the arts of peace, or, if not by these, then by unavoidable warfare.

Once in a while, but not often, pamphlets have done a rapid and effective work. Immediacy of the appeal is the explanation. Swift's Conduct of the Allies and Paine's Common Sense were in their day potent weapons, and of such a nature is Chang Chih Tung's address to the nation of which he is a devoted patriot. A million copies are said to have found circulation in China, and it is well that American and English readers are now provided with this translation. Even as thus made an open book to the Western mind it is none the less a strange one. Of its seriousness and honesty there is no doubt, for it was written when the Chinese nation was slowly gathering its wits after the late war with Japan, and when the need of some remedial program was felt even by the unchanging minds of the Chinese. Yet in spite of the ingenuousness of the Viceroy's *concordia ad populum*, it is possible to imagine it to be some tremendous satire, so futile are many of its suggestions, put forward with a naïveté difficult to understand in a man of recognized force and discernment. Jonathan Swift, in one of his savage humors, or even the more urbane Benjamin Franklin, might have conceived it as the happy deliverance of an abounding Occidental wit. While Doctor Martin, representing the combined and irresistible forces of civilization, asserts without a tremor of hesitation that Christianity is the one sure engine of reform, Chang Chih Tung, with even greater assurance, falls back on his "Holy Religion," Confucianism, as the sole means of salvation. In the chapter on Establishment of Schools he would have the temples and monasteries of Taoists and Buddhists, in the proportion of seven out of every ten, converted into schools, for the teaching of the Four Books, the Five Classics and the Tung Kien, a history written in 1084 A. D., and comprising two hundred and ninety-four books. These and other indispensable of Chinese civic and intellectual life are to be followed by a liberal and extensive borrowing from Western learning, particularly in science, and through the indirect medium of secondary translation from the Japanese. The sum of the Viceroy's appeal is that "the fate of China depends upon the literati alone." There is not the faintest expression of hope that national and ethical character may slowly be modified, but only a demand for the remodeling of system. He is in deadly earnest in regard to the expulsion of opium, but no light enters his mind as to the deeper and even more destructive habits of his race. "The Sovereign is the head of the Subject, the Father is the head of the Son, and the Husband is the head of the Wife. These tenets have been handed down from the Sages, and as Heaven does not change, so they never change." Thus speaks Chang Chih Tung, second perhaps only to Li Hung Chang in discernment, and superior to him in stability of character, for he has never feathered his own nest at the expense of his country, and is possessed of nobler traits than tact and astuteness.

The Viceroy's opinion of the true status of woman finds a curious answer in Doctor

Martin's book, where he ascribes to both sexes practically an equal share in the responsibilities and dangers of the siege. Without the devotion and inspiration of the women, Doctor Martin thinks that the men cooped up in Peking would hardly have borne the strain. There is little question of headship in sieges!

These small but vivid books should first be read by way of contrast, and then by the test of absolute conditions. —Lindsay Swift.

The Love of an Englishwoman

The British publishers of An Englishwoman's Love Letters desire that they should be accepted as genuine correspondence; and the American publishers (Doubleday, Page & Co.) repeat this assertion, explaining in a brief preface that an "all commanding" request—from whom it is not stated—authorizes their being given to the world, though meant for but a single pair of eyes. Readers of Mrs. Edith Wharton's story, *The Touchstone*, will not fail to understand the nature of this request, if the letters are what they purport to be.

Certain it is that their author has every appearance of being very much in love with somebody. "Dearests" and "Beloveds" are strewn over the pages as thickly as "buts" and "ands" in ordinary correspondence. She tells the gentleman to whom they are addressed that he is her share of the world, and also her share of Heaven, with other remarks of an equally ardent character, thrilling to the recipient, but not—one would suppose—keenly interesting to the public. In fact, the earlier letters are mainly composed of such statements, until the writer begins to travel on the Continent, when she varies their monotony with welcome little descriptions of scenery and pictures—of Italian cabmen whom she finds extortionate, poor things! and of Italian beggars whom she considers dirty. It is evident she is an Englishwoman of radical tendencies.

Perhaps men weary of an affection too ardently pressed upon them. Perhaps,

One foot in sea, and one on shore,

their incurable inconstancy cannot brook a chain more lightly worn. There comes a sad break in these amorous letters owing to the lover's ungrateful rejection of them. In vain he is assured, "We were shaped for each other from our birth." Apparently he does not think so, and the book ends very pitifully in long trailing sobs, only silenced by death. The editor would have us believe "that to the memory of neither does any blame belong. They were the victims of circumstances which came whole out of the hands of Fate." But this is a feeble excuse to offer for a waywardness as old as humanity itself.

"A man who writes love-letters in this strain," observes Mr. Arnold, of Keats, "is probably predestined to misfortunes in his love affairs;" and so perhaps was the poor Englishwoman who had never learned to put a reasonable constraint upon her emotions. "Think how ravished I would be," she writes, "if you brought me a coat and told me it was all your own making! One day you had thrown down a mere tailor-made thing in the hall, and yet I kissed it as I went by. And that was at a time when we were only at the hand-shaking stage—the palsied beginnings of love—you, I mean."

What wonder if he wished he had not journeyed farther on the way!

—Agnes Repplier.

Mrs. Townsend's Anglicism

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Townsend, better known as Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, no longer has a home in America. Her beautiful house in the most fashionable quarter of Washington is "for sale or to let." It has been put in order for strangers. Mrs. Hodgson Townsend's den on the third floor has been dismantled, and her special belongings there, as well as the beautiful full-length portraits of her two boys, and everything, in short, to which she had a personal attachment, have been sent to her English home, Maytham Hall, Rolvenden, Kent. She may return to this country as a visitor this winter, and probably often afterward, but it is not likely that she will ever again have an American home. Mr. Stephen Townsend,

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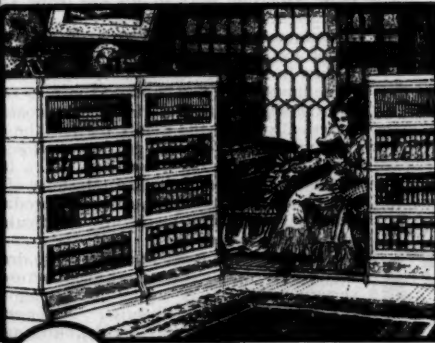
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her second husband, is an Englishman, and has all an Englishman's attachment to his native land.

It is a source of regret that this distinguished woman should no longer be a dweller in America, but although she gives up her American home she is loyal to America in many ways, because, as she says, "My boy is an American—and I am glad he is."

Gilbert Parker in Egypt

After work comes rest, even for the busiest man. So Mr. Parker for a month at Brighton rested from the fatigues of the late campaign. Afterward he went to Egypt, whence he returned only when summoned by the opening of Parliament.

Egypt is to play an important part in Mr. Parker's future. The announcement can now be made, and it is one of no small interest to the literary world, that we have seen almost the last of Canada in his work. After The Lane that Had No Turning, recently concluded in The Saturday Evening Post, there is one more Canadian novel which will appear next year; that is the end. Mr. Parker says that he has said what he had to say on Canada, and that he does not mean to continue writing with his memories of the country gradually fading. For three winters he has been studying Egypt and collecting materials, and there is an important Egyptian novel nearly ready. The combination of the Orient with Mr. Parker's romantic vigor and delicacy of expression ought to be admirable.

The Versatile Irvings

Sir Henry Irving's sons, both of them hard and successful workers at the actor's art, would seem to be determined to prove not only that talent is hereditary, but that they, both of them, have literary abilities which their father has not shown, except in his occasional admirably phrased addresses.

The work of the younger son, Mr. Laurence Irving, has been that of a playwright, but that of his elder brother, Mr. H. B. Irving, is as aloof from the theatre as can well be. It must be remembered, however, that from the beginning of his career the latter has had, so to speak, two strings to his bow. When he was acting at the Comedy Theatre, in 1894, he became a barrister of the Inner Temple; and the honors which he took at Oxford in Modern History bore fruit, in 1898, in the publication of a Life of Judge Jeffreys. Since then, although Mr. Irving has worked as hard as any London actor at his profession, he has still found time for literature, and is understood to have another book ready for the printers; this time a series of papers on famous murders and murder trials—a natural development of his legal training and reading. In these days, when people are so fond of saying of an actor that he is always an actor and only an actor, it is pleasant to write of one who has a distinct place in the ranks of authors as well.

The New Webster's

Of course it would be very pleasant to have a dictionary always up to date, with every word in its proper place, but unfortunately a dictionary begins to grow obsolete the day it is printed, and the only remedy is to issue periodically exhaustive supplements, with a complete revision at long intervals.

Reference to a supplement is admittedly a double disadvantage: it requires additional pains to find the desired word, and, as the Irishman had it, when you do put your finger on it, as like as not it's somewhere else; but the compensating advantages more than outweigh the disadvantages. The supplement is an easy epitome of the growth of the language, and a singularly complete reflection of many popular, scientific and literary tendencies. It is, moreover, a testing ground for words not yet regularly adopted into the general body of good use, and in so much a great aid to an accurate final revision.

The 1901 Webster's International Dictionary, with new supplement, has requisitioned the services of many able specialists in all departments of education and Government service. To the test of a comparison with the special terminology of any subject recently come into prominence, their work responds remarkably well. Various lists of sporting terms, words brought into the language by the recent wars in South Africa and Cuba, and from the technical vocabularies of science and dialect, meet with a full response from the supplement.

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IT IS hard, indeed, to write *invita Minerva* when, instead of "thick-coming fancies" crowding to his pen-point, one has to wait long and patiently for ideas, and longer still for their adequate expression. But if the writer has to seize his pen, as Dickens says that he often did, from a sense of duty and drive it on in cold blood; if he has often to work for his bread against time or against his will, or in spite of an aching head or an aching heart—does he differ in this from any other toiler? "We know," says Thackeray, "how the life of any hack, legal or literary, in a curacy or in a marching regiment, or at a merchant's desk, is full of routine and tedious repetition. One day's labor resembles another too closely. Pegasus often does his work with panting sides and trembling knees. But there is no reason why this animal should be exempt from labor or illness or decay any more than any other of the creatures of God's world." Why should the man-of-letters be excused from the prosaic duties and cares and trials of this daily bread-earning, tax-paying life any more than his fellow-mortals in any other calling? If his life has its clouds and storms, it has, too, its sunshine—joys, privileges and immunities that belong to no other pursuit. As has been said of love, "all other pleasures are not worth its pains."

Balzac's Conception of Luxury

Again, dreary as is the drudgery of writing on compulsion, when one is not "in the vein," yet is it not all forgotten in the ecstasy of those hours of inspiration when the writer is visited by those strange thoughts "that transcend our wonted themes and into glory peep;" when all his faculties are roused to their highest pitch of activity, and the fountain of his ideas is never for a moment turbid, but its last flowings fresh and clear as "its first sprightly runnings?" George Eliot tells us that in writing her most powerful passages "a not-herself" took possession of her, and that she "wrote in a state of intense excitement and agitation," as if she herself were possessed by the spirits of the persons she was describing. The delights of literary composition in such halcyon hours must transcend all other earthly joys. It must be to such transcendent periods that Balzac referred when he wrote: "These are the most *luxurious and delightful* moments of life, which have often enticed me to pass fourteen hours a day at my desk in a state of transport. This gratification, more than glory, is my reward." To such an ecstasy as this not every author may hope to attain. If the experience were that of authors in general, the passion for writing, as Henry Rogers observes, would become a universal madness.

Hazlitt's Frank Avowal of Vanity

Hazlitt, in one of his piquant essays, confesses the great delight he experienced when hearing articles from his pen praised by persons who knew not their author. "I feel the force," he says, "of Horace's *digito monstrari*. I like to be pointed out in the street, or to hear people ask in Mr. Powell's court, 'Which is Mr. H—?' Your name so repeated leaves an echo like music in your ear; it stirs the blood like the sound of a trumpet." The same writer elsewhere truly says that if the reader of a book relishes the author's "fancies and good-nights," the writer may be supposed to have relished them no less. "If the reader chuckled over a joke, the inventor may be supposed to chuckle over it to the full as much. Does one fasten with gathering brow and looks intent on some difficult speculation? He may be convinced that the writer thought it a fine thing to split his brain in solving so curious a problem, and to publish his discoveries to the world." Ben Jonson, who had vivid experiences both of the raptures and of the agonies of literary composition, long ago sang:

When happiest fancy has inspired the strains,
How oft the malice of one luckless word
Pursues the enthusiast to the social board,
Haunts him belated on the silent plains!
Yet he repines not, if his thought stand clear,
At last, of hindrance and obscurity,
Fresh as the star that crowns the brow of morn!

Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers, the first of which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of December 15.

Coleridge's Sacrifice to the Muses

Coleridge declared that poetry had been to him its own exceeding great reward, and when offered a half-share in two London newspapers, which would probably have yielded him an income of £2000 a year, replied: "I will not give up the country, and the lazy reading of old folios, for two thousand times two thousand pounds!" "Patience!" Southey used to exclaim when occasionally weary of his enforced and ill-paid drudgery at literary ephemera. "It is, after all, better than pleading in a stinking court of law, or being called up at midnight to a patient; it is better than being a soldier or a sailor; better than calculating profit and loss at a counter—better, in short, than anything but independence." The late M. Du Camp declared that he knew of no more beautiful occupation than that of an independent and unselfish author. "I owe to it the best joys of my life and the peace of my age." Hawthorne loved his calling, though for twenty years he was the obscurest man-of-letters in America, and had no incentive to effort in a reasonable prospect of fame or money—nothing, indeed, but the pleasure itself of literary composition.

The Author a Slave Only to Inclination

Again, what other worker has such command of his time as the author? All others are, more or less, slaves to the clock. But the author may do his work when and where he pleases—before breakfast or after breakfast, by daylight or by gaslight, at home or abroad, at the mountains or by the seaside, in steam-cars or on a steamship. Is he ill, or disgruntled, or out of the vein when he essays to write? He can lay aside his pen till the clouds disperse and it is a delight to wreak his thoughts upon expression.

In what other calling than the literary can a man sell the products of his labor two, three and even four times, and get double, treble or quadruple compensation for his toil—almost rivaling the good fortune of Whittington with his cat? Emerson's books yielded him but little money; but then for most of them he had been already paid twice—first as lectures, and secondly as articles in the monthly magazines and the reviews.

That veteran man-of-letters and very competent judge, Parke Godwin, insists that literature is as lucrative as any other profession to men who are really qualified to discharge its exacting and lofty functions. This we must doubt; but we cannot doubt that the reason why so many fail in this calling is, that they rush into it thoughtlessly, with neither the requisite natural gifts nor acquired qualifications. Are there, then, no luckless, briefless barristers of whom it may be said:

But, ah! to them no clerk his golden page
Rich with retaining fees did e'er unroll;
Chill negligence repressed their legal rage,
And froze the quibbling current of the soul?

Authors to be Envied, not Pitied

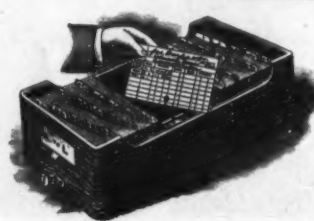
Are there no starving doctors who find it harder to keep the vital spark in their own bodies than in those of their patients? Has not the church its army of martyrs—gifted and cultured ministers steeped in poverty to the lips, yet having, in some cases, as many mouths to feed as the anti-Malthusian John Rogers? Is money a drug with every druggist? Is every tailor as familiar with turkey as with goose? Is any fact better established than that ninety-five out of every hundred merchants either become bankrupt or quit business in disgust? Not much is said about the miseries incident to these callings, but we hear a continual ding-dong about the hardships of authors. If all the unfortunate men in other callings could make their griefs the talk of the town, as authors make theirs, we should see that the latter are to be envied rather than to be pitied.

To conclude. Many other advantages of the literary profession suggest themselves besides those I have tried to set forth; but my space is full, and I must content myself with barely naming one; that is, the social consideration which the successful writer enjoys—"the equality, if not of rank, yet of standing, with the highest"—a reward richer than any which money or titles can give.

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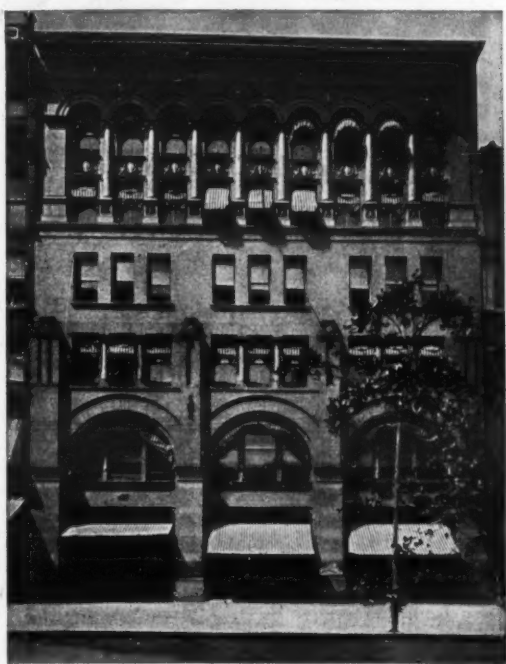


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